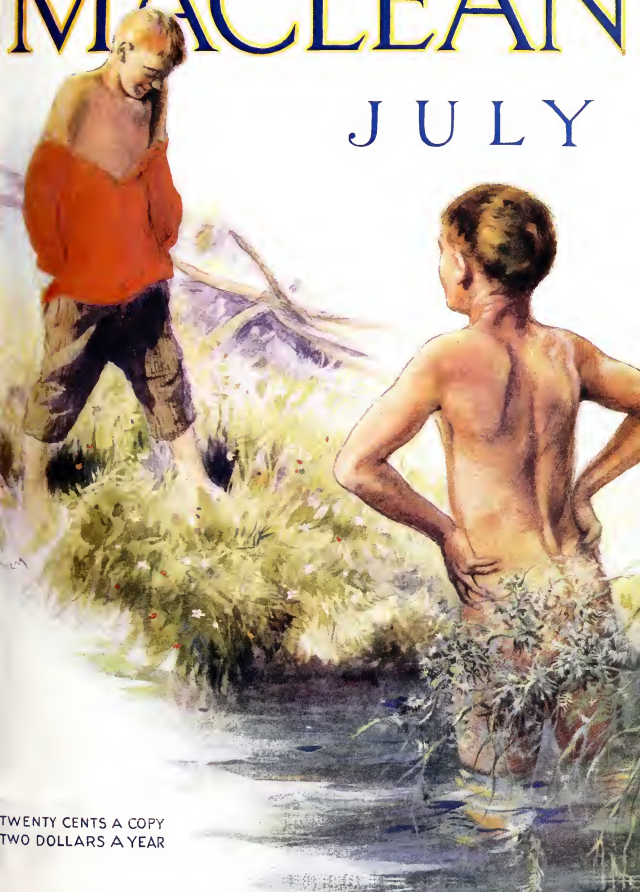


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Toronto, July 1913

No. 3

"Am I a Whig or a Tory? I forget. As for Tories, I admire antiquity, particularly a ruin; even the relics of the Temple of Intolerance have a charm. I think I am a Tory. But even the Whigs give such good dinners, and are the most amusing. I think I am a Whig. But then the Tories are so moral, and morality is my forte; I must be a Tory. But the Whigs dress so much better; and an ill-dressed party, like an ill-dressed man, must be wrong. Yes! I am a decided Whig.

"And yet—I feel like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.

"I think I will be a Whig and Tory alternate nights, and then both will be pleased; or I have no objection, according to the fashion of the day, to take place under a Tory ministry, provided I may vote against them."

This merry passage on party allegiance appearing in a now forgotten novel, "The Young Duke", was quoted by Lord Chesser in his article on Disraeli in a June contemporary—Editor.

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COL. A. D. DAVIDSON,

"His grandfather was a banker in the North of Ireland, and the tendency to dabble in finance seems to have jumped from him into the second generation."

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The Story of Colonel Davidson

The majority of us who know the Canada of yesterday, to-day realize how fast the country has come to the front in the matter of material development through the past two decades. Looking at the previous decade when affairs moved with less acceleration, the observer is liable to moralize to the disadvantage of men of those days. In this sketch the author has shown us the vigorous and progressive qualities of a Canadian, personified during periods of depression and prosperity. Colonel Davidson's career in more ways than one typifies the opportunities in the pathway of the average Canadian youth.—Editor.

By Edward J. Moore

ONE afternoon last August when the C. N. R.'s Saskatchewan Express was sweeping along in the sunshine through miles of wheat and oats in a favored section of the West a well-to-do tourist, evidently from the Eastern States, was making rather complimentary remarks about the country.

"It knocks our own West to bits," he said, and a moment later: "Who made this country, anyhow?"

Replies to his previous questions had been given by a prosperous-looking farmer who had boarded the train a few stations back and who seemed to be familiar with the district. Two or three others who had been listening awaited his answer.

"Well," he said, slowly, after a moment's thinking, "I guess God put in the first ticks, but it looks as if He'd called on Colonel Davidson to come out and finish up the job."

Putting irreverence aside, and surely none was seriously intended, in the light of what we now know, that farmer's answer seems to apply with remarkable aptness.

A good deal is said and written to-

day about the men who undertake big things. How does this strike you as a suggestion for an undertaking? To get a vision of worthwhileness in regard to a section of country about three times as large as the British Isles, which has been widely malignèd as a place of no possibilities and without a future; to prove to your own satisfaction by a vast expenditure of personal effort that your vision was justified—that the country had glorious possibilities if properly treated; to tackle the materialization of that vision in a practical way; to bring into that country in justifying your personal judgment a million settlers of a type guaranteed to fit it—and to do all this, when mixed up in a host of other big things, inside ten years.

That surely is a man's job!

And yet this is but a mere outline of what Colonel A. D. Davidson has done for one section of Canada. Doesn't it really look as if Providence, in the peculiar way it frequently exercises, called him to it? He's doing week to-day as well, in several other spots in this country which will likely open our eyes—when we wake up to its importance

—as much as his achievement in the middle West has done.

Most of us wonder, when we hear of such things, what put the "do it" qualities into the man who did them and what those qualities are. This sketch aims to attempt to uncover at least a few of these points of character as well as to tell the story of a mighty interesting life.

How much Col. Davidson's forbears and bringing up had to do with it all, is rather problematical. He himself credits them with a great deal. Certain it is, at least, that they provided a staunch foundation and were the means of inculcating the basic qualities which when developed led the way to success.

A NATIVE OF GLENCOR.

Born in the little settlement of Glencoe, in Middlesex County, Ontario, nearly sixty years ago, of that admixture of Scotch and Irish blood which has provided so much of the virile and constructive human element in America's history, his early years on his father's farm seem to have been spent much in the same way as fell to the lot of the average country-born boy of that decade. His father, a Canadian pioneer, was a man of high character, keen intellect and imbued with a love for hard work. His mother seems to have given him his capacity for visions and she as well took care to lend her influence as to good habits, for the Colonel has told that when he left the home farm she made him promise that he would never drink whiskey and never smoke. That good mother rests easily in her grave so far as these promises are concerned. They have been steadfastly kept.

Those who remember young Davidson in this period give good reports of early characteristics which must have had a good deal to do with later results. Whatever he learned or undertook to do, he did thoroughly, whether it was caring for horses or piling wood, and, like his father, he displayed an early avidity for plain, hard work.

At nineteen a vision of bigger things than were provided by the Scottish settlement called him, and he decided to

look into the outside world. At that time the Canadian exodus was at its height, and when young men looked around for opportunities, there was thought to be only one place to turn to—"the States." Following the call, young Davidson landed first in the pine bush in Wisconsin. And here, it seems likely, he got a knowledge of the lumber business which afterward stood him in good stead.

Most of us who amount to anything have a peculiar time in our lives which we look back to as a stress period, and which was probably a season of testing. Andrew Davidson's seemed to come then. But he was equipped for it and won out. And the way the young Canadian conducted himself at this time is surely another index to what brought him later success.

LEAVES HOME WITH \$800.

In the fall of 1873, with \$800 cash in his pocket, the proceeds of a strenuous year in the bush, pursuing the call to bigger things, he entered a school of business and telegraphy in Janesville.

His get-ahead spirit is well evidenced in the incident other people tell as to how he kept that \$800 intact, depending on what he could do out of school hours to provide for his board. On graduation from this institution he made his first railway connection as agent and operator for the Green Bay and Minnesota Railway at Blair. During four years there he not only put his heart into his railway work, but he also put his balance at work among the farmers in buying produce. This latter investment led to the opening of a general store, grain and lumber business, and later of a bank, in Minnesota, Minn.

Here again we get traces of his father's people. His grandfather was a banker in the north of Ireland and the tendency to dabble in finance seems to have jumped from him into the second generation. Three of Col. Davidson's brothers are bankers, and he himself still retains rather large interests in the same line of business.

A good story, which should be helpful as strongly illustrating the fact that



"With a spade, the principal item in his equipment, he rode back and forth through millions of acres of the questioned territory . . . and when in section after section he turned over the overlying layer of loam to find underneath the subsoil of clay . . . his faith was justified."

whatever one learns will come in useful some time. It seems scarcely likely that when he was exercising conscientious principles in the piling of wood bark in Glencoe—as old residents there say he did—he thought such practical knowledge would come useful later. But it did.

HOW TO PILE WOOD.

During his occupancy of the railway position at Blair, the president of the road made frequent trips over the line, which was scarcely so extensive as the roads we are familiar with in Canada. On one of these, he is said to have evidenced some surprise at the small size of the woodpile at the wayside station. This, of course, was before the days of the use of coal and oil for locomotive fuel. The operator, seeing his opportunity, made it a point to explain to his superior why the supply seemed to disappear so rapidly, and incidentally demonstrated how wood should be piled. The Wisconsin farmers, it appears, just as they used to do in Canada, split

their cord wood in triangular section, and by piling it bark side down left considerable air space, "cat holes," all of which, of course, helped to fill out the cord measurement. Davidson's explanation and plan for providing against this imposition so impressed the president that the young man was "raised" on the spot to be official wood inspector for the road. Unfortunately, the new job was not particularly attractive, since it still included attention to his former duties at Blair.

Other interesting things happened in "the States," with which, however, we are not specially concerned, except as they affect his future dealings in Canada.

Amid ups and downs—and he has always had his fair share of both—he began to largely extend his business affairs. One of the big things in which he showed something new to the native Yankees was the buying and reclaiming of cut-over timber lands. Sections which had been looked upon as waste were treated intelligently, filled up with

the right kind of settlers, and are to-day among the most valuable agricultural property in Minnesota. In schemes of this kind he seems to have blazed the way for the infinitely larger projects of the same kind which followed a few years later. He continued also to widen his banking interests and became interested in iron deposits in the Lake Superior country.

Besides assuming these large business interests, Col. Davidson made himself a good citizen in other ways. While offered many civil and political offices, some of them as high as could be awarded in the State, he modestly turned these aside, accepting only the mayoralty of his own city, Little Falls. The versatility of his public interests, as shown by the fact that he held a commission in the Minnesota National Guard, and was here given the rank of Colonel, a title which has been used familiarly since.

It is not surprising that with the breadth of Col. Davidson's operations, some of them should stretch across the Canadian border. Deep down in his heart, too, there had been working at times a spark of love for British soil and institutions which all the success and good things his adopted country could offer could not extinguish. He had been well treated over there. He had acquired a host of good friends and more of this world's goods than most of us even aspire to, but that patriotic spark kept on burning and eventually grew into a flame which inspired movement. Col. Davidson was under no necessity to leave Minnesota. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men would have stayed. But he had another of his visions, greater opportunities, greater power, perhaps, as well as the satisfying of that overpowering patriotic flame, and he decided to come back to Canada.

PATRIOTISM SHAPES ENDS.

It seems to have been with something of an inspiration of the theme with which this article is introduced that at a banquet given in his honor in Winnipeg about this time he gave utterance to a remarkably fine thing:

"After an absence of twenty-five years," he said, simply and modestly, as is characteristic, "I have come back among my fellow-countrymen to devote the rest of my life to settle and develop my native country, and if in the end it can be said that Canada is better off because I have lived, then my mission shall have been fulfilled."

How he set about to make good the promise of this speech makes a story of daring, astuteness, self-confidence and the unceasing application of that herein-much-referred-to factor, hard work, such as has been seldom seen in the history of this or any other continent.

The first part of the story is somewhat familiar. Most of us remember fairly well how, previous to 1897, after repeated failures by settlers who had used Eastern methods of farming, the larger part of what we now know as the great Canadian West was condemned as unfit for agriculture, or for that matter, for anything else. How that word was spread far and wide in this country, in England and on the continent, and how the West was maligned as a country without a future, without a hope.

In the face of all this, Col. Davidson, the man of vision, wrote, "He had seen what he believed to be similar soil during his residence in the States, had seen it under proper treatment blossom almost as the rose, and he had an innate energy which urged him on to accomplishment."

ON HORSEBACK WITH A SPADE.

The story is somewhat familiar, too, of how, starting out from Winnipeg, to prove reasons for the faith that was in him, and with a spade as the principal item in his equipment, he rode on horseback back and forth through millions of acres of the questioned territory. Here another factor of his early training came into use. He had learned a good deal about soil on his father's farm back at Glencoe. He had added to this knowledge in his experiences in the States, and when in section after section he turned over the overlying layer of loam to find underneath the subsoil of clay—a combination he knew to be unbeatable for the growing of grain when properly han-



A typical homestead in the Southern district along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

dled—he was assured that his faith was justified.

He came out of the country and back to civilization to give the statement to the world that the soil of the Saskatchewan Valley and Western Canada in general was as suitable for wheat growing as any in the world.

Nor was this all. As a proof of his own belief this statement was backed up by the offer to buy any considerable quantity of land that might be put up. Nor was this all. He promised to settle this land with men who knew how to handle it, and going even further he forecast the assurance of the development of the country along the lines that ultimately have been followed.

Can you see what this meant to Canada—to the British Empire? Wasn't it the addition of a new empire, which had him, as it were, behind a veil, with the addition at the same time of half to three-quarters of a billion of dollars in wealth?

One's brain evinces some little tendency to reel when confronted by the immensity of these things.

Col. Davidson, with his brother, A. R., one of the bankers, Mr. A. D. Moore, who was at that time and has

been ever since closely associated with him in his largest enterprises, and one or two others, bought his land—a million and a half acres of it—and was up against his promise to develop and settle it.

He knew where his settlers were. He had been sure of that before he made the promise. With the influx of immigrants into the mid-western States the value of land had risen. The farmers who owned this land had grown up learning how to handle it, and a large percentage of them were men who were ready to take reasonable chances for what promised him, Col. Davidson knew his people. The problem was to get them moving and to get them quick and in numbers. And here again the vision and the applied energy came into play.

A JOKE THAT EXPLOD DIFFERENTLY.

In June of that year, 1902, Col. Davidson was in Chicago, and was one day enjoying luncheon in the Union League Club with half a dozen banker friends. Quite incidentally, it seems, the question of his recent land purchase came up, and more as a joke, it appears, than seriously, the suggestion was made by

one of the bankers, that they might have been "let in" on some of these good things. The Colonel, joking also, said he had no objections, but that he was not drumming for partners. Then, as the story goes, the first man suggested that they, the members of the party, go up north and look over the proposition.

"All right," the Colonel said. "Come as my guests."

The query came back like a shot, "When are you going?"

Just about now the Canadian, with one of his flashes of inspiration, seemed to see a light. Probably he has formed other plans just as quickly since though they can scarcely have had so large results. He hadn't been thinking of the matter seriously and answered, "On the twenty-fifth. I've a private car with plenty of room in it."

With pleasanties about the trip the talk turned along other lines. The Colonel, however, continued to develop his plan and after luncheon walked over to the bank with his first questioner and put the matter to him seriously.

As a result those six and a dozen others—all of them bankers, of more than ordinary influence—took the trip, starting on the twenty-fifth, as at first jokingly proposed. The eighteen were enamoured of the northern country and on their return the plan was worked out on a larger scale. These men were so well treated and had so thoroughly enjoyed the outing that they were glad to extend similar invitations to their correspondents, friends and acquaintances in outside towns. In addition the Davidsons themselves got into it.

Mr. A. R. Davidson, who was a large factor in the enterprise, told the story to the writer the other day:

"We tried to reach," he said, "every man of known financial standing in the adjacent states and in consequence in the second excursion we had men from almost every city in Illinois, Michigan, New York, Ohio, Missouri, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, and I can scarcely tell where else.

DIPLOMACY WITH BANKERS.

The outing—and it was planned to be such in actuality—was arranged first

on a basis of five carloads, but left Chicago with a full train of eleven cars, and another quota of excursionists was added at St. Paul. That year, too, the Western Bankers' Association was meeting at Crookston. Col. Davidson extended the same offer to the members of this organization as he had done to the Chicago men and a little later got into touch, with the same end in view, with the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce. When the excursion left Winnipeg the five cars had grown to three train loads and as a result 670 of the brightest and brainiest business and moneyed men of the continent, 600 of them bankers, men who knew a good proposition when they saw it, were taken through Manitoba and into the Davidson-discovered lands of Saskatchewan and Alberta. And they were well looked after. The firm had a corps of representatives along—none to sell lands, but to see that their guests had the time of their lives.

That excursion saw the use of many new ideas which have been adopted on similar occasions since. For instance, the cars were decorated with streamers bearing the legend, "Bound for the Saskatchewan Valley." Another feature was a quickly-organized press agency, the members of which sent sheafs of telegrams to their home papers every time the train stopped. One of the newspapermen was a correspondent of the London Times who happened to be in Canada at the time and his cables to England spread the story of the trip and its result there. This same man, by the way, is said to have coined the phrase, "The American Invasion," in one of his later cables.

Such conditions were incubative of enthusiasm. It had to get out somewhere. And alongside that enthusiasm in these hard-headed business men went a thorough interest in and appreciation of what they saw.

In all this lay one of Col. Davidson's frequently-exercised strokes of genius. These men saw the possibilities of the country as he himself had done under vastly different circumstances. There could be only one result. Inside of three days, so the story tells, the members of those excursion parties purchased with-



American horse builders who had sold out their high-priced Iowa lands moving into the Kindersley district with their lumber and supplies.

out a word of solicitation 180,000 acres of Canadian land. The "American Invasion" had begun.

This, however, was only the beginning. The enthusiasm generated on that trip struck after the excursionists got home and practically every man became an active agent, and the best kind of an agent, in his own city.

What followed? The firm saw how matters were moving, hastily organized a huge selling force covering all the likely section of the States of the Union and including at least 3,000 agents, and within seven months after the possibilities of the plan had struck Col. Davidson's mind at that club luncheon in Chicago, 1,200,000 acres of the firm's holdings had been disposed of.

THE TREK OF AMERICANS NORTHWARDS.

Big records were made at this time in the Davidson business. That was one of them, and one that may never again be equalled. Another was set when immigration commenced shortly afterward. The stream of farmers from the Western States to their homes into the new empire grew rapidly and kept on growing. In 1900 the stream was made up of about 100,000. In 1910 this figure crept up nearly to 300,000. Last year the number grew to 500,000. Within the past, ten years two million people, over half of them Americans, have trekked into the once-despised Western provinces. This is

characterized by those who know as the greatest movement of people and homes ever seen in this or any other century.

One exceedingly remarkable feature about it has been that these newcomers, practically all of them, were specially fitted for the conditions they were to meet—hand-picked fruit, so to speak—and to this more than anything else may be attributed the great success which has followed the "American Invasion" of the West.

But let us shift the scenery. What Col. Davidson did for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, he is now doing for British Columbia. A visit to the Coast in 1905—possibly inspired by Providence again—so enamoured him of the industrial possibilities of the province that he spent several weeks "looking over the ground," and during that time took up option on various enormous propositions. Since then he has seen to the investment of millions of dollars in these and other enterprises and is still developing. His interests here are many and various, running the gamut from coal mining to whaling. Two of the most notable, in both of which, by the way, he sits in the president's chair, are the Canadian Western Lumber Company, whose mills at Fraser River, near New Westminster, are the largest in existence, and the Columbia River Lumber Company, of Golden. Lists of other interests might be interesting to some, but to assure their com-

pleness would be practically impossible.

COUPLED UP WITH THE C. N. R.

Colonization and railways naturally go together. It is not at all surprising then that Col. Davidson's colossal projects in the former attracted the attention of Canada's native-born railway magnates, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, and that close relations were entered into with mutual benefit. In 1905, he was appointed Land Commissioner of the C. N. R., and since then he has had a good-sized finger in most of the pies baked up by this influential corporation. One of the later forms of Col. Davidson's work as Land Commissioner has been the inception and development of the Model City at Montreal and the new Leaside town-site at Toronto in connection with Canadian Northern extensions, and these have been accomplishments which would be considered extraordinary by most men. They are different, however, from the development of the Western lands as related above. That was an achievement such as comes to one man in a century. The others are more in the nature of coups, where shrewdness and finesse, rather than long-sustained effort, brought the result.

Col. Davidson tells the story of these recent transactions as if they were quite ordinary occurrences.

"When the proposal to get the C.N.R. into Montreal came to be begun, the other railway said 'Let 'em come. How'll they get it? Where will they get their supplies?' Concerning the matter with the Executive, I said: 'How are you going to get it?' When they said 'Transport,' I saw where we lie for the right of way and the terminals. Shortly afterwards, the colonial went on, with a smile, as if still pleased at the way his scheme had worked out. 'The same plan worked out at Leaside. When we started in there the British was attributed to the C.N.R. Then after we got the whole business practically closed up the real estate man woke up and the papers were full of it.'

"I had an interesting experience a little while ago out in Vancouver," the Colonel goes on. And here follows another story of the successful surmounting of obstacles. Out there the C. N. R. was face to face with practically the same difficulty regarding terminals.

After seven months of negotiation with the municipal authorities the plan has been worked out of reclaiming a large area of tide flats behind a breakwater. Of this reclaimed land the city will get from ten to twelve acres on Main Street with a value of several millions. Part of the new land will be used for park purposes and on the remainder will be placed one of the finest stations in Canada.

So much for achievement. What about the man himself? Suppose we try to get a little more intimate with him.

Such an acquaintance is not difficult to accomplish for, in spite of close devotion to his large interests, which naturally make his time exceedingly valuable, Col. Davidson is most approachable.

A PERSONAL TOUCH.

His appearance does not belie his achievement. He is in height slightly above the medium, sturdily built and with a body and movements showing no traces of the strenuous life he must have lived. His head is of the constructive type with strong features, of which the chin, is particularly noticeable, and character and virility are evident in abundance. Clean living—remember that promise regarding smoking and drinking made to his mother in Glencoe forty years or more ago—has left him with a color which many a maiden in her teens would envy. The only visible physical indication that the years are passing is a slight tendency to grayness at the edge of his decidedly scanty supply of hair. The neatly-trimmed moustache still preserves most of its early dark brown. Three deep wrinkles on the high brow, which have been retouched from the photograph accompanying this article, might seem to give some indication of the marks of the years, but, peculiarly enough, these same wrinkles, furrowed almost as deep, are clearly seen in a tintype taken at the time he first left home.

Colonel Davidson dresses well, neither ostentatiously nor carelessly, but in such a way as befits his position and affords him comfort. Altogether he would



A 960-acre farm on land sold by the Davidsons to Yankee capitalists in 1903, and later sold by them to farmers from Minnesota.

impress a stranger anywhere as being the type of man he really is.

One is impressed by his career, by his own stories, by what his associates tell of him, as a man who gets his fun out of his work. He may have other hobbies, but if so, they are kept well in the background. On second thought there isn't much chance for hobbies to occupy even a minor place, for he has no time for them. One is told that the best time to see him is around eight a.m. He is nearly always in his office by that hour or very shortly afterward, and if special matters press, he makes it seven or even five. His business day ends when he gets through, usually some time after six.

WHY HE WAS SUCCESSFUL.

But when he does finish his business he leaves it. That, according to his friends, is the secret of his remarkable freshness and cheerfulness. He does not worry, and if matters do go crooked he leaves them in his office to look after themselves. Other outstanding characteristics are his modesty and his simple straightforwardness, rather unusual qualities with a man of his worldly experience.

Probably another reason for Colonel Davidson's preservation is the happiness

of his home life. He married, early in his career, Miss Ella F. McKee, of London, a daughter of one of the old Glencoe families, and to Mrs. Davidson's continual help and sympathy in his struggles and successes he pays heartfelt tribute. At the present time they are occupying Sir Donald Mann's house in St. George Street, Toronto, but Colonel Davidson has in contemplation in the near future the erection of a new home, which will also be in Toronto.

An earlier paragraph tells of the military honors which came to Colonel Davidson for service rendered in Minnesota. His "colonel," is, however, of Canadian as well as of American bestowment, one of the titles he values highly being an Honorary Colonelcy on the Headquarters staff of the Canadian militia.

Col. Davidson sits comfortably in his chair at a neatly-appointed table in the Board Room of the offices of Davidson & McKee in King Street East, Toronto, and turns a little aside as he formulates answers to one's questions. Then, having given the reply, he turns quickly to most one's eyes, as if to see whether his idea has been grasped.

"What effect will the great movement of United States farmers into the West have on our future relations with Great Britain?" he was asked. "Well," after a moment's thought, "the children

of these Americans are just as much Canadians as you and I. Eighty-five per cent. of their fathers have taken out their papers. They want to have a hand in running the country. Just that a pretty good index of how the future will work out."

"How were you able to influence these people, apparently so easily, to leave their homes in the States and come to Canada?"

"The primary reason," comes the answer, "lay in the difference in the price of the land. When these men, most of them fairly young, in the twenties and thirties, say, were able to sell their farms for \$100 an acre and could come to Canada and pick up virgin soil of about the same price, at 45 cents an acre, it was a pretty good thing for them. It's \$10 to \$15—the proportion looked good. Coupled with this is the fact that perhaps thirty per cent. of them were expropriated Canadians. These men talked of the old home, got letters from their friends back home, but the conditions in the States, at that time, were such that it was difficult to think of it as home, and when the opportunity offered they started back, bringing a good package or two with them. The newcomers and some people talk a lot of silly rubbish about the better life of Canada having been an attractive idea, but there is little in it. The laws are, perhaps, better enforced over here, but that has had little to do with the movement."

"How long will the movement continue, Col. Davidson? Will the supply of desirable American settlers hold out?"

"Just as long," the reply comes back promptly, "as the home country doesn't get it straight. Just as long as we have land to dispose of in the three prvinces, as long as good opportunities are offered, and, with a word, 'no more at this country gets good government.'"

"How did the people of the United States feel about this outflow of farmers? Wouldn't there come a hard feeling against you in your old home State?"

"Quick as a flash comes the answer: "We landed them two millions in forty years, and did a good deal to develop their middle West. We're only getting our own back." In his modesty Col. Davidson says little regarding his own leadership role in the matter. "Sincerely, they don't cut a little lead against me at the beginning of the track."

COULD JUDGE MEN.

There is no doubt but that one evidence of Col. Davidson's genius has been his ability to surround himself with men who could carry out his ideas. His great work, as is manifest, could not be done without a host of such men, and the story of how he has helped hundreds of deserving young men is familiar enough not to need repetition. Particularly interesting to all young men, then, should be his reply to the following question:

"What special characteristics or qualities do you look for in the young men whom you take into your service?"

"That's rather a difficult question to answer directly," he said. "Most of our young men have grown up with the business. If they behave themselves and are willing to work—one realizes that this latter requirement means something—they usually get along."

"I can't say that I look for special

characteristics in men," he went on, after a moment's thought. "But when I want a man from outside for any special work I always seem to know where to lay my hand on him. I'll show you what I mean by a story. A few years ago when I was making a crossing on the Marquette we got into Fiebigard in rather bad weather, and I was a good deal interested in watching the attempts of a tender from the harbor to get alongside the steamer for passengers and mails. The man running that tender tried for perhaps an hour and a half before he finally got to us. I inquired then as to who the chap was and a little time later when we wanted a man for the European head of our steamship line he was offered the place, and," continued the Colonel, with what one feels is personal satisfaction in the vindication of his choice, "he took it and has done fine work for us."

"If I run, say, into a railway wreck," he went on, as if such a happening was quite an ordinary occurrence, "and see a man directing matters in a way that pleases me, I remember him, and later on, when a man is needed for a special place, he occurs to me and is brought along."

"And one sees, after all, that it is only the application of these qualities—developing them as he went along—that has assured Col. Davidson's huge successes. And, as he said himself in Vancouver the other day, when being congratulated for his courage and foresight in connection with the completion of the railway deal referred to previously, he has only made a start. One feels that there are many years yet of successful effort in that rugged body and unspoiled brain and one can only conjecture as to the wonderful things the future may see him accomplish."

One of the neighbors of the Davidsons at Glenora, who saw "Andy," as he familiarly speaks of him in that day, grow up, and who has followed his career with close attention, summed the matter up most ably and succinctly when he said, a little time ago: "Colonel Davidson is truly a self-made man and he certainly made a good job of it."



The Discovery of Canada

By Elbert Hubbard

I once heard Canada described by a high school sophomore as "that tract of land just opposite Buffalo, New York."

Mention Canada to some Americans, and delightful remembrances spring up of a good square meal at St. Thomas, on the line of the Michigan Central. That's about all there is of it.

"They little know of England who only England know," sings Rudyard Kipling. Also, they little

know of the world who only the United States know.

If the Honorable Champ Clark had ever visited Canada, he would not have made that indiscreet remark about annexation, which was taken seriously by a great political party and blazoned to the world as a sample of Yankee intent.

Theodore Roosevelt knows nothing of Canada. Woodrow Wilson has heard of it.

The average citizen of the States is too busy with his own affairs, too thoroughly immersed in his own interests, to take a good look to the North.

When he thinks of the North, he thinks of Dr. Cook, and before his gaze spring visions of the Annapolis Club. And really if you would tell the average Yankee the truth about Canada he would say you were qualifying for the Annapolis Club.

In order that the world shall not longer wander in Egyptian darkness concerning Canada, I want to here set down a few facts.

Mark Twain says, "Truth is such a precious article; let's all economize and use it!"

Anyway, we grow as we give. So here goes—starting with a homie. Canada occupies that part of the North American Continent exactly north of the territory owned and duly occupied by the United States of America.

Canada extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, a distance of, say, four thousand miles east and west and the same distance north and south.

The Dominion of Canada covers 3,745,574 square miles. The

area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and possessions, 3,026,789 square miles.

Canada has only one-tenth the population of the States: that is, the United States has ninety million, Canada has nine million.

It is estimated that one million of the people in Canada were born in the United States. There is a constant, steady influx of Americans into Western Canada going on all the time, gradually increasing month by month. The reason of this is easy to understand: these Americans in Western Canada are making more money than they could probably make at home. Their exodus has been no error in judgment. If it were otherwise, you would find a tide of Americans going back to the States. But this is not the case. The American going back from Canada to the States is usually going back to fetch his brother.

The tide of emigration into Western Canada began to set in, say ten years ago. It is growing surely, little by little, until the immigration into Canada from the States in 1912 was greater than it was any year previous.

North and South, Canada has a territory of a about a thousand miles that is arable and productive.

People who prophesy what Western Canada will be fifty years from now are bold to the point of rashness.

The men on the ground who have been here longest, dare not make an estimate.

The growth of the country has exceeded the wildest dreams even of the railroad promoter.

Canada has a greater extent of wheat-producing land than has the United States; a greater grazing ground; greater potential mineral wealth; greater lumber possibilities as yet untouched; greater potential electric water power; greater fisheries and fur industries.

In the year 1870, there was no wheat produced north of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

When the first steamboat was carried across to the Red River of the North in parts—pieces put together—and sent up to Fort Garry, the idea was that there would be traffic for the boat, because Fort Garry had to be fed with supplies brought from the South.

The wheat belt gradually moved north until it was discovered that wheat could be grown clear to Fort Garry, which is now the City of Winnipeg.

But now great crops of wheat, oats and flax are produced five hundred miles north of Winnipeg.

The soil is a black loam—practically the soil of Iowa and Illinois, evolved and produced by the same geologic conditions.

The mighty currents which once flowed over Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and the entire Mississippi Valley, covered the territory north as far as Hudson Bay.

Here and there are sandy streaks, which add to the warmth and the value of the land.

Figuring the hours of sunshine from April, say to September, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have just as many hours of old Sol's beneficent rays as the people have in Wisconsin, this for the simple reason that as you go north, the length of the summer day increases.

At Saskatoon they play baseball in the evening, calling the game at seven-thirty. In July, you can read a newspaper on the veranda at ten o'clock at night, and at two-thirty in the morning the day dawns.

Nature is a great economist. Also, she is an opportunist, and where the season is short and the day is long, she improves the time, and you can absolutely actually see things grow.

The Missions of California were placed forty miles apart, from San Francisco to San Diego. Forty miles was a day's travel by horseback or by stagecoach.

Now the distance between stopping places is a night's ride, as you sleep, safely and securely in your Pullman.

From New York City, you go to Buffalo in a night. From Buffalo to Chicago is a night's ride.

Nobody goes through Chicago. Everybody stops and spends a day there, at least. No trains pass through Chicago. No. 1 and 2 not only hesitate, but absolutely stop in Chicago.

You leave Chicago in a beautiful electric-lighted train in the evening, and land at St. Paul or Minneapolis in the morning.

In the evening, you embark on another beautiful, complete, luxurious train, and reach Winnipeg in the early morning.

No one goes through Winnipeg. Every one stops here. You might stop longer, if you could get hotel accommodations. But while Winnipeg has several excellent hotels, they are filled until the walls bulge. Manitoba hotels are built with future traffic in mind, but when the hotel is completed, it is found to be too small.

Business booms and bustles at Winnipeg. Skyscrapers go up over night. You remain away from Winnipeg six months, and when you come back you have to hire somebody to conduct you around the town.

The one thing that has made Winnipeg is No. One Hard. That is, the discovery that wheat can be produced in high-paying crops.

Wheat is the world's staple food product. It is the one thing that has an intrinsic value—something which gold has not. Gold is only valuable where you can get something else for it. Value lies in things that are necessary to sustain life. When you think of life-sustaining products, just put wheat down as the first item on the list.

Wheat was once a weed, growing wild in the mountains of India. It was carried down into the valleys where the sunshine was warm and friendly. The soil was pulverized, water was applied, and the happy weed bloomed and blossomed and produced six or ten kernels where there was only one before.

"All wealth comes from labor applied to land," says Adam Smith. We add one word, and say, all wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land.

Wheat was first grown successfully as a business in the valley of the Nile, where the water overflowed, and not only irrigated, but fertilized the land.

The story of Joseph and his brethren going down into Egypt in order to get "corn" to fight off starvation is no fairy tale. It is history, and tokens the struggle of the nations to live.

Wheat was raised on the plains of Assyria, and the example of the Nile was repeated along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Civilization moved on to Greece, and wealth was computed in measures of wheat.

Rome ruled the world as long as she maintained a close and constant sympathy over the interests of the farmers. And when the farming land was devastated and the agrarians grew sick and tired and despondent, the rule of Rome languished and the borders of the Empire contracted until population was driven by the barbarians on the Eternal City, and starvation, pestilence and death followed.

Civilization moved on, and the City of Constantine arose. Little by little Europe increased in population, and always and forever the cities grew and clustered only in that territory where the wheat was brought down to market to feed the teeming population.

Fifty years ago the Genesee Valley, in New York, was the greatest wheat-producing district in America. The City of Rochester was called the "Flour City," because there at Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch launched an unforgettable epigram, "Some things can be done as well as others," grist mills grew prosperous grinding the grain into flour, and then sending it up and down the Erie Canal.

The wheat district moved gradually to the West—Southern Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois.

Then from Illinois, the wheat belt moved north into Wisconsin. And by 1870 it reached nearly to St. Paul and Minneapolis, but not quite.

A grain of wheat contains a wonderful intelligence. In its hard kernel life lies sleeping.

Wheat was used as the symbol of immortality by the Egyptians. They worshipped it as the token of life, and well they might, since it was the one thing that sustains life and made Egypt supreme in her day and generation.

The land that produces wheat, holds the key to the situation—and rules the world. If you have the thing that sustains life, you are master of life itself.

When the Canadian Pacific reached Manitoba and Winnipeg became a market for wheat, it ceased to be a trading-post, and became a city.

The C. P. R. carried the people out on to the prairies. They built homes, and tilled the soil with the plow that it might laugh a harvest. The land produced twenty, thirty, forty bushels of wheat to the acre. Of oats, there grew forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, perhaps a hundred bushels to the acre.

The C. P. R., heavily subsidized by the Government, given alternate sections of land fifty miles across the Continent—the whole thing built at a venture and a kind of gamble—soon found that it had a paying business. And yet the railroad men, who knew most about the country, never anticipated the extent to which this country would evolve.

Wheat was carried from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, the shipping port of Lake Superior.

Here elevators were built and the grain stored, and ships with wooden bottoms carried the grain to tide-water.

Soon larger ships were demanded, and we got "whalebacks" that carried ten times as many bushels of wheat as the old-time wooden steamboats did.

On May 1st, 1913, I saw the thrilling sight at Port Arthur of sixty steamships laden with wheat, starting southward, as the ice broke up. If these ships had been placed end on end, they would have measured four miles of solid sheet steel.

They carried a cargo valued at twenty million dollars.

The railroads go far have not been able to carry the crop out of Canada within the time when the farmer wanted to ship. The wheat-producing country has grown faster than transportation facilities.

But if one wants to realize the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific, let him remember that the net earnings of the Canadian Pacific in 1903 were eight million dollars; in 1912 they were thirty-eight million dollars. And these figures do not include receipts derived from the sale of land and the natural increase in valuations.

In a single year, the C. P. R. will be able to pay four per cent. on its preferred stock and have a balance left of over thirty million dollars.

The net earnings for 1913 will approximate a total of fifty million. The fixed charges are a little less than twelve million, leaving a surplus of over thirty-eight million dollars for double-tracking, bettering terminals, and making various other improvements.

For let it here be stated that it is the policy of the Canadian railroads to put back into the roads every dollar that is earned. Even the dividends paid come back, and more, too, because the roads are offering, from time to time, opportunities for its stockholders to reinvest.

Just here one might preach a little sermon to the lawmakers of the United States. There seems to be a general fear among poli-

ticians that some one individual will make too much money out of railroad building and railroad operating.

The fact is that so-called rich men are simply trustees. All they have, at best, is a life lease on the property.

If these men are producing wealth—digging it out of the soil, cutting it out of the forest, fishing it out of the sea, digging it out of the mines, manufacturing it into forms of use and beauty—this wealth is the heritage of society.

You will remember the question, "How much did the gentleman leave?" and the answer was, "All he had."

The idea of curtailing the production of wealth through vexatious, hampering legislation is something that the United States of America has got to abandon as a financial and economic policy.

Canada knights her big business men; the United States indicts them.

The Provincial policy of guaranteeing railroad bonds and thus securing a big influx of money, is a very wide policy; and on this policy, practically, the great prosperity of Western Canada has turned.

One can readily understand, on visiting this growing and evolving country, why Canada sustains a great sentimental regard for the mother country.

There is a very tangible reason why Canada's heart should beat loyally and lovingly true to Great Britain.

The mother land is true to her children. There is a continual tide of British gold coming into Western Canada. And while the country itself is producing vast wealth from the soil, say in Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba, British Columbia—upwards of five hundred millions a year from the products of the grain fields—yet British gold is helping build this marvelous chain of cities, extending from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

Business now is based on friendship, and the most valuable asset in the world is good will.

It is necessary that Canada should have the good will of the Mother Country; and Canada, without thinking it out, perhaps, or analyzing it, is true to her instincts, and is carefully guarding her national credit.

She is adding to her good will. And so here come British investors making permanent investments, which are bound to bring them returns on their money, with ample security and dividends beyond the dreams of avarice.

Haldane—Lord Chancellor

In view of the increasing interest that is springing up mutually between Britons and Canadians in matters military, social, political, and, let us hope, commercial, the visit of one of the most important ministers of the British Cabinet during this summer, points Mr. Eccles' contribution as a most timely and interesting one. The law student will recall some interesting incidents in the Chancellor's professional life through his association in Privy Council cases under Sir Oliver Mowat as Attorney-General of Ontario. In the School Funds and Indian Annuities cases he represented that province in the sightings. Later in 1895, when Sir Oliver was Minister of Justice for Canada, he was employed as Canadian counsel in the Fisheries dispute. It is reported that Sir Oliver Mowat remarked on one of these occasions that young Haldane would yet make his mark in Imperial politics. The average reader, who is not so informed, will be glad to look through Mr. Eccles' eyes for a short time.—Editor.

By Linton Eccles

VISCOUNT HALDANE of Cloan, K.C., K.P., F.R.S., and Lord Chancellor of Britain, having asked for and received the king's permission, will visit Canada at the end of August. When his Lordship felt inclined to accept the invitation to be present at the congress of the American Bar Association in Montreal, it was not merely a consideration of consulting his diary and ordering his luggage—luggage in England, if you please!—to be packed. He had formally to ask permission of the King, and he had, not so formally, but more importantly, to consult the Prime Minister and other colleagues in the Cabinet. For, as you must remember, the Lord Chancellor of Britain and the Britons beside is a very important person in London. Without him on the Woolsack the House of Lords would not think of attending to its business, for what the Speaker is in the House of Commons, the Lord Chancellor is in the other House, and more. For instance, he can do what no Speaker is allowed to do: he can get down from his elevated Woolsack—which isn't a

woolsack at all, really, but a very comfortably padded bench—and thump the Treasury table as hard and as often as he likes in party controversy. And so he is generally one of the leading debaters on the Government side.

The formality of asking the king's permission to leave England is one of the court traditions that have become inviolable rules, and it would be considered gravely irregular if a Minister of the Crown took French leave of absence without so much as "May it please Your Majesty," or an intimation through the Lord Chamberlain to the King's private secretary, which is as good as the same thing.

Two occupants of the Woolsack—one in the spacious days of King Henry-of-the-eight-or-so-wives, and the other nearer our grandparents' time—had to go on the Royal carpet to explain their journeyings abroad without consent. Great Cardinal Wolsey was the first transgressor. The arrogant church-statesman, who had acquired a habit of consulting his own policy and convenience first and those of his nominal

master afterwards, went tripping into the Low Countries, taking the Great Seal with him. The trouble was he did not keep the Seal in his valise, but used it for the stamping of important writs—a dereliction of duty that spelled into

had the sense not to impress it upon any unauthorized documents. He accepted an invitation to a house party at the Scottish seat of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, and, we are historically told, "ramped so familiarly" with



Viscount Haldane as he appears to the man on the street.
From a recent photograph.

dreadful detail, as one of the articles of his impeachment afterwards.

Lord Brougham, who liked his glass and the ladies, was also indiscreet enough to leave the Capital with the Great Seal in his possession, though he

the misses there that in revenge they played upon him a trick that he remembered for the rest of his life. They stole the Great Seal and hid it in a tea-chest in the drawing-room—when tea was a luxury and the tea-caddy an ob-

ject of art. Nor would the naughty ladies confess to their mischief until the seared Brougham had made sufficient apologies for his conduct.

All of which, of course, though interesting little-tittle, has no bearing on Lord Haldane's coming trip. He is far too good a Scot to run any risk of this kind, and he certainly will not bring the Great Seal over to Canada. He may not bring even his famous wig, which is the wiggist of all legal headcoverings and a thing of awful wonder to the strangers who are fortunate enough to obtain a ticket of admission to the House of Lords. No, the Right Honorable Viscount will come as a plain-appearing man, but an outstanding personality at that.

GUEST OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

This is not the first occasion upon which a leading lawyer of Britain has been a distinguished guest of the American Bar Association. The able and famous Lord Russell, of Killowen, in 1896, when he was Lord Chief Justice, paid a fraternal visit to the United States. He came at a ticklish period in Anglo-American Diplomacy, when the Behring Sea Arbitration was proceeding, so that a notable address which he delivered at Saratoga on "Arbitration: Its Origin, History and Prospects," was regarded as of great significance. Perhaps Viscount Haldane, who has no constitutional dislike of public speaking, may take occasion at Montreal to add a notable postscript to the recent oration of the Hon. W. J. Bryan before the Hundred Years of Peace delegates.

A STUDENT OF KEGEL.

The man who was born fifty-seven years ago and christened Richard Burdon Haldane is a curious blend of the ideal and the practical. It takes some breadth of view to descend from the cloudlands of Hegelianism to the level of the political party platform. With breadth of view it requires a powerful intellect driven by a strong feeling of sympathy with one's lesser-trained fellows. Lord Haldane's forbears, whilst their earnestness and devotion cannot

be questioned, were too deeply involved in taking sides in Scottish religious controversy to develop overmuch susceptibility to opinions that were opposite to their own. Probably if Lord Haldane had followed the ancestral evangelism instead of choosing politics and the law, his sympathies would have been much narrower than they are. Instead of Calvin, he owns the German philosopher, Hegel, as his inspiration.

It took him some time to acquire the art of coming down to the people's level, and, as a point of fact, he never actually accomplished it. But, when in 1885 he started his quarter-century career in the House of Commons, he was sent to the right constituency, East Lothian, whose voters are principally miners and fishermen. He started out to talk at them, a political idealism which these simple-minded men rightly and reasonably considered well over their heads. Then he learned, in time, to readjust his language if not his bases of address. Still—though he is not indifferent to political fame, and cherishes yet large ideas of national regeneration—he must be assumed that Lord Haldane is more at home addressing the House of Peers or a learned or professional body than in talking down to the standard of the ordinary democratic audience.

Hector Marpherson, the able Edinburgh journalist, somewhere in his writings, where he tries to reconcile the Lord Chancellor's perplexing and wavering attitude on certain public questions, presents this summary:—

"His sympathy with the Hegelian view is not one of blind devotion. He is not the sort of man who is against the Imperial ideal. And yet his Scottish blood instinctively drew him in the direction of Nationalism. At the time of the Boer War, the efforts of these opposing forces were reflected in Lord Haldane's speech in which he is sympathetic for a small state struggling for its independence, and his admiration of the larger Imperial ideal made his statements at times somewhat conflicting. The greatness of Germany, in Lord Haldane's opinion, is largely due to the war in which the ideas of her thinkers and statesmen have been translated into practice."

CAPACITY FOR TAKING PAINS—MARK OF GENIUS.

When he was appointed Secretary of State for War many people who did not know Lord Haldane thought this step was a big blunder on the part of

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was not long before they had to revise their opinion. In addition to the capacity, of which he has a great measure, for taking pains, Lord Haldane has the rare gift of getting to the bottom of the most abstruse questions in about half the time the average smart man would take. It was up to him to find out why the British Army was not in an efficient state, and to attempt its reorganization—a task on which many reputations had been hopelessly broken. Chaos had to be resolved somehow into order, and somehow he accomplished it.

Lord Haldane will be remembered in British history as the father of the Territorial Army, which has superseded the old Volunteer Force. This was his answer to the conscription propaganda, as he summarised it in an introduction to General Sir Ian Hamilton's book on "Compulsory Service."

He must have had to call up all his reserves of philosophy to enable him to withstand the fierce and often unwarranted criticism that he provoked and to go through with his task. And when, just about a year ago, after more than six years of hard work, he was followed at the head of the War Office by the young and brilliant Under-Secretary, Colonel J. E. B. Seeley, his translation to the House of Lords as sinner on the Woolsack must have seemed to him like entering a well-earned rest.

APPRECIATED BY OPPONENTS.

On his leaving the War Office, the Morning Post, which is the mouthpiece of the Unionist Party, published an article from the pen of its military correspondent, who paid this tribute to his paper's political opponent:—

"No Secretary of State for War since the days of Cardwell has left so great a mark upon the army as the distinguished lawyer whom Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman singled out to succeed Lord Arnold Forster in 1905 has left. He studied our military system for months ere he took it upon himself to embark on those great schemes of reform with which his name has since been inextricably associated. By dint of tact and calm observation he ascertained away the obstacles to progress, and since the day when he entered the House of Lords he has been steadily working his reforms into the life of the army. The truth is that no modern British War Minister has done as much to raise the regular army ready for war as Lord Haldane."

This postscript is worth adding: "It was well for Britain that, in the troubled times following the Transvaal War, the helm of the War Department was in the hands of a strong peace-lover."

To his personal friends, Viscount Haldane is known as a charming man. He and his predecessor on the Woolsack, Lord Loreburn, are the chief dinner-out of the old C.B. Cabinet. It is said that whilst Mr. Asquith's weakness is to dine with a duchess, Lord Haldane will not dine even with a duke if he knows the meal is going to be bad. He expands and becomes genial in discussing a delectable dinner. He loves good company, good food, good wine, good cigars, and good talk. A Scot by birth, he is a German by temperament, and a Bohemian by taste. He looks Teutonic and thinks Teutonically, and, by the way, speaks German like a Berliner.

A PERSONAL TOUCH.

Physically, always supposing you have the saving sense of humor, the Right Honorable Viscount reminds you irresistibly of the pantomime Humpty Dumpty. But his large size of brain makes you forget at once the large size of chair it takes to accommodate his rotund person. His face is full and clean-shaven, of an unhealthy-looking paleness. But even the paleness doesn't strike you so much as the calm, clear, wide-open look in the eyes, and massive forehead. He started to think clearly himself for years before he founded the British Science Guild for the propagation of clear thinking — on Hegelian lines. When his form is in repose he always gives you the impression that he is thinking hard, clearly, deeply. When he is on his feet you are in for the full pregnant results. In his speaking he is pronounced, profound, prolix, even prodigal. You have to keep following him, no matter how long he goes on, because he convinces you with every period of the thinking he has first put into what he is saying. He is the long distance orator of British politics, and can go easily on for three hours without tiring; but if you are an ordinary member of his



"HALDANE, THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN."

"who will be remembered in British history as the father of the Territorial Army, which has superseded the old Volunteer Force." This verse has been dignified by a writer in a recent issue of the Nineteenth Century, who makes a destructive criticism of the Territorial Force.

audience you have to keep on listening, and if you are a reporter, you have to keep on reporting, intelligently. When he explained his Army Reorganization scheme to the House of Commons he spoke for three hours and ten minutes, and it was not only a fine feat of endurance, but the matter of the speech was wonderfully marshalled.

He must have started to think and speak his thoughts very early in life. There is a story that when he was a small boy, in his first or second pair of knickerbockers, he was discovered one day busily scooping up a pile of dust. He explained the object of his exertions by, "If God made a man out of dust, why can't I?" At another time he nonplussed his grown-up acquaintances with the poem, "When there was no me, where was I?"

Lord Haldane can appreciate, and repeat with zest, stories against himself. This is one. Going on a week-end visit he reaches the countryside station and found that his host's carriages had left with the other guests. There was left only the station "bus in which sat a solitary passenger, a lady's maid. Lord Haldane got in, and the girl opened conversation—she was a Cockney. "My

bit of stuff," she informed the supposed man-servant, "hates going to Lady —-s. She's only going because she 'ears Lord 'Aldane's to be there, and she wants him to give her son a billet." "Oh, indeed," replied the War Secretary. "Yes, and she thinks she'll get it, too." At the end of the trip Lord Haldane got out first and was moving away when the lady's maid, holding his sleeve, said, "Oh, no, you don't, not till you've paid 'arf the fare!"

Lord Haldane took his title from his home, called Cloan, which overlooks a tiny gorge in the Ochills in Perthshire and is near his native village of Auchtermadar, chiefly noted as a pronunciation stumbling-block for Southern tongues. He is allied to the Duncan family, which produced the victor of Camperdown. In London his home is No. 28, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, a quiet, old-world by turning just far enough from the noise of Victoria Street and near enough to the beauty of St. James' Park. Its presiding genius—Lord Haldane is a "confirmed bachelor"—is his sister—whose devotion to his service is well known to Londoners.



MY WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the only one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

—Henry Van Dyke.

The Divorcing Umbrella

William Hugo Pakke has become known to the readers of the MacLean Magazine through his short stories, which he has contributed from time to time. In this sketch he has well depicted character which will be recognized in many communities. The ludicrous situation that develops after the wedding of the happy couple is highly amusing.—Editor.

By William Hugo Pakke

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN Todd sat down on the plush seat beside his wife of two hours and thirty-seven minutes, pulled down his white waistcoat to fit snugly that portion of his anatomy that it was intended to fit, and peered past Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd into the mystery of the darkening train-shed.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, puffing out his chest proudly. "The folks back home said we couldn't get to N'York City alone; did they? I'll show 'em! Why, Fanny, the worst is over; we're on the right train, anyway."

Fanny looked down lovingly into her husband's eyes. It was one of the best things that Fanny did—to look lovingly—and one of the most becoming. She was such a little bit of a girl, lengthy, albeit she had two inches on Benjamin Franklin in height, and several more in width, that the irrelevant sometimes described her as a chunk.

"They don't know how smart my Benjy is," she averred cooingly. "Course we'll get there!"

Benjy assumed an expression of vast pride. He was bursting into speech, when a sudden panicky thought forced the glances of his china-blue eyes upward toward the baggage-rack overhead. He made a quick mental inventory of his and his bride's belongings: suitcase, paper-mache, very neat; shopping bag, black net; Fanny's jacket, dark grey; Benjy's overcoat, natty; and—

"Fanny!" The shrill treble held a note of utter horror. "I forgot the umbrella!" he wailed.

A glance at his watch reassured him that the train would not leave for six minutes.

"O Benjy! And it was our wedding present from Uncle Elihu!"

"I'll get it—it's in the lunch room," he declared with importance.

"You'll get left sure!" worried his wife. "Don't go, Benjy! It'd be just awful to get separated so soon!"

"Leave it to me," ordered the young husband. "If you're nervous while I'm gone, just walk to the very last car of the train, and you can see me comin' back."

He trotted through the car and hopped down the steps. Amidst the bewildering noise of the reverberating shed, the jostling of innumerable persons all bigger than himself, his task loomed larger than it had at first appeared. He ran back beside the train, his tiny patent-leather shoes twinkling in the light of the car inspectors' lanterns. It seemed a very long train indeed. When at last he reached the car that was backed plump up to the great steel buffer beside the gate, he paused, irresolute. One precious minute had been spent in dodging and ducking the giants on the way. Before him was the gate leading into the station that was alive with a seething throng. He peered through it into the crowded space, withdrew, looked out once more, and finally turned back, disconsolate, toward his train. He could never make his way through that whirl and return in time!

A boy in a shabby uniform and visored cap passed close by, emitting from one corner of his drooping mouth a doleful whistled melody, from the other, a thin stream of cigarette smoke.

"Say, boy," piped Benjy; "want a job?"

"Don't mind," said the boy, sadly.

"My umbrella! I left it in the restaurant. Upstairs, you know—across there. It's a wedding-present! You bring it here an'—an'—I'll fix you up, I will."

"A' right, a' right." The boy turned away wearily. "Wait here," he threw over his shoulder.

Benjy waited obediently, but nervously. When he was sure that the boy had been gone half an hour at least, he looked at his watch. There was still a minute to spare. He grasped the hand-rail of the last car and held on with grim determination. At any rate, the train could not escape him.

A tall, gangling man in overalls, carrying a lantern and hammer passed, regarding him curiously.

"Hey!" called Benjy. "Train f'r N'-York leave on this track?" he queried to make conversation.

"Yep—track thirteen."

The bridegroom shivered; he was naturally superstitious. The next moment, he caught sight of the boy coming through the gate with the precious umbrella in his hand. The old-young person was jostled by a hurrying passenger, and stopped short, the better to indulge in picturesque vituperation. The interval of waiting tore Benjy's nerves to shreds. A certain something in the air seemed to send the crowd beside track thirteen surging along with an added impetus. Far down the shed, an engine coughed hollowly. Benjy, however, did not heed; he was becoming inured to noise and commotion.

"Here y'are!" said the boy, holding out the umbrella, female first.

Mr. Todd offered ten cents, which was scornfully rejected, augmented the fee with a quarter, and turned to fly, coming into violent contact with his gangling friend.

"Where ye goin'?"

"To catch my train!" gasped Benjy.

"Too late; it's went," said the tall one, placidly.

The belated bridegroom's hands shot up and clutched the reassuring brass rail again.

"It ain't went! It ain't went!" he shrieked. "I got shot of it!"

With the contemptuous calmness of his class, the railroad man pulled Benjamin Franklin to one side, and pointed. The hair on the little fellow's head stood straight up, lifting his soft pearly hat perceptibly. His clutch on the brass rail has proved a delusion and a snare! The car had been left. On ahead, the track stretched New Yorkward amidst a bewildering of yard and switch lights. It was empty!

"My wife! My wife!" shrieked the youthful husband wildly. "She's on that train!" He nearly broke his neck in hending his head back to search the vacant countenance of the towerlike man before him. "Oh, what will I do? I've lost my wife!"

"Yer what?" questioned the other sharply.

"My wife! An' I've only had her f'r about three hours!"

"Quit yer kiddin'; you mean yer mother."

"I guess I know," protested Benjamin, drawing himself up until he reached almost to the shiny huckles that adorned the car inspector's overalls just above the waistline.

"Come with me."

They raced across tracks, through car vestibules, up a flight of iron stairs, and burst into a large room where a myriad telegraph instrument chattered their unintelligible gossip all at once. To Benjy, they seemed to mock his plight in a gay abandon of meaningless sound. The overalls came to a halt beside a young man with a green shade over his eyes, whose fingers rested idly for a fraction of a second on his key.

"Say, mister—" burst out Benjy.

"Shut up! Let me do the talkin'; admonished his guide.

"Herb, this kid's lost his mother—I mean his wife. She went out on forty-four. Shoot a message to Clancy, will



"It ain't went! It ain't went! I got shot of it!"

yer?—An' see if you c'n get 'em together again."

"All right—catch 'em at Brightside," Herb complied. "Name? Description?" he barked, glancing at Benjy.

"She—she's a big, tall girl," blurted her husband—"about two inches taller'n me, an'—"

Herb snickered. "Go on," he ordered crisply.

"An' her name's Pansy Butterworth."

Herb was calling BS, BS. "Got 'em," he grunted.

"Wait! No, it ain't!" cried the forgetful husband. "It use ter be Pansy Butterworth, but it's Mrs. Todd now—Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Todd. Have you got her on the end of the wire?" he asked anxiously, hitting his finger-nails.

"Aw go lay down somewhere!" exclaimed Herb, unfeelingly.

He rattled off a line or two of Morse and snapped the key shut with his little finger.

"I caught Clancy at Brightside. He'll answer from Newville."

"Better come outside," urged the guide. "Be about five minutes before you can get an answer."

Benjy walked out of the stuffy room in a daze, the tall man going off about his own affairs with the promise that he would return shortly. The crisp air cleared Mr. Todd's brain somewhat, bringing a sharp realization of his unfortunate predicament. Of course, Pansy would be found soon; but would he have the nerve to continue that perilous journey to New York after his ignominious blunder? Into his mind flashed stray bits of ante-nuptial hostings.

"Huh!" he had declared to the skeptical group at the post-office. "Pansy and me are goin' to have the time of our lives in the city. I'll look out f'r her all right, all right, once she belongs to me!"

"A nice sample of 'looking out' this was! He clenched his pudgy fists and

stamped one tiny foot in impotent anger.

His high friend jogged his elbow. "Time fer yer answer," he remarked.

Again they confronted Herb.

"Anythin' doin'?"

"Got Clancy all right. He says there's no such party on the train." Herb grabbed a pencil and became intensely interested in the dot-and-dashed remarks of a man down the line.

"I've lost her! I've lost her!"

Benjy's wail drowned momentarily the brassy voices of the sounders.

A thick-set, iron-gray man strode into the room with an authoritative manner. He glanced sharply at the tiny figure in his path.

"What's the trouble," he rapped.

"My wife!" choked Benjy. "She's alone in this town, an' I ain't with her to protect her. It's all because the train pulled out on me, an' I had sholt of it all the time, an'—"

"Here! Start that all over again," out in the thick-set man, brusquely.

Painfully, Benjy retraced his declamatory steps and recited his tale of woe. The human-interest element of his story met with no response; his hearer was evidently thinking of more weighty practical matters.

"An' there I was," moaned the little fellow, in conclusion, "holdin' on to the last car fr dear life, an'—an' the train just bust in the middle an' up an' went."

The thick-set man's frown evinced his sudden interest. Here was something worthy his attention. This was more important than interrupted homonyms—something practical.

"Somebody call Burton and Manning," he ordered in a flintlike voice.

Two men in uniform appeared and fairly groveled before their irate chief.

"Say," he burst out, "that's the second time this week that you fellows have left a dead car on thirteen. What do you think we're running here—a civilized station or a guessing contest—hey? I don't suppose the car was placarded—hey?"

No answer except a confused murmur and the scuffling of feet.

"Suppose you left the doors unlocked, too—hey?"

The gangling car inspector had a perfectly good thought. It flashed forth, sending a look of almost human intelligence across his masklike countenance.

He nudged Benjy. "Be back in a minute," he whispered, as he dived through the door.

Benjamin Franklin had an indistinct impression that he was overhearing two men getting theirs in no uncertain terms. But he had a decidedly more distinct impression of miserably pondering the question of what he should say to Pa and Ma Butterworth when he returned to Bayfield—alone. Pa was not so bad; he was a sort of weak sister himself. But Ma Butterworth! The tears coursed frankly down the bridegroom's round cheeks at the thought, and dripped dolefully on his gale waistcoat.

His grim reverie was interrupted by the reappearance of the gangling one, who thrust his head in at the door.

"Found her!" he announced laconically.

An amazing leap brought Mr. Todd to the threshold; two more landed him at the foot of the stairs. By dint of the utmost effort, he kept the flying overalls in sight, over tracks again, and through vestibules. They came to a final stop beside the fatal car.

"Seen her inside," vouchsafed the inspector and discreetly disappeared.

Benjy flew up the steps—and paused. In the superexcited celebration with which the next moment was fraught burst into refulgent being the reputation for impregnable strength that would be his forever—so far as his wife was concerned.

He opened the door and entered the car jauntily. There, amongst her various belongings, sat Pansy in the sharp radiance cast through the car-window by an arc-light outside.

"Hello, Pansy," he greeted her easily. "You all right?"

"When is this train goin' to start?" she asked, a bit anxiously.

"The train fr N'York? Oh, that's

went," said Benjy, in an off-hand manner. "You don't care about an awful lot about goin' there, do you?"

"I don't much care where we are," she glanced at him coyly, "so long's we're there together."

"That's the way I figured it out," said Benjy, his chest swelling perceptibly. "You see, I sent a boy fr the umbrella—here 'tis—an' he didn't come, an' he didn't come! When it got along about traintime, 'course I

knew that you'd come into the last car like I told 'you—an' an'—"

Benjy gave free rein to his imagination. "I sold a railroad feller to uncouple it; I didn't want you to have to change again. He kinder kicked at first, but I slipped him a—"

"Pansy looked up, admiring, awestruck. "My! But you're smart, Benjy!" she murmured, adopting then and there, her lifelong mental attitude.



THE IDEAL IS THE REAL

What do they know of life who only see the form of things,
And not the heart?
What do they know of love who merely kiss the lips and cheeks,
And not the soul?
What do they know of life and love who bear no angel wings
Anear them pass?
What do they know of love or life to whom there never speaks
The Voice of God?

Tied to the sordid task for self, they see no vision bright,
And curse their lot.
Bound by the sickly pride of self they miss the only prize
There is to gain.
Sunk in the slush and dirt of lust, bereft of truer light,
They grope their way.
Lost in the cave of hell's despair, they have no open eyes
To see their God.

Be wise—and turning from the shape and size of earthly things,
Oh, seek the heart!
Be true—and never merely kiss the rosy lip or cheek,
But kiss the soul!
Be calm—and living in the depths of life, the angels' wings
Shall round you come!
Be good—and knowing well both life and love, to you will speak
The Voice of God!

—Eric Ross Goulding.

Excursion Joys in a Morris Chair

Travel, says the moralizer, is one of the best means of education. Yet if the common people were to depend upon this way for their deliverance from the bondage of ignorance, economic conditions would prevent the great majority of people from knowing much outside their own street or city. For the thousands who have to remain at home during the summer months there is happily a way out. It does not take a very lively imagination to reap all the benefits of modern travel. How this is done will be welcome news to many readers. If you are skeptical, get your folders and try the plan.—Editor.

By Edward Jamieson

PROBABLY you felt rather envious the other day when you heard that Charlie Smith was going off down South the following week for a look at the Panama Canal "before they let the water in" or when you met Billy Simpson and he told you he had just got back from a trip to the "Coast" with a side trip up to Prince Rupert.

We all think—at least those of us who have not been able to any extent to gratify the desire—that we'd like to travel. The lure of it gets us early. Most of us got our first longings when in our early years in the country we hung around the blacksmith shop and heard the men talk about "the North West" or "Noo York." And with the passage of years the lure of the thing becomes intense. Books, plays, lectures, travellers' stories—one constantly runs across things that increase the longing to see unfamiliar places and people. Even the old stay-at-homes, who really wouldn't be happy for a single night away from the bed with a special self-fitting depression in the mattress, dream dreams and see visions of where they would go should by any happy accident their long-looked-for share in the family's English fortune be realized.

Most of us look forward to some day making these dreams materialize. But will we? While there is no doubt that the percentage of Canadians who travel

widely is rapidly increasing, even yet, since we have not up to the present at least, in Canada, achieved a leisure class, the number who do travel—according to the common acceptance of the term—is exceedingly small and the probabilities for some of us realizing our desires to any considerable extent are decidedly meagre.

Travel, too, so those who profess to know tell us, is the most rapid road—sometimes it seems almost to be the long-thought impossible "royal" one—to education. And we are all desirous of education, the more the better.

In the light of all this the writer believes he has made a discovery. He's not patenting it either, but from the beneficence of his heart is handing it out for the general advantage of fellow would-be travellers.

Here it is:

A TRIP FOR EVERYONE.

You can travel, anywhere you like, almost, and in even greater comfort than the multi-millionaire—for you won't be pestered regarding the tipping—and regardless of time and expense.

Isn't it a discovery? So keep on paying off the house mortgage and don't plan to ask for more than your usual fortnightly holiday this summer. We submit the recipe.

The next time you are passing a

ticket office—it doesn't much matter what variety, rail, steamer or hotel, for they all have about the same—drop in and look over the assortment of illustrated time-tables and travel booklets which are displayed on a side table or in a time-table rack. You will find a bewildering array of shapes, colors, sizes and types, from the plainly-printed folder of some new railway in the wilds to the volumes de luxe of the metropolitan hotels and trans-oceanic steamship lines.

Now for the method. Pick up what applies particularly to the trip you'd like to take, or perhaps even better, pick up everything that looks interesting for trips to be planned at leisure afterward. Then after dinner that evening settle down by a grate fire in a Morris chair with an open mind and with the armful of booklets beside you and let yourself go.

The enchanted carpet of the old Arabian Nights wasn't a patch to this, so far as comfort is concerned anyway.

Suppose, for a good example as to method, you decide you'd like to begin—remember you can keep on almost indefinitely—by taking the trip to Cuba and Panama with Charlie Smith. The fact that just at this time of the year it is intolerably hot in the equatorial regions need play no part in the considerations.

ON THE OBSERVATION CAR.

Very good. Half a dozen railway lines run trains de luxe from Niagara Falls to New York, the first stage of the journey. Any one of their booklets shows a photograph of the train. Not only this, it gives you pictures of the interiors of the new electric-lighted compartment cars, \$7 to \$25 per night, where at the latter price you may repose on a brass bed with a bathroom in miniature, (also illustrated), tucked away somewhere just beyond your toes. You sleep peacefully, being undisturbed by the roar of passing fliers or the landing around which always comes in reality at divisional points, awakes at Albany or Poughkeepsie, pick out an enjoyable breakfast in the cafe

car, (also illustrated), from the a la carte menu, (also suggestively printed in the time card), enjoy the scenery along the Hudson in the bright sun of a new morning, (also illustrated and voluminously described), and roll into New York, on time to the second, into the new Grand Central Terminal, (also illustrated and described in detail.)

Sounds pretty fair so far, doesn't it?

That's another advantage about this new travel method. It's really always better than the real thing. For instance, the trains and steamers are always on time, the porters and stewards are invariably attentive, the cafe car is always well supplied—when I travel they seem to have just run out of grape fruit or California figs or my coffee comes in cold—and the scenery, ah, there's a splendid point. One supposes that the fellows who write the scenic descriptions for the booklets must have travelled over the road at least once. Probably they did—on a dark night. One reads, for instance, majestic paragraphs descriptive of the grandeur of the lower Hudson as seen from the windows of the . . . line. The reality shows an outlook of mile after mile of cattle and freight cars on adjoining tracks with an occasional space through which one gets glimpses at a truck farm or a muddy-looking factory town. Further proof, you see, of the superiority of the Morris chair method.

If by any possibility you have never been in New York, pick up a booklet of any one of the hundred or so hotels which cater especially to tourist business. (They scatter their advertising matter from Rio Janeiro to Dawson City.) You will find, in almost any one of them, a comprehensive map of the city, a description, profusely illustrated, of the theatres, stores, notable buildings, parks, etc., and the remaining half of a fairly substantial volume telling with photographs the advantages of this hostelry. It needs little imagination to place oneself in one of the "moderate priced suites"—\$50 to \$100 per day—drinking filtered water, breathing filtered air, sooting by filtered

light and hearing the "roar" of the metropolis through noise-filtering window. And all this, remember, without price, better yet, without even the bore of tips.

SEEING THE CITY FROM A TAXI.

After getting settled at your hotel, jump into a taxi (—"always waiting at the door and fares are moderate"), and see the city. The other day a young Montreuil who was celebrating over some big orders, did this—with a young lady friend. His taxi fare at the end of the evening was \$57. However, we escape all this worrisome detail.

But to get along. Having picked a special private cabin, with bath, electric fans, et al., in any one of the dozen or more fine steamers running to the Isthmus—and remember, you will have no difficulty in getting just the cabin you want. No danger, as usual, of the choice ones being all taken and of your having to hunk in a stuffy inside room with four or five others similarly-unfortunate fellow-travellers. You go aboard an hour or two before sailing and get settled down, with the aid of a valet, if you wish, in your cabin. Your steamer is described minutely, with chart of cabins, plan of decks, captain's name and numerous photographs of exterior and interiors, in the booklet of any one of the first-class lines. Dropping down the East River and New York harbor you see (also illustrated and profusely described in glowing let-



"You have time to study the charms of some of the fine old British cathedrals."

terpress terms), the city's remarkable skyline from the water-front, Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty and even the different steamers you pass on route to sea.

ARRIVING AT THE BIG DITCH.

Ten days at sea, spent in luxurious life in the saloons, smoking rooms, gymnasium, swimming tank, and in shuffle-board and other sports on deck (all remarkably well described and illustrated), bring you to Colon at the eastern entrance of the great ditch. Other booklets, also supplied by the steamship companies, give quite comprehensive descriptions of the \$375,000,000 canal, with photographs of its various features and of the towns in the district. One can even see a huge steam shovel on one of the slopes of the Culebra cut in the act of scooping up a ten-ton mouthful of clay. The railway journey-by-booklet allows ordinarily an hour's stop in Panama, the interesting city at the western terminus. You may stay as long as you please, a week, if you wish, and the steamer will be waiting just the same when you complete your examination of the Canal zone.

The return journey is, of course, a duplicate in comfort and luxury of the southern trip. Your steamer has provision for both heating and cooling its cabins and saloons. Its bilge keels absolutely prevent and rolling and the cuisine—note the word, invariably applied to steamer service—is delightful with its large use of delicious tropical fruits, which, of course, are a large



One of the Bras d'Or lakes and the squatting village by its margin.

part of the vessel's cargo. The writer's experience has been that tropical fruits on the actual journey are very little in evidence. They are, of course, picked and shipped green and only arrive at the edible stage after some clever treatment in the cold storage houses of the Canadian produce men.

Ten days of this delightful and restorative living—accomplished by the new method in from ten to sixty minutes, as the spirit moves one and as one's imagination is good—brings you back to New York, whence you return, as fancy dictates, to your own fireside.

Such a trip, if taken with accommodation and surroundings as suggested, would cost for the three weeks' outing from \$300 to \$400. According to the Morris chair method it can be nicely done in an evening, and the only outlay at all advisable is a quarter for say some of the tropical fruits in reality, to aid the senses involved in imagination through the real one of taste.

This trip is only one of a thousand which may be taken as circumstances attract, in the same way and at the same relative expense.

CANADIANS OFF FOR EUROPE.

For instance, a party of well-to-do Canadians left last week for three months in Southern Europe. They go direct via Gibraltar and the Mediterranean, to Naples, thence to Rome and Florence, north through Switzerland for the Rhine trip and back through France.

A judicious collection of travel literature covers the itinerary of the party quite comprehensively, and any one who cared to spend a few evenings digesting this, particularly with the aid of a couple of well-indexed volumes on ancient and medieval history from the loan library could doubtless pick up even more educational material than the majority of the members of the party, who will spend from \$800 to \$1,000 each, at least. Most of these well-to-do travellers come home with a heterogeneous collection of information in which the height of the leaning tower of Pisa is mixed with the number of pinnacles on St. Mark's, or the names of the old Roman emperors jumbled up hopelessly in their memories with the mountain peaks of the Alps or the streets of Paris.

If one cares to intensify the home travel method by investing in a set of Reedecker and spends an hour with these and the maps and illustrations of the transportation companies' booklets for each day their friends are abroad, the chances are that they will be able to tell the latter, on their return, hosts of information regarding interesting sights and facts which the money-spending travellers, in their more or less hurried tour, failed to notice or were forced to pass entirely.

The scheme is an intensely interest-



An interesting town in the Panama Canal zone.



"You select a bedroom from one of the moderate priced suites."

ing one, also, for studying the geography and history of one's own country.

Are you an Ontario man, for instance, and have never visited the East? A score of delightful evenings await you. You may travel in the utmost comfort by rail or steamer at any time of the year to Montreal or Quebec, spend what time you care to in the best hotels of each of these cities with all their historical wealth laid before you gratis in picture and story. And going on, you may familiarize yourself with the quaint French villages on the Upper Saguenay, spend a week-end with aristocratic United Statesers at Murray Bay, or if your fancy wanders further, you may take a sample of an ocean trip by the Black Diamond Line on the much discussed Reid railways to Newfoundland, travel from end to end of that interesting colony. Study the old-British character of its people and spend a week hunting or fishing in the matchless sporting regions offered in the wilds of the sparsely-settled interior.

If you suspect your sea-legs are not good—for if one enters into the thing in the proper spirit and sees in his mind's eye, concurrently with the reading, the "tempestuous gales which at certain seasons sweep over the Gulf," the trip might be somewhat uncomfortable—travel by Intercolonial or C.P.R. to the Maritimes. One may study at leisure all the features, see the famed Metapedia Valley, the Bras d'Or Lakes, the tide coming in on the Fundy shore and, as a rest, spend a week at golf and surf bathing at quiet old St. Andrews.

THE GLORIES OF THE ROCKIES.

Or do you fancy the West? One can get by lake or rail to Winnipeg, with stops at all interesting points intervening. From there, other descriptive timetables will carry you with interest anywhere, whether you desire to see the Rockies, the Okanagan Valley, the "Coast," or witness the wonders of a Western harvest scene. If one's imagination is vivid—the information is plentiful enough—one may even take up a homestead in the Peace River district and hold it till a small fortune can be

realized. In any event, without trouble at all, one may take the side trip up the coast to Prince Rupert, visiting the salmon canneries on the way. You may do it, too, in a thoroughly modern steamer in a private stateroom, with brass bed and bath to boot.

Or are you an Easterner, a hibernese, maybe, with friends in Ontario you would like to visit. Come to Toronto by the booklet method at Toronto's "Exhibition time" and take in a few of the side trips which are so accessible. For instance, after seeing the city-by-booklet, provided gratis by the city itself—run down via C. P. R. for a day at Ottawa, where one may be quartered most delightfully at the new Chateau Laurier, and from there down to Kingston through the Rideau. A booklet on this latter trip even shows photographs in colors of the fish one may catch at the various resorts en route. From Kingston sail through the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence Rapids on an R. & O. steamer on to Montreal. Your excitement in reading of the passage of the rapids, as per booklet, will be quite superior to the sensations of the real trip, which, after all, is rather disappointing, or at least, scarcely up to description.

Of course, when in Toronto you'll see Muskoka—the ten thousand islands of Georgian Bay, the Kawartha Lakes, New Ontario with its magnificent Lake Region, and its silver deposits. One can by booklet catch his "lunge" in Lake Temagami or see a few of the uncovered veins of bloom in Cobalt.

Notwithstanding the first of the foregoing examples, which, as will have been seen, have been used because they were particularly illustrative of the advantages of this method, the writer advocates seeing Canada first. Two factors favor this, one, sentimental, that of patriotism, the second, practical, because the necessary literature is most readily at hand.

After one knows Canada the field is open. Go where you will—the Irish Lakes, or the Hook of Holland, Egypt or Japan. Wherever the tourist ordinarily tours there the Morris chair method and its advantages hold good. It



"As you journey through the Lowlands of Scotland you view the agriculturalists at work with their splendid horses, and note the happy social life of the men, women and children who work together."

may be to reach some of the earth's out-of-the-way corners a small amount of postage will be necessary in inquiry at British and European booking agencies, but the return will repay the outlay—a thousand fold.

Like all other good things, the new method must be tried to be appreciated. The ordinary man will probably smile at the thought of benefitting to the extent of the pleasant passing of time, not to speak of downright education, from the perusal of a "bunch of tire-

some timetables." But timetables are no longer tiresome, and he who thinks thusly is grievously mistaken. Timetables are no longer mere timetables. The transportation specialists have in recent years been wise enough to add an artistically strong stimulus to anticipation to the formerly severely practical and exceedingly uninteresting adjuncts of travel, and we who may not wander all we wish to, benefit accordingly. In any event, the idea is worth trying.



Feather For Feather

By John G. Neihardt

An Omaha Indian Legend Tremulous With the Echo of the Tom-Tom and Drum

TUM-UM-UM, tum-um-um, tum-um-um, went the drums beaten by the hands of the old men—too old for wars, but now grown momentarily youthful with the victory of the young men who were returning from battle.

Tum-um-um, tum-um-um! So sang the drums—great, glad buckskin drums, exultant beneath the staccato blows of the old men's drumsticks. Tum-um-um, tum-um-um! Now the women, dressed in their gayest garments of dyed buckskin, radiant in beads, with the spirit of song upon their painted faces, came forth in a long file from a lodge and approached the center of the open space about which were grouped the mud lodges of the village.

There, in the center, sat the old men. The drum were singing a glad song, in sullen tones, in this hour of victory, for a runner, breathless with his speed, had brought the good news when the sun was half-way down the sky, and now the slowly settling sun was blazing on the evening hills.

Soon the whole victorious band, fresh from their fight with the Sioux, would come over the hills like an eager, dusty wind, clamorous with glad tongue and thunderous with the driven hoofs of captured ponies.

So the drums sang and the women came forth and circled about them, peering, beneath hands raised brow-ward, into the deepening shadows of the valley down which the band would sweep.

They swelled the song of victory, the song of welcome to the victors, and the look of welcome was already upon their faces as they searched the deepening shadows.

There came a rumble over the hills as of a hidden storm in time of drought, thundering mockingly in the rainless air. The drummers lifted their sticks with trembling hands and listened—with one accord they all listened for the shouts and the hoofbeats.

Now the faint treble of distant shouting pierced the growing rumble of the thunder. It was the bravest! They were returning with much glory and many ponies. The drumsticks fell snarlingly upon the tent buckskin, but the sound seemed only a whisper, for the entire village was shouting with a tumult that made the grating ponies snort upon the hillside and gallop away with ears pricked wonderingly.

"They come! They come!" The villagers thronged upon that side of the village that looked toward the hills from whence the thunder deepened. A dust-cloud gathered behind the hills. It grew until it caught the horizontal sunlight and seemed a scintillating tower of victory. Suddenly the hill above the valley was thronged with mounted braves, waving their weapons above their heads and shouting, and a smalt cloud of glory seemed about them.

The band swept down the hillside and down the valley, and the dust-cloud thickened under the impetuous hoofs that beat the parched and yellow prairie. When they drew near the opening in the circle of lodges, the foremost hurled his panting pony back upon its haunches and the others reared and halted behind, champing at the restraining thongs.

"A-ho!" shouted the foremost, holding his weapons above his head. "We

come from the Sioux! We have many ponies and also scalp-locks! Sing! For we have fought a good fight and we are not ashamed!"

A great shout went up from the village, and the drums snarled. Slowly, majestically the circle of women began moving about the drums, keeping time to the rhythmic beats with a sideward shuffling of their feet in the dust. In a monotonous minor key the singing of the women began—at first like the crooning of an Indian mother to a restless child when the camp fires burn blue and all the braves are snoring in the dark.

Then it rose into the mournful wail of a wife looking upon a dead face—a wordless, eloquent song. Then, with a burst, it rose into a treble cry, and words became dimly recognizable amid the ecstasy.

"We come, we come, and we are not ashamed!" sang the women to the snarling of the drums. "Let the fires roar and the bison meat be cooked, for we have fought, and now we wish to eat!"

"Let the women dance and sing that we may be glad after our fighting! A-ho! A-ho! We traveled far—one sleep, two sleeps, three sleeps, but we slumbered not! We came upon our enemies. They were hidden in the grass like badgers. They were dressed in yellow grass that they might hide. We saw them and we shouted with joy, for we were not afraid! The enemy trembled like wolves who have come to the end of the ravine and the hunters follow behind!"

As the women sang, shuffling about the circle, the braves rode in single file into the enclosure of the village and formed a circle about the dance.

"I saw a big man among my enemies," sang the women, for so their song ran.

"He was strong as a bear and terrible as an elk. His head was proud with eagle feathers, for many men had he killed. I did not tremble when he rushed at me; I raised my club and struck him, and he fell with his eagle feathers. He whimpered like an old woman when she becomes a child again. He said 'I have many ponies for you,

and my children will cry if I do not go back. Spare me!' But behold! I have his scalp-lock!"

"His scalp-lock! His scalp-lock!" shouted the braves, as the words of the song were drowned again in the minor drone that followed the snarl of the drums. And they waved scalp-locks above their heads—the locks of the fallen Sioux.

Out of the droning the song of the women grew again. It became more ecstatic, running the rammot of human passion—from the shrill shriek of defiance to the mournful wail for those who had fallen in the battle. And then the shuffling stopped; the song died away into a drone and ceased, like the song of a locust at the end of a sultry evening. The drums snarled no more, a great silence fell, the sun had sunk beneath the hills.

Then, in the silence and the shadows of the evening, one came forth from among the circle of braves, and with a slow, majestic bending of the knees, danced in a circle about the women and the drums, that began again as an accompaniment to the song that he would sing.

Round and round the circle he danced, improvising a song to the rhythm of the drums, in which he sang his prowess, and the whole village shouted when he reached the end of his song, for he told of a good fight and a strong arm, and he had been great in battle.

Then, amid the shouting, another came forth to dance and sing, for he, too, had done great things. It was White Cloud, and he was great among his people. Round and round the circle he danced to the tune of the drums, dodging imaginary arrows, leaping upon imaginary foes, striking huge blows at the heads of warriors hidden in the shadow.

"See!" he shouted in his song, and his voice was loud and masterful, for a murmur of praise had passed among the people. "See! White Cloud brings the scalp-lock of a chief. He took it alone with his strong hand. The scalp-lock of a big Sioux chief! Who has done a greater deed than White Cloud?"

Then let the old man place the eagle feather in his hair that he may be known among his people."

Once again the dancing stopped and the drums ceased their droning. White Cloud approached the old man, who slowly placed the eagle feather in his hair.

But one among the assembled braves did not give his voice to the shout that ensued.

His gaze narrowed with hatred as he looked upon White Cloud, and his body trembled as a strong tree that stands alone in the path of a tempest.

Then as White Cloud stood proudly to the inner rim of the circle of braves, with the tall eagle feather in his hair, another came forth bearing with him his bow and his arrows. It was he who had found no voice in which to celebrate White Cloud's valor.

He was tall and sinewy, and he had the clear-cut, cruel face of a hawk, now dark with a darkness deeper than the shadow of the evening. It was Little Weasel.

Erect, quivering like a strong bow in the clutch of a mighty warrior, he walked into the open space, and the drums once more began their wailing. But Little Weasel raised one trembling hand and commanded silence.

"Fathers," he said, and his voice was low, vibrant, with the growl of a wounded beast in it. "Little Weasel needs no drums to help him fill the stillness."

The people bent forward, hushed, because there was something deeper than shadow in the face of Little Weasel as he turned his hawk's gaze upon the bowed head of White Cloud.

"Little Weasel has words to utter, but they are not song words nor dance words. Let the women and cowards sing and dance!"

Still the head of White Cloud was bowed, and Little Weasel laughed a strange laugh.

"Who took the scalp-lock of the big Sioux chief?" shouted Little Weasel. "I, Little Weasel, took it! One sleep, two sleeps, I kept it close beside me; for I am a young man and I wanted to hear the shouts of my people. But in the

third sleep a great heaviness came upon me, and when I awoke my Sioux scalp-lock had been stolen from me. Now I know the badger who crept upon me in my heaviness and stole my honor from me. Look! You have placed the eagle feather in his hair!"

In the hush that filled that shadowed place naught but the heavy breathing of the people was heard. Little Weasel fitted a feathered arrow to his bow.

"See!" he cried. "I do not cry about my stolen feather. I give another!"

The bow-thong twanged, the arrow sang, and lodged deep in White Cloud's breast.

"Let White Cloud wear that feather in his breast so that the black spirits will know him! For look! Already he is among them!"

White Cloud had fallen upon his face. Little Weasel dropped his bow upon the ground, and, raising his hands above his head, he shouted into the stillness: "Fathers, I have given feather for feather!"

Then a great cry broke from the assembled braves and the women shrieked. But Little Weasel shouldered his way through the throng and went to his lodge, laughing bitterly.

That evening the fires of the feast did not roar upward into the night. There was no song; there was no babble of glad voices; there was no bubbling of kettle nor scent of meat.

For a member of the tribe had been murdered by a tribesman, and the murderer, according to an ancient custom, would be driven forth that night from the circle of the lodges into the prairie. And the people sat speechless at the dark doors of their lodges awaiting the signal.

After a long and wordless waiting in the dark, the people saw the door-lap of the big council lodge swing open, and they held their breaths, for the time of the casting forth had come.

Through the hush of the starlit night came Little Weasel, pacing slowly about the circle of the village, and the fathers of the council, slow with age, followed behind.

Three times the outcast made the

rounds, and when he began the fourth and last circle (for four is a medicine number) the old men who followed raised their faces to the starlit sky and breathed these words into the quiet:

"Let the people look upon Little Weasel, our brother, for he has killed a brother and must suffer. Four times shall the bears bring forth their cubs, four times shall the lone goose fly; four times shall the frogs sing in the valleys; four times shall the sunflowers grow; and he must wander, wander. Then shall Little Weasel remember and his deed shall be forgotten. Wah-hoo-ha-a-a-s-s."

Then when Little Weasel came the fourth time to the opening in the circle of lodges, looking toward the place of sunrise, he saw one standing in the dark who held a pony by a thong. And Little Weasel leaped upon the pony, laughed a loud, unpleasant laugh, and urged it southward into the night.

Throughout the night the people in the village heard strange sounds. For, at that time, somewhere in the darkness of the hills, something laughed a loud, un-mirthful laugh.

"Do you hear it?" the people whispered. "It is a wolf. For sometimes in the lonesome nights they laugh so." But the people muffled their ears in their blankets, for it is not good to hear a wolf laugh almost like a man.

All night long Little Weasel wandered upon the hills, holding his grating pony and looking down upon the starlit village of his people. He laughed loudly at times, for he was not one of those who sicken with trouble.

"How can I get revenge upon my people?" he asked himself. And as yet he could not answer.

The pale dawn found him sitting upon the hills. Then he arose and mounted his pony and the three went southward—the pony, the man, and the question.

A light wind blew upon his back.

"How can I get revenge upon my people?" he sang aloud in endless variation until his question wore itself into a song—a battle song, for Little Weasel had not eaten, and hunger feeds anger. But the light wind sighing at his back made no answer.

"I will go to the country of the Pawnee and make them angry with my people," he said to himself, and this seemed the answer to his question until the sun had reached its highest in the sky and the wind had fallen and the yellow prairie had become parched and bare.

In the afternoon he stopped in the glare of the sun and held one wet finger above his head that he might leave the source of the wind.

There was a faint breath from the south. As he stood it increased, coming in little puffs, hot and stifling and dry. Suddenly it came with a great puff and boomed in the gulches of the arid hills.

Little Weasel shouted with joy.

He had heard his answer in the booming of the sudden wind. He dismounted, and, with a flint and some dry grass, lit a little fire.

The great wind felt it and it grew. Then Little Weasel collected a bunch of grass, lit it and rapidly set fire to the dry prairie.

Long, yellow flames leaped up from the sun-cured buffalo grass, howled in the wind that grew stronger and stronger, and raced northward toward the valley where the circled lodges of the Omahas lay.

"Now I will go back," said Little Weasel, "and the fire shall go with me." He kicked his pony in the ribs and pointed its head northward. The wave of flame preceded him, skimming the surface of the grass with great leaps, gaining strength and fleetness as the dry wind lashed it from behind.

"Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" sang Little Weasel, and the pony, straining its wiry limbs to keep pace with the yellow giant that ran before, wheeled and coughed an accompaniment to the song, for the ashes were in his nostrils.

Over hills, through valleys, across gulches the pony ran, with the wall of flame ever a strong man's bow-shot ahead of him.

Now the Omahas, who had been deprived of their feast of victory the evening before, had made the feast fires roar upward throughout the village that day and much meat had been eaten.

Weary with much dancing and sing-

ing and heavy with meat, the evening twilight found them sleeping heavily. And the night deepened and still they slept.

But there was one upon whom the feast had laid but a light hand, and who awoke suddenly in the night with a smell in his nostrils, a roaring in his ears, and a great light in his eyes. He marvelled, for the feast fires were dead in their ashes.

He arose, and when he reached the door of his lodge he gave a cry that woke the sleeping village and brought the people clamoring into the open air.

Half the earth and half the sky were aflame. The stars had fled before the great burning. Booming in the strong wind, a wave of flame was coming over the hills and reaching long, spiteful arms toward the village in the valley.

Spellbound, the people gazed. Then of a sudden a cry ran among them, for they had seen, through a momentary rift in the flame and smoke, high upon the eminence of a peaked, fire-blackened hill, a man standing upon a pony's back, with his arms above his head. He looked prodigiously big and seemed to ride upon a flood of fire.

Then the flames closed in, the smoke hid the peaked hill, and, frantically, the people fled from their village to a nearby creek, where they huddled in the stream, and where the loud flame

passed over them, booming on into the north.

When the gray of morning fell upon the blackened prairie the people returned to their village. But at the opening in the circle of lodges stood a mounted man. Both he and his pony were blackened as with fire. It was Little Wessel.

As his people drew near he raised a wheedling voice and said: "Behold Little Wessel, whom the fire-spirits love! All day I rode across the hills, thinking of my people's unkindness. In the evening a great fire grew up about me. It was not a common fire; it was a medicine fire. It grew up about me and my pony, and lifted us like the waters of a flood. And I was frightened till I heard a voice that thundered, and it said: 'Little Wessel has been punished by a foolish people. The spirits of fire will take him back and his people will take him in again.' And lo! here I am, Little Wessel. I want my eagle feather."

And the people, believing many strange things, took him in with a great feasting.

And from that day they called him by another name—Paeds-Nu, the Fire-Man.

And he was great among his people.

Two-Ninety-Four, Plus Luck

A true Canadian story growing out of the United States panic of 1907, whereby a dismissed employee from Chicago lands in Toronto with his wife and less than a hundred dollars, is well told by the author, who is a member of the Women's Press Association of Canada. The interest grows as the success of the little manufacturing venture unfolds.—Editor.

By C. M. Storey

DOWN in the heart of the city where the smoke is thickest, where the whirr of factory wheels and the noise of traffic render one deaf to all lesser sounds; where the buildings are lean and grimy and life seems sordid—there it is that the Spirit of Commerce wages war with humanity. Silent and bloodless the battle goes on year after year, till one wins and the other is vanquished—till a man or a woman conquers or is conquered. These are the battles that are seldom recorded in history—yet, what worth-while battles they are and what "copy" they would make if the historian could only get at them. It was while waiting on the "battlefield" one day for an electric storm to pass, that I heard the following story from one of the contestants. It was the story of the fight of a man and a woman for victory over misfortune incident upon the financial panic of '07 and '08.

Business took me to an unpretentious garment factory on the third floor of one of the most modern—and none too good for all its modernity—buildings in the factory district. The worst storm of the season was on in all its splendor and awfulness. Street cars were stalled and sewing machines were motionless with the operators sitting idly by, waiting for the passing of the storm when the current would be on once more and work could be resumed. Near one of the windows, sat a woman I judged might be the forewoman; something in her attitude denoted authority; she seemed different from her associates.

The wind veered and the rain began to come in through the window by which she sat; the owner and manager of the factory, to whom I have been talking, went over to close the window, and stood by the woman's side talking to her. When he beckoned me to join them, I did so, little guessing what I was to hear. He didn't go through the formality of an introduction, but I soon found that not only was she the forewoman, but a working partner—she was his wife, and together they were struggling on this humble and unglorified battlefield to build up a business manufacturing children's garments. They had fought a good fight, or rather they were fighting and they were winning too; there was justifiable pride in the man's voice as he told me the story.

"You remember the panic of '07 and '08? It was bad enough in this country, but you didn't begin to feel it anything like we did across the border when it struck. Over there money is easily made and recklessly invested. When a panic strikes the States, everyone from the multi-millionaire to the garbage man gets it kerplunk in the neck. I tell you it's tough seeing the work and all it means vanish before your reach if you happen to be poor, such as I was." For an instant he paused reflectively as if living over again some trying period and the woman turned her head to look out of the window. Then he resumed his narrative.

"Well, when the panic of '07 struck Chicago, the wife and I were both work-



ing in a garment factory; she was assistant designer and I was head cutter. Good money in both over there I can tell you! But, when the slam came it was all off with little Johnnie," he said, concealing seriousness with a feeble attempt at jocular. "Employees were being lopped off the payroll by tens every week; then our turn came, the wife's one week and mine the next. We had been married nearly two years, and like every other young couple, we meant to begin the next season to lay away a bit for a rainy day—or to be exact, a neat egg for a factory of our own, about which we both had dreamed ever since our courting days. But we hadn't begun yet. We had lived up to almost every cent—hadn't more'n a hundred when the axe fell. Gee! it was a blow I can tell you," he exclaimed reminiscently.

The woman followed the telling of the story closely, but took no part in it, although she did not seem to mind her husband telling it.

"Of course, you know there are usually dull periods when factories do not run full capacity. The boss is usually glad to let some of the hands lay off for a while if they want to, so every summer we took a trip off somewhere and got rested up a bit, besides seeing a little of the world. We both like to travel. You people who don't have to hold your nose down to the grind every working day in the year, and long hours at that, don't know what a holiday means to us who do; so if we have the spandilux we don't begrudge spending it for a holiday.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

"When we found ourselves out of work there didn't seem to be any use trying any of the other factories; but just as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I joined the long procession of operators, who almost daily made a pilgrimage of the factory district, and being unsuccessful, finally drop out and are swallowed up, by no one can tell what in a city like Chicago. They say 'farmway fields are green,' and those who could trundle other manufacturing towns

with what success no one will ever know."

Having had some personal experience due to the stringency of the money market during this period, the story was doubly interesting to me, and it was with a good deal of concern I watched the breaking of the clouds, lest the storm should be over before my friend got to the end of his story.

"After a little," he went on, "we gave up tramping Chicago in quest of work and I thought we too might as well try elsewhere. Occasionally I had come in contact with buyers from the Canadian stores, and they would sometimes say to me, 'Why don't you come over to Canada and have a try at manufacturing for yourself. The garment industry is only in its infancy. If you come soon you'll be in on the ground floor,' or words to this effect. When things got so bad with us, I began to think what these men had said to me, and the upshot of it was that we stored our belongings and boarded the Limited for Canada, and here we have been ever since, though I won't deny that for the first few months, there were plenty of times when I wished I was back in old Chicago.

WE GAVE UP TRAMPING CHICAGO.

"When we got over here, of course you know we found things just about as bad as they were back home, so far as money and employment were concerned; I began to think that perhaps we might better have stayed where there seemed to be at least more opportunities. But, to be honest, we hadn't the price to get back so here we had to stay. Day after day, for weeks I prowled around, first the factory section, and after that anywhere that I thought there was any chance of a job at anything. Occasionally I earned a stray dollar, but what I earned wasn't enough to keep us and gradually our money was getting down to low water mark, though we were doing our best to save it. But all the time we kept the best side out; even the landlady didn't know just how bad things were, or if she did, she didn't let on.

"One day I came home from a fruit-

less tramp, just desperate enough for anything. You couldn't imagine anyone with a more down-and-out feeling than I had that day. It gives me a cramp to think of it this minute. The wife had a little lunch fixed up in our room ready for me when I got in, for we had given up going out to even the cheapest eating houses, trying to make our funds hold out until something should turn up; but they were going down fast. We had often talked of the time when we should have a factory of our own, what we should do and how we should do it, and lately we discussed it oftener, more to keep our spirits up than with any notion that we should really have one in the near future.

"I could see that the wife had something on her mind that day, but I was too weary and disheartened to find out what it was. It didn't seem as if there was any way out. After we had dined, she said, 'Let's see how much money we have.' We went over it together, stooping to pick up a penny that rolled to the floor, and found that all told, we had just three dollars, less six cents.

WOULD YOU TAKE THE CHANCE?

"For about two dollars we could buy enough material to make up three or four little dresses; we might be able to sell them, or better still, get an order for some more.' She looked me steadily in the face while she spoke. 'What do you say to taking a chance?' Well, I didn't realize it then, but I guess I must have thought she was crazy to want to spend two-thirds of our capital on such an unpromising chance. But she seemed so convinced that it was the right thing to do that I soon began to think more favorably of the proposition. I set up and we began to talk of the possibilities and the probabilities till it really began to look quite feasible. Something certainly had to be done right off and there didn't seem to be anything else to try. I remembered what the department store buyer had told me and took heart. So that very afternoon we went down town and bought the material and that night on the floor of our room I cut out four lit-

tle dresses from the patterns which the wife had drafted before she said anything to me about the scheme. Then she got them all ready to stitch up the next morning on the landlady's sewing machine, and by night they were all finished—four of the nicest little garments you would want to see. I was certain that if we could get anyone to look at them, an order would be sure to follow. Of course it would be a small one—at the outside, not more than a dozen or two. But even that would be something, and of course the material would be supplied. During the day, more for something to do than with the expectation of needing large estimates, I had made estimates on various quantities, both in the matter of prices and quantities of material.

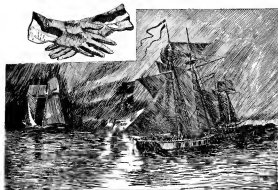
"Next morning as early as we thought there would be any chance of an interview, we called on one of the buyers of a department store, who happened to be successor to the one I had met in Chicago. He said he didn't need any more stock very bad and the goods would have to look pretty good to him if he placed an order. I trembled like a girl. Say you should have seen my hand shake! I was ashamed of myself, but to save my life I couldn't steady it. Well, to make a long story short, he gave us an order for two hundred dollars worth, which was the largest quantity I had made an estimate on, one-half to be delivered in a month and the balance in sixty days, with cash payment on receipt of each delivery. But he didn't offer to furnish the material and we didn't ask him. In fact our heads were in such a whirl that we didn't think where the material was to come or where the dresses were to be manufactured. We didn't think anything about either of these difficulties till we got outside on a quiet street and took the order out to make sure it was really true and no dream. Two hundred dollars was the amount of the order! And by this time, we had less than one dollar on hand. What was to be done?

"We'll have to try some of the wholesale houses," the wife said. She

always was a corker at riddles. "We don't know any of them, let's try the biggest, they're likely to be the best fixed at such a time as this." We acted on this suggestion and inside of half an hour we were telling the manager of the fabric department all about the order and asking if he would advance the material. He was a pretty shrewd looking fellow who was always on the look-out for sharpers, and at first he didn't seem inclined to take much stock in what we told him, but when he saw the signed order, he began to take more interest and finally he consented to let us have enough to make up the first lot, on promise of payment when the goods were delivered. I confess now, that I am surprised that he took such a chance, but I suppose he deals with so many different people that he can do some character reading. Anyway, we selected the goods we wanted and left promising to let him know next day where to send them. That was one of the biggest day's work I ever did. But it wasn't finished yet by a long shot. We couldn't make up that many dresses on the landlady's sewing machine, we would have to rent a factory machine some place. The wife was pretty tired, so she went home while I went to interview two or three manufacturers whom I knew had some machines idle, taking with me that magic order, which was the only bond of good faith or credential I had to present. I turned down into the factory district once more. It didn't look nearly so dreary and hopeless a place as it had the last time I was down there. It seemed to me that the very factory wheels were singing more cheer-

ily and that the general aspect of things was brighter, but I don't suppose there really was any difference in anything but myself. I visited two or three factories making up cotton goods where in my rounds I had noticed some idle machinery, and on the strength of that blessed order, I got two very good offers, which I went home to consult my wife about before deciding upon. Well, the outcome of it was that by noon the next day we were at work—we were actually manufacturers, starting on a capital of *less than three dollars*. Forced to become manufacturers in the duldest part of a panic year, all because we had to live and no one would hire us that we might earn bread by which to live. It makes me dizzy now to think about it.

"Well, that's about the end of the story. We got the garments out of time and received settlement out of which we paid for the material, our factory rental, board and lodging (also arranged for by means of that magic order), and other little incidentals. To be sure we hadn't much to the good, but we had paid expenses and had lived and in the meantime, picked up a few more orders so that we could keep going. As we became known, more business came our way, and then the money market began to get a little easier, and now, you see what we have here—five machines of our own, all that we have room for. Soon we expect to move into a larger place for our business has outgrown those quarters—but see, the storm is over." The current was on again; the woman turned to her machine and the man to his cutting.



"The moon heaving up like an aerial fire-ship showed the Porcupine under sail and sweeps fleeing for the safety of the lake while the Ohio and the Somers stood down the river."

The Captain's Gig a-Glove Hunting

This is the second incident recorded by Mr. Snider in the new book, "Fresh Water Fights," that is shortly to appear from a London, England, press. The story deals with an episode that occurred in the war of 1812.—Editor.

By C. H. J. Snider

"PASSENGERS lately, etc?"

The gaze of Lieutenant Alexander Dobbs, R. N., bored its way through the blue tobacco haze to a dainty Spanish leather glove, meant for a slim, left-hand, tucked against the cabin carlize overhead.

Copleston Radcliffe, seated opposite, failed to flush, but his merry eyes twinkled.

Dobbs had the Charwell, Radcliffe the Netley. Their two brig-sails rubbing sides in the swift Niagara current at Queenstown, while their commanders "visited" in the Netley's cabin, and talked long and earnestly. Things had

gone well enough on Lake Ontario, but since defeat on Lake Erie in 1813 British naval power above the Falls of Niagara had been almost extinct. At this very moment an express was begging Lieutenant General Drummond for succor for the last British armed vessel on the upper lakes, doomed shortly to perish under the guns of an American squadron in the Nettawampa. Drummond was besieging Fort Erie, where the American invader, four thousand strong, had entrenched himself. Before the fort lay three armed American vessels, the Porcupine, Somers, and Ohio, part of Perry's squad-



ron which had destroyed the British fleet the year before. The young British officers, ambitious for honors above their narrow lieutenantcies, buoyant with the enthusiasm of under-thirty, were discussing the possibilities of "cutting-out" these vessels. (The old man-o'-war-men coined that familiar phrase generations before the slangsters picked it up.) Dobbs' discovery of the glove broke the thread of talk.

"Yes," Radcliffe answered, heartily, "an Oswego lady and her niece. They'd come down Lake Erie in the United States war schooner Ohio, and taken passage in a sloop at Niagara for home. Sir James Yoe captured their vessel and told us to give them passage to the foot of the lake. They were well-bred people, and the niece as trim a pocket as ever flew the Stars and Stripes. Lots of ginger in her make-up, too. As she went down the gangway she dropped that glove. 'Keep it, sir,' said she, with the deepest of curtsies, when I hurried after her. 'That is,' she went on, with a toss of her brown curls, 'if you can. I mislaid it mate in the Ohio, and her commander may be looking for this to keep it company one of these days!' So I laid it by for him."

"The left hand—nearest the heart! You're not in love with her, Red?" Dobbs asked with sudden earnestness.

"The less I love," answered Radcliffe with equal earnestness. "Won't be so careless of her finger-gear. For all that, I'd like to send the complete pair back to that saucy minx, just the same."

"Well, then, we'll have to cut the Ohio out," laughed Dobbs, "and while we're at it we might as well take the other two. By god, it would be a prime joke to clean 'em off the very moorings where we lost the Detroit and Caledonia, first year of the war!"

"But how?" pondered Radcliffe.

"Boarding by night, of course,—but we're at it we might as well take the falls of Niagara between us. There's not a British punt afloat above the Falls, they say—and we can't wade out to them. 'Let's ask George Hyde,'" suggested Dobbs. "He marched up with Collier from Halifax to Kingston

in the dead of last winter. He'll know a wrinkle."

George Hyde, gentleman volunteer by condition, midshipman by rank, and mate by occupation aboard the Charwell, fulfilled their expectations. Heroes were not to be had for love or money, but within an hour a little company of bluejackets and marines, seventy-five strong, was stumbling through the dark up the steep ridge road from Queenston. There was something in the middle of the troop that moved slowly, something that changed bearers frequently; but the group of panting men vanished among the windings of the road before the keenest American scouts could make out who they were or what they carried.

Dawn lighted them into the hollow where Frenchman's Creek flows into the Niagara River—a tired troop of sublimers, sore of foot and sorer of back—for, though marching itself was a penance to men confined to the hundred-foot walk of a brig's deck, they had carried on their shoulders, all the seventeen up-hill miles from Queenston, the Charwell's captain's gig!

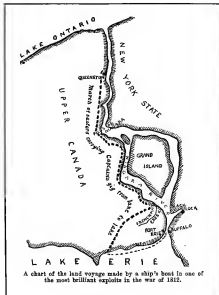
Halt for breakfast at Frenchman's creek they made discoveries, good and bad. Five flat-bottomed bateaux had been hauled up on the bank—enough, with the gig, to carry the whole party comfortably. Erie's waves danced, dark-blue, in the distance, but it was impossible to reach them by the river, for sentries from Black Rock to Buffalo watched it night and day. Fort Erie could only be approached from the Lake—and to reach the lake meant nearly three leagues of heavy going, through the woods. Hyde spent the morning preparing slings and shoulder-pads, and a certain Lieut.-Col. Nicol, quartermaster general of the militia, proved a good angel. He lent enough of his merry men to pick the bateaux up and walk off with them, though it was eight miles of hard bush-trail scrambling. It was killing work; but when the twilight of the eleventh of August faded into the velvet dusk, the British once more had a flotilla on Lake Erie!

Dodds led, in the Charwell's gig, with a pair of bateaux completing his division. Radcliffe was the proud commander of the remaining trio of leaky flat-boats. Just before midnight they turned from the lake to the river. Floating quietly down stream the flotilla neared

Radcliffe, posing as a blundering westerman, stuttered out:

"Pup-pup-pup-provision b-boats with ss-sup-pup-plies for the schoo-schoo-schooner S-S-Somers. Is that the S-S-S-Somers?"

"Now," mimicked the sentry, "this



the out-lying American schooner and made ready for a swift pull for all three vessels simultaneously.

As the oars dipped a watchful sentry hailed:

"Who goes there?"

"Steady, lads," hissed Dobbs, and

is the Pork-pork-pork-you-percupine. Choose a ship with fewer s's in her name, matey, or you'll bust! Try the Ohio."

"We-we-we will!" answered Radcliffe, with such conviction that his shoulder-galled messmates, huddled

there in the shadow of death, couldn't help tittering.

By this time they had drifted past the first schooner. To have turned on her now, with a sentry watching, would have ruined the whole enterprise, so the trail of boats floated on towards the other schooner. The conversation with the Porcupine's anchor watch had allayed the suspicions of the Somers's sentries, if they had any, and the first intimation they had of danger was the crash of a British cutlass severing their cable.

Next second a mob of bluejackets, flashing muskets, pistols, cutlasses and boarding pikes, swarmed over the bulwarks, cut down the anchor watch, and seized all the deck-openings.

"Try the next schooner, Red," shouted Bobbe, "she may cut her cable if we wait till we're messers here!"

"This one's drifting towards her, so we'll help you if you need it. Good luck, Alex," returned Radcliffe, and back to his boat leapt the brave lieutenant. His ears thrashed out, and, followed by two batons, he disappeared in the direction of the Ohio. A flash and roar of musketry showed that her crew had been aroused by the uproar.

"Pike and cutlass, lads!" shouted Radcliffe, snapping his pistol and tossing it aside as he leaped to the bulwarks. His figure was outlined against a flame of musketry, and plunged forward, inboard. His men followed, hacking, hewing, thrusting, stabbing, and the schooner's deck at once became a pit filled with writhing men, fighting hand to hand.

Now the batteries along the river began to roar excited interrogations. But the moon, heaving up from behind Buffalo like an aerial fireball, showed the Porcupine, under sails and sweeps, fleeing for the safety of the lake, while the Ohio and Somers stood down the river towards Frenchman's Creek — their canvas, masheaded by British sailors, swelling in the night breeze and lightning the labors of the towing batons. Ere the Black Rock batteries could find the range the newly hoisted British ensign had peered around the bend in the river.

It was one of those small fights which mean a great victory. The prizes, with their 32 and 24-pounder guns, were precious; cannon on Lake Erie were worth their weight in silver; but more precious still was the smashing blow to Yankee assurance and the restoration of British prestige involved. And this had occurred on the very anchorage where, two years before, the Americans had "cut-out" the British brig *Detroit* and *Caledonia*!

"What luck, Red?" hailed Dobbs, as the Somers, making sail faster, ranged up on the other schooner.

There was an ill-boding silence, then Hyde, the midshipman, hailed from the Ohio.

"He's dead, sir—killed just as he leaped the rail. How's it with you?"

"Poor Rad! Poor old boy! That spoils it all! And us with nobody hurt, except two Yanks hit in the first rush! Hyde, I'm coming aboard. I'm sorry it wasn't me."

The Charwell's gig brought the Charwell's surgeon and the Charwell's captain. The latter plunged at once into the cabin of the Ohio. There lay, groaning in agony, the schooner's late commander. There lay, stiffening in death, the body of Opleston Radcliffe. Dobbs flared the lantern on the face, and involuntarily followed the stare of the dead man's eyes. Tucked on the curtain above him was a dainty Spanish leather glove, meant for a slim right hand.

Honest Alexander Dobbs, master now of two American schooners, with sixty or seventy prisoners in their holds, cannon on deck, and provisions, arms and ammunition under hatches—Lieutenant Alexander Dobbs, R. N., who was to be hailed as Captain, and publicly congratulated by General Drummond before all the forces on the morrow—this gallant, powder-blackened seaman stared and stared at the dainty bit of leather as at a heaven-blazing portent. Suddenly he tore it from the carline and grode out on deck, rending the glove in fragments.

"Damn the women!" cried he bitterly, strewing the last shred into the purling wake.

The Print of the French Heel

For its mysterious charm and romance, there are few short stories by this well-known author that appeal to the general reader as well as "The Print of the French Heel." The scene is laid in the Northern part of Canada. A young man just out from college, in seeking an exploration, partly for the love of adventures among the many lakes and rivers of the north, meets with a mishap that loses him his friend and his provisions. After struggling heavily towards civilization, he finds from exhaustion. His awakening in comfortable quarters in those uninhabited regions reveals a strange story of resentment and intrigue. The story will be continued during August and September.—Editor.

By Robert E. Pinkerton

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST PRINT.

WHEN Willson opened his eyes it was to see water slopping directly in front of his face.

He felt strangely helpless. Dimly he remembered Hardy's "Yip!" just before the big wave had tossed the canoe into the air.

A twist in this wave had determined that Willson should live, for he had been thrown into an eddy that swirled him toward shore.

Hardy had been carried directly into the rock-filled torrent.

Willson's first clear thought was of his companion, and he called his name. But to each cry the only answer was a faint echoing "Jerry" from the rocky wall of the opposite bank.

Stiffly he dragged himself from the water. Numbed by the cold of the icy river, his legs were powerless.

Once clear of the water, he began moving his arms and legs to restore circulation and remove the stiffness. When he could get to his feet he hobbled slowly to the shore.

Around the first bend he saw the canoe, lodged against a big rock in mid-stream. One end was crushed in.

That had been his only hope, the recovery of the canoe. Now the knowl-

edge that he was more than four hundred miles from civilization, and perhaps one hundred miles from the nearest human being; that he was without food, without a firearm, without even a fish-hook, brought a picture of his own death under circumstances far more cruel than the quick snuffing out of the life of Hardy.

Weakened physically, it was only natural that he should consider his own death inevitable and not consider plans for his possible escape.

But this fit of depression soon passed, and Willson took stock of his possessions.

In one pocket were thirteen water-soaked matches. In another was a heavy knife. A third pocket held a pipe, but there was no tobacco. On his feet were the *botte savante* of the Canadian woods.

He was wearing heavy underclothing and woollen trousers and shirt. His hat and heavy stag-shirt had gone with the canoe.

Willson knew that he was on the east bank of the Severn River, and that the nearest settlement was on the Canadian Pacific two hundred and fifty miles south in a straight line, and more than four hundred miles by canoe.

He knew that somewhere east of him, perhaps one hundred miles, was a Hudson Bay Company post on Trout Lake.

North-west, and still farther, was another. Severn Lake, he estimated, was more than fifty miles north and down stream, perhaps one hundred miles following the river.

It was for this lake that he and Hardy had been bound, expecting to work from there northwest through the network of rivers and lakes to the Nelson River.

Willson had spent three summers and two winters in the Canadian woods around the headwaters of the Albany River.

The previous summer Hardy had come from Chicago to join him, and the present trip was a long-planned journey into the practically unexplored country lying to the west of Hudson Bay.

They had snow-shoed to Omsburg house, on Lake St. Joseph, in the winter so that they might get an early start in the spring.

Before the ice went out they had hauled their canoe and outfit over the lake to the mouth of Cat Lake River, and with the first break-up had started north.

After reaching the river's source, Cat Lake, they had made the portage into the headwaters of the Severn, and had passed more than one hundred miles down that stream when they met disaster in the rapids.

The son of parents who had been divorced when he was a child, and having lost his mother, with whom he had elected to go, Willson's life had been lonely, and he turned, after graduation from college, to the Canadian woods.

A liking for adventure and for the vastness and solitude of the great forest had converted a midsummer fishing-trip to Nipigon into a three months' stay and subsequent penetration of the wilderness lying beyond the outposts of civilization.

The relentlessness and savagery of the woods had appealed to the young Chicagoan, and had aroused the fighting spirit of some forgotten pioneering ancestor.

It was this fighting spirit that roused him from his despondency as he sat on the bank of the Severn that bright May

noon and made him determine that he would not die of starvation until he had exhausted every possible means of reaching aid.

With a stick he drew in the mud a rough map of the country as he remembered it from prints lost with the outfit. There was no chance in the many miles behind him, he saw at a glance.

Penetration of the big stretch of forest and swamp between him and the Hudson Bay Company post on Trout Lake to the east was out of the question.

The only chance lay in making his way down the Severn River to Severn Lake, in the hope of meeting a family or a band of Indians who might be traveling to one of the posts lying either east or west.

This decision made, he arose at once and started down stream. For two miles he watched the banks closely, hoping to find Hardy's body.

Failing in this, and realising that his slow progress was endangering his own chances, he struck out more quickly.

The story of the next four days would be only a repetition of many similar stories of a man struggling on and on, forcing himself continually, in a fight for survival in which all the relentlessness of the wilderness was arrayed against him, in which hope never more than flickered, in which courage that does not flinch and determination that does not waver compelled his exhausted and tortured body to renewed effort.

It was such a fight that Lawrence Willson made.

Only once did he eat, and then it was a sucker that had wandered into a shallow basin in the rocks and could not escape before the starved youth's fingers had seized its gills.

He built a fire with one of the precious matches; but, so great was his hunger, he began eating the fish before the outside had been more than seared by the flames.

The nights were cold and demanded constant replenishing of the fire, and consequent broken rest. Twice light snows fell, and one day it rained for hours.

Seldom was the bank of the river possible for walking, and he was forced to make detours around swamps, climb high, rocky ridges, shove his way through thick growths of balsam, spruce, cedar, and alder.

The morning of the fifth day found him barely able to rise from the scanty bough-bed beside the dead coils of his camp-fire.

The sun was high before he hobbled stiffly down a rocky ridge to which he had been forced by the narrowing walls of the river bed.

Twice the day before he had fainted, and once had been delirious for more than an hour.

He knew when he started in the morning that night probably would see the end of his journey, for his condition would not permit another day of the terrible toil.

He stumbled frequently. Once he was forced to remain where he had fallen until he could gather sufficient strength to rise.

The resumed toil brought delirium, and he wandered along the ridge, muttering of his former life in college and in Chicago, of his mother, and of Hardy.

When consciousness returned he was lying on his face in the deep moss. He gained his feet, got his direction by the noise of the tumbling river, and went on.

Again delirium came, and, muttering and stumbling, he struggled feebly on.

Willson had forgotten that he was traveling farther and farther from civilization; that his course was leading him on and on into the arctic wilderness.

He seemed intent only on reaching Severn Lake, five hundred miles from the nearest settlement. He knew vaguely that he must be near the lake, might reach it that night.

The man's condition was pitiful.

His face was grimy, unshaven, his hair tangled and matted. His clothes were shredded by the brush and soil.

Fingers were blackened by handling

camp-fire wood, and his hands were galled at his cheeks.

His eyes were alternately staring wide or nearly closed. His step was shuffling, stumbling, weak, and uncertain.

Lawrence's delirium vanished as suddenly as one awakens.

He had been stumbling down the end of a ridge, over rocks and through brush.

Suddenly he felt his feet treading a smooth path, and he became conscious of an absence of the brush which had been tearing at his face and clothing. He was as dazed as one who awakens from a sound sleep and finds himself in a strange place.

He looked downward. There, in the packed earth that had been softened by the rain, was the unmistakable print of a French heel.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE RESCUE.

LAWRENCE was awakened by the tap, tap, tap of a pair of French heels on a hardwood floor.

So faint was the tapping, it seemed to his worn-out mind more an impression than a sound. Instinctively he turned to put more wood on his camp-fire.

His groping hand felt cool, smooth sheets, and the edge of a bed. It was so dark he was unable to see where he was.

His first thought was that he was in his rooms in Chicago, that the last few days had been a nightmare.

So strong was this impression he dismissed the whole subject and immediately returned to slumber.

His second awakening was like the first, except that there was no tapping of the tiny heels, nor was the room dark.

He was started to look past the lace curtains that bordered the window into the green wall of the spruce forest, to hear the tumbling of water over rocks.

A glance around the room brought further surprises. The window casings

were of dressed and painted lumber, the walls of a dark-green plaster-board.

Three good lithographs, hunting and fishing scenes, were framed on the walls. His bed was a home-made affair, but neatly dressed and painted.

Above it hung an electric light. Two chairs and a table were also home-made but not as one finds such articles of furniture in the woods.

And surely he was in the forest, for there was the sound of the rapids and the solid wall of spruce. But the room was not that of a forest home, nor were electric lights possible five hundred miles from civilization.

He lay back, too worn out even to try to solve the riddle, and was just about to drop off to sleep again when a squaw entered the room.

Silently she placed a cup of broth to Lawrence's lips, and he drank. The cup drained, she turned to the door, nor would she stop when Lawrence cried:

"Wait! Come here! Tell me where I am!"

He lay staring out of the window, and again he heard the tap, tap, tap of the heels passing his door, and then, a moment later, sounds of a piano accompanying a voice, indistinct but unmistakably a girl's, in the air of a popular musical comedy song which had not been written in Chicago for two years.

He sank back upon the pillows and tried to piece together the conflicting bits of evidence. But the strain was too much, and slowly he drifted off to sleep.

Lawrence was awakened by the light from the shaded electric bulb in his eyes and by the closing of the door.

He looked around, did not see any one, and was about to return to his slumber, when the door opened, and a man in evening clothes entered.

He looked at Lawrence through a pair of gleaming glasses, and Lawrence, too astonished to speak, stared back.

The man was of medium height and well-built, although there was a slight droop to his shoulders. Mingled with the coldness of his stare was a little of the look which is seen in the eyes of a hunted animal.

The man's hair and mustache were

almost white, although he did not appear to be more than fifty years old.

In curious contrast to his gleaming, spotless linen, his white hair and his black clothes, were the weather-baked skin of his face and neck, and the roughened, swollen hands of a man who spends much time out of doors in the cold.

Lawrence had time to wonder at these details before his visitor finally broke the silence.

"Perhaps you do not know," he said, stiffly and with evident repression, "that you have reached your destination."

"Despite the distaste which you must know your presence has for me, because of your condition, I am willing to declare a truce until you are well."

"I cannot take advantage of your weakness, no matter what your intentions toward me are, and I will be fair, but not because I expect fairness from one of your name and breeding."

"I think I have made myself plain. In the mean time, while you are regaining your strength, you must feel that everything possible is being done for you, and that everything I have here is at your disposal."

"Despite my opinion of your father, I am willing to make allowance for your youth and carry the truce so far that I will ask you to dine with me on the night preceding the day you feel that you can leave. I will not see you again until then. Ask for anything you wish."

Lawrence did not recover himself until the white-haired man had gone. Not only the man's words, but the hatred that showed from behind the bright glasses, the difficulty with which he repressed himself, were incomprehensible.

And then, when the invitation to dinner had been extended, there was a softening of features and voice that seemed to indicate more accurately the man's true nature, and which seemed to promise affability and geniality toward one favored by his friendship.

The man's attack did not seriously discomfort Willson.

"He has made a mistake and thinks

I am some one else," he thought. "I never saw nor heard of him before, and surely never did anything to merit such hatred as he seems to bear toward me."

"And I never had his home as my destination, although I surely would have done so had I known such a place was up here in the wilderness."

This led him to wondering whether he were still so far from civilization, and whether it might not be possible that he had been delicious so long he had been moved to the settlements far to the south.

His wondering was only momentary, however, for all conjecture as to his whereabouts, his host, and the place in which he was being cared for vanished before a hunger more keen than any he had felt in those five long days during which he had struggled down the Severn River.

So great was this hunger, so acute was the desire of his stomach for food, he was about to call out, when the door opened, and the squaw entered with a tray from which arose the vapors of several dishes.

"See-bas, back-i-tay?" asked the squaw, smiling.

"You bet I'm big hungry," said Lawrence, smiling not only at the sight of the food, but because the squaw was an Ojibwa, the language of which tribe he understood fairly well.

On the tray was boiled moose meat, boiled rice, and bread. There was a generous pot of tea.

Lawrence sat up in bed, and the squaw grinned as she watched him eat.

"Tib-isch-co my-in-gen," she laughed as the young man ate like a hungry wolf. In less than five minutes he had finished the meat and rice and had drained the tea-pot.

He asked for more, but the squaw shook her head, picked up the tray and left.

Lawrence did not know that he had been given a cup of broth, the stew of boiled grouse, every two hours since his arrival twenty-four hours before, and that the squaw was adopting the only safe method of appeasing his hunger.

His experience had not resulted in

any serious physical injury. He was starved and suffering from exposure and from pain in his bruised legs.

His sleep of almost twenty-four hours, the many cups of broth and finally a good meal of solid food accomplished wonders in reviving him.

The feeling of languor vanished, and only the stiffness in his thighs restrained him from rising.

Four hours later the squaw returned with a tray laden as was the first. He ate as ravenously, and at the end of the meal the hunger pangs had almost vanished.

The second meal had been served at noon, and at three o'clock he slowly pulled his legs from beneath the covers and hobbled to the window.

He could see little to enlighten him as to his whereabouts. The cabin was built on a high point formed by the river flowing into a lake, the distant shore of which was just visible.

The river roared and tumbled down a rocky bed, and beyond it extended an unbroken forest.

His room evidently was in a corner. From the window he could gain no idea as to the size of the cabin.

No one appeared on the level, cleared space between him and the lake, and, after fifteen minutes, he returned to bed.

The remainder of the afternoon he lay there, trying to determine from the little he had seen the nature of the forest home in which he had found himself, conjecturing as to the character of his host, his reason for living there and the inexplicable hatred he seemed to bear for his unbidden guest.

But in all that time he did not again hear the tapping of the French heels on the hardwood floor, nor the sound of the piano, nor the girlish voice.

At five o'clock another generous meal was served by the squaw. Soon afterward Lawrence fell into a sleep that lasted until late the next morning.

When he awakened he found his boots, freshly oiled; his underclothing washed and neatly folded, and a new woollen shirt and trousers lying across the foot of the bed.

A few minutes later the squaw came

with his breakfast. It was the most generous meal he had been allowed.

He felt so strong when he had finished that he immediately arose and dressed.

Again he went to the window.

Coming from behind the house he saw an Indian, an evil-looking native, evidently not a full-blood.

The man saw Lawrence, glanced sharply at him, and then went on.

The door opened, and instead of the squaw, a little shriveled-up man, clothed in a business suit, white linen, and wearing a black tie, entered.

His deferential manner and his "Good morning, sir!" at once proclaimed him a body-servant.

"Would you be shaved, sir?" he asked as Lawrence turned and stared.

The young fellow's hand went to his face, where the growth of ten days was stiff and bristling.

"I guess I do need it," he said; and then, to himself: "A valet up here in the Hudson Bay country! I wish the old fellow did not hate me so. Then I could find out something about the why and wherefore of all this."

If Lawrence thought that he might learn something from the valet, he was mistaken.

The man deftly shaved him and trimmed his hair, which had not been under a barber's care for months, and departed, the only information he imparted being:

"You may go to the library across the hall, if you wish, sir."

Lawrence immediately did so.

Opening the door, he found himself in a wide, long hall, the walls, like those of his rooms, of plaster-board, and the floor of hardwood.

He opened the door opposite his own and entered a long room. The sides were filled with books to the height of four feet.

At one end was a huge fireplace built of native stone, while at the other was a broad window looking out, as had his own window, upon the cleared point between the lake and the river.

The walls, above the bookcase, were covered with mounted game-heads, pictures, both photographs and oil-paint-

ings, and pieces of Indian bead-work.

In the centre of the room was a long table on which were scattered magazines, none less than a year old.

On the floor were two bear skins. Lawrence had never seen anything like it in the woods; and he turned to look at the tumbling river, the spruce forest, to reassure himself that he was not in a city.

"You are to go for a stroll on the point, if you wish, but not behind the front of the house, sir," said the valet as the door opened behind Lawrence. "Luncheon will be served to you here, sir," and the man bowed himself out.

Lawrence immediately availed himself of the opportunity to look at the exterior of this building, which, though in the centre of a vast wilderness, contained the comforts of a city home.

He went into the hall, and out a door at the front to a broad, screened verandah, on which were several easy chairs and a small table.

In one of the chairs lay a delicate bit of fancy work.

No one was in sight; and Lawrence walked over to the chair, looked down at the dainty bit of fabric, and thought of the heel-print he had seen on the path in the forest, and of the tapping of the little heels in the hall.

A vague feeling that the owner of the heels had had something to do with his rescue, and the mystery which surrounded the establishment, prompted a desire to see the girl, for girl he knew she must be.

He walked out through the screen-door and across the cleared point toward the lake. Half-way across, he turned to look at the house.

It was built of logs, one-storied, and different than any log structure he had ever seen.

The low, flat roof was of split cedar shingles; the walls of big spruce, peeled and squared on all sides except the outer.

Wings on either side of the main building prevented a view of the rear.

There was nothing in the surroundings to give a clue as to where in the wilderness the house was situated. On

one side was the forest, untouched, primitive.

On the other side was the lake, a typical far northern body of water, lying placidly in the sunshine. From behind the house a long point ran out, cutting off a view of the shore to the rear.

Wilson sat down on a log near the edge of the steep bank and looked out over the water, trying once more to evolve a theory which would fit the strange circumstances.

A step behind him was followed by the valet's voice pronouncing his name. It was the first time it had been used, and he turned, startled.

"Mr. Burt would like to know, sir, if you feel fit to travel in three days," said the man.

Lawrence hesitated, looking from the valet to the house.

He remembered the hatred that had bleated out from behind the bright glasses, and that he was accepting the hospitality of a man who had plainly said that his presence was distasteful.

"Tell Mr. Burt, if that is the name of the gentleman who owns this place, that I will be ready to leave to-morrow morning," said Lawrence.

Looking again out over the lake, he saw a canoe shoot out from behind the point.

In the bow of the long, low, hired craft, which was headed out diagonally across the lake to the west shore, knelt a girl, swinging a paddle as skilfully as the Indian in the stern.

Her light-brown hair was caught up loosely beneath a gray felt hat. She wore a gray woollen shirt, and, from his position on the high bank, Lawrence could see a pair of tiny moccasined feet thrust back from beneath a short skirt, and resting, soles upward on the floor of the canoe.

Between her and the Indian were two pack-sacks.

For several minutes the girl paddled swiftly and steadily, the water swirling from her paddle, the canoe leaping ahead at every stroke.

She stopped suddenly, and, looking back, saw the man on the point. Her gaze lingered for a moment, and she

returned to her paddling.

A moment later she looked back over her shoulder, and, as she recovered for the next stroke, Lawrence thought that she gave a slight flicker to the paddle.

She did not look again, and the young man watched the canoe until it became a speck on the surface of the water, and then until the speck gradually merged into the distant shoreline.

CHAPTER III.

HEADED FOR HOME.

The remainder of the long day Wilson spent between the point and the library.

He was impressed by the careful selection of books upon the shelves; for an examination showed nothing lacking, nothing superfluous.

One familiar volume caught his eye. It was the alumni register of his university. Quickly turning to the B's, he sought the name Burt.

There were several. The first two were the names of old men, one of whom was dead. The third was of a young man only six years out of college. The fourth read:

"Burt, Franklin E.; '82, banker, Chicago. M. '85, Harriet Bascom (d. '82); one daughter, Ursula (b. '90)."

(Ed. Note.—Mr. Burt went to Europe in 1905, taking his daughter with him. Last seen in London in July. World-wide search by business associates and relatives fruitless. Believed both he and daughter murdered. Had closed all business operations before leaving Chicago. Said he intended to spend several years abroad. Reputed worth several millions.)

"That tells the story, all right," thought Lawrence; "although it fails to explain why he should be living here. I remember the fuss that was kicked up when he disappeared."

"Every one thought he had skipped with the bank's funds until it was discovered that everything was shipshape when he left."

"And it seems to be my father that he hates. Perhaps he has good cause. It's a mystery how he learned my name."

There was nothing in my clothes to tell who I was.

"I suppose I might straighten things out by telling him that I haven't seen my father for fifteen years. Wonder if he's at the bottom of Burt's exile?"

Lawrence looked out over the lake to the opposite shore where the canoe had disappeared.

"I guess I'll explain about my father and myself," he mused.

And then came the vague thought that, subconsciously, he had always been true to the father his mother had painted, despite his own child-formed picture of a selfish, flint-hearted parent and husband.

"I guess I'll leave to-morrow, and let him think what he pleases about me," he thought, gazing regretfully out over the lake.

"But I would like to see my lady of the French heels again," he said aloud.

Lawrence was in his room at six o'clock that night. Except for his glimpse of the girl in the canoe, the evil-looking half-breed before the house, and the valet, he had not seen any one all day.

The door opened and the valet entered, carrying a suit of evening clothes and the necessary linen.

"I have prepared your bath, sir," he said. "I am sorry, but you will have to go down the hall to the bath-room, sir. It is the only one we have."

Lawrence was given a bathrobe and directed to the tub. It was a large one. Seams showed that it had not been pressed from one piece, like ordinary bath-tubs, and the enamel was not so smooth and even.

"Brought in in sections," thought Lawrence as he turned the faucets and found hot water in plenty. After he had returned to his room he was shaved and dressed with the valet's aid.

"These are generally used here, sir," said the valet, placing a pair of beaded moccasins on Willson's feet. "We could not fit you with patent boots."

"Do you keep evening clothes for all your guests?" asked the young man.

"We just happened to have this suit, sir," was all the valet would say.

Lawrence was left to himself for ten

minutes. Then the valet announced dinner.

"They double up and make a butler of him," thought Lawrence as he followed the servant down the hall.

If Lawrence had been surprised by the house, by the library, by the electric lights, the bath-room, the warm water, the dining-room proved even more marvelous.

First he was shown into a large living-room, in which were a piano, more game-benches, more rugs, more pictures and books and a room-wide window that looked out over the lake. Lawrence, open-eyedly astonished, walked to the middle of the room.

He was recalled to his senses by hearing his name called. Turning, he saw Mr. Burt.

His host did not offer to shake hands, but the hatred was gone from his eyes, and his spoken greeting was cordiality itself.

"Dinner is served, I believe," said Mr. Burt, and he led the way to the dining-room, passing through a wide connecting door.

The room was much like the living-room, a broad window looking out over the lake, pictures and game-benches on the walls of plaster-board, the ceiling farge beamed, the floor of hardwood and covered with the skins of animals.

But the table! None in a city could have been set more correctly or invitingly.

It glittered with cut glass and silver. There were early spring flowers in vases on table and sideboard, and there was a cocktail at each of the two places set.

In striking contrast to the richness of the setting, to the attire of the two men, was the meal itself.

Following the cocktail came bean soup, then a baked lake-trout garnished with a sprig of parsley.

Then roast moccie, rich brown gravy and boiled wild rice. At the end came stewed raisins, and then coffee was served, and cigarettes.

The story will be continued in the August issue of this magazine.—Editor.



"The First Furrow—Saskatchewan," G. W. Jefferys.

Jefferys—Painter of the Prairies

None of the Canadian Art studies that have appeared from time to time in MacLean's Magazine, will carry a more general appeal in every province than does the story of Mr. Jefferys, whose work not only has established for him an enviable Canadian reputation, but has added to the artistic wealth of the Dominion. Earnestness and faith always give point to the productions of men, whether those productions are in speech, music or paint. In this case Mr. Jefferys' love of Canadian scenery and his faith in and hope for his country are almost a passion with him.

—Editor's Note.

By J. Edgumbe Staley

"BLACK and white work is as good as any other preparation for the career of a painter. It gives one the power of easily committing to any ready medium what one sees daily all but one. Almost unconsciously the youth, who takes up his pencil and his pen diligently, grows accustomed to the rendition of feature, form, and fact in the progressive ratio of incidents and inspiration. To be sure this method throws one more or less under the influence of the Press, to the exclusion of a strictly academic system:

and one is apt to get into mannerisms, which may be fatal to the free treatment of color. Colorwash, however, is distinctly a palliative in this declension, and black and white artists are able to produce attractive work in this direction, which leads into the orthodox water-color. I consider that in no other medium can the manifold expressions of human life be so vividly and expeditiously reproduced."

These words express something of the opinion, which Mr. C. W. Jefferys,

A. R. C. A., holds with respect to the personal outlook for the career of the painter.

The cathedral city of Rochester, in the "Garden of England," Kent, was the birthplace, in 1809, of Charles William Jefferys. His parents—Charles Thomas Jefferys and Ellen Kennard—were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Jefferys was an architect and builder, and for many years acted as clerk of the Works to the late prominent architect, Sir Gilbert Scott. There was not only artistic instinct in the family, but martial spirit, too; one of the hero Wolfe's subalterns was a Thomas Jefferys, who was a painter to boot. Till the age of nine the boy Charles William schooled and played with other boys of his own age, in the historic neighborhood of *God's Hill*—Charles Dickens then is quite naturally the inspirer of much of the early work of our painter.

In 1878 the Jefferys family came to America, and after a brief sojourn in the United States lived, for a time, at Hamilton; but in 1881 they settled in Toronto. Young Jefferys' general education was thus attained mainly in Canada, and he first gave serious attention to artistic study after his arrival in the "Queen City." There was then certainly very little to encourage a budding artist in Ontario, but young Jefferys persevered, and he joined the Art Students' League—an association for mutual encouragement and help. Mr. Reid, R. C. A.—now Principal of the Ontario College of Art—most generously opened his studio, on King Street, for young men who desired to improve themselves in draughtsmanship. The life classes were held in the evening, where Mr. Reid gave his services quite gratuitously. When he went to Europe, to work and gather laurels in Paris studios, Mr. C. M. Manly, A. R. C. A., permitted the members of the League to use his painting room for study and friendly intercourse. Many of the younger painters of Ontario have much for which to thank these two members of the "Old Guard." Meanwhile, Jefferys had been apprenticed to a lithographic firm, where his work consisted

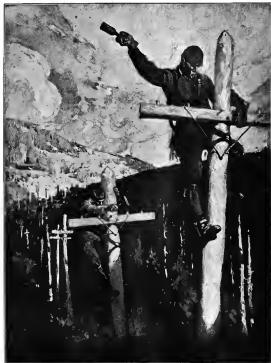
of sketches for reproduction in printer's ink, drawings for engravers' cuts, and studies in black and white with color wash for advertisements and posters.

GOLDEN AGE OF NEWSPAPER ART.

Soon after his twenty-third birthday Jefferys found himself in New York, upon the staff of the "New York Herald." This was the golden age of newspaper illustration, when skilful draughtsmanship with excellent materials led to admirable results. Each man had to discover and develop the technique of his special art. The work was hard, but keen rivalry smoothed the way to success. Still in the service of the "Herald," Jefferys was despatched hither and thither to sketch matter for illustration. Spectacular episodes were entirely in his way, and he made his mark by the spontaneity of his work during the Democratic conventions of Mr. Bryan's first Presidential election. Then Chicago claimed him to picture the uproar and the humor of the great Pullman strike. "Here," our artist says, "as well as in my pen and pencil saunters in the slums of New York, I became the target for playful crowds (Y). The impressions I drew of human character were, as often as not, hammered in with the pleasant application of a rough hand or a rough brick!"

During eight years' work in the United States, where he exhibited studies and paintings in both water colors and oils at many picture shows, something kept on pulling at Jefferys' heart, and, there came a loud cry from Canada,—the "Land of the Free and True"—where everything was possible for the man of good will and energy, which could not be gainsaid. The new century, therefore, saw Jefferys once more down-town in Toronto—his experienced hand fully occupied with work for the Ontario press. He had all along kept up his connection with the land he loved by displaying his work at principal art exhibitions of the Dominion.

The year of Jefferys' return to Canada was red-lettered by the State visit



"Lumbermen in New Ontario."—C. W. Jefferys.

Purchased by the Ontario Government. This picture was shown at the Royal Canadian Academy's special exhibition held at the Festival of Empire, in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, in 1911.

of the present King and Queen—then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Jefferys was ordered off to Quebec to represent the "Toronto Globe," and he joined the little army of newspaper correspondents, who followed in

the Royal progress. "My first sight," he relates, "of the country, which was to exert such an important influence in my career, was, when after crossing the more cultivated wheat-belt of Manitoba, the wonders of the Prairies flashed upon

my eyes in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Some men of the party compared the lay of the land to that of the Transvaal. Air and sky and soil and vegetation were all so very similar, they said. At Calgary they cried, "Why, that's Pretoria!" The swelling prairie was just like the rolling veldt.

"Words fail me," Mr. Jefferys goes on to say, "to describe my impressions of that amazing land. Limitless horizons extend over endless sweeps of virgin soil. The roll and run are broken here and there by sunken narrow water courses — 'Coulees' — running dry in summer. Along them grow the only tree-life—the balsam poplar—scrubby enough, but wonderfully shaggy; the scintillating leaves of grey green and silver, ever mingling in color with the varying light—as do the olive trees in more southern climes. Like some gorgeous oriental carpet woven in a Gargantuan loom, spread miles and miles of vivid tufting grasses and brilliantly hued flowers — the brambles are rose-ramblers, laden with the sweetest bloom. This kaleidoscope of colors stretches out as far as eye can see, and then the light tints of rose-pink and sky-blue mingle with the deeper tones of purple-red and brown-gold in a fawn-grey harmony of land and sky. The cloudless deep cerulean sky is shot-silked with prismatic reflections of Nature's galaxy of color. It would tax a Whistler to voice and paint in silver "Nocturnes" and golden "Harmonies" the pagant-like magnificence of it all—pigments fail the ordinary colorist."

THE MYSTIC QU'APPELLE

Qu'Appelle Valley, perhaps, is Jefferys' chief "heavy-spot." He has painted "bits" of it many times. And has rendered in his "Approaching Storm, Qu'Appelle Valley"—shown at the National Canadian Exhibition in 1912—something of the wonderment of Nature's destructive mood. A hizard on the prairies is an extraordinary spectacle: the brilliant hues of soil and flora refuse to be discharged and the driven snow piled up in wreaths is turned to gold—a magic transformation!

"An expedition on the Prairies," continues Mr. Jefferys, "is an experience



G. W. Jefferys, A.R.C.A. Pres. C.S.A.

forever to be remembered. Everything must be taken with one for day and night, and for food and drink. One drives off from some modest inn-shack or friendly homestead, in a country wagon, bearing all one's worldly goods. Summer trekking is the time of one's life, wherein to the full health and happiness are combined, and there is no aftermath of disappointment. But the painter-trekker must fill his paint-box with many tubes of the brightest colors: pinks, blues, green-greens and yellows soon run out, whilst purple and brown and all the deeper tones are rarely touched—this, of course, applies to the Fairly Prairie's summer dress. Painting in the open has its drawbacks even in this terrestrial paradise. Nocturnal heat and glare—the hot shimmer of the sky, tinted like the opal hues of snow flurries and sea-foam—are almost unbearable; but once the sun sinks beneath the dome of earth, the blood is instantly chilled, and the last strokes of the brush are cramped by hands benumbed. Pinks and blues and greens

are then transfigured, and everything is gold and black—yes, black—for the afterglow has no crimson. This sable strain is most manifest in Manitoba where the soil is black—black with the decay of vegetable life, the earliest concomitant of coal."

"In my prairie wanderings," chats on the prairie-painter, "I am unaccompanied save by my wife, who shares my enthusiasm and hardships. We meet with adventures of many kinds and witness many stirring scenes. I remember very well a very interesting episode out in Saskatchewan. Upon a ridge, where East met West, was an Indian encampment, full of "hives." Some miles or so away was the outspan of Bulgarian Gipsys—each settlement a rare subject for the artist's brush. Horses were the staple article of merchandise, and in a hollow of the land we had a mimic "Derby." Each animal was sent to show his pace—ridden by Indian and Bulgarian in turn. Much animated finger-play was a prelude to the exchange of dollar-hills, and all departed peacefully to smoke the pipe of peace and drink the fire-water of the gods. A modern note was struck, however, in this racial harmony, and it came as a burlesque interlude. Peacefully surveying this characteristic scene, and making many little studies, my ear was assailed by the hoot of an automobile, and, presto, a cry reached me — "Hello, Jefferys! What are you doing here?" It was an enterprising Toronto comrade of the press out seeking copy!"

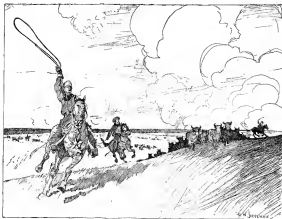
No one can be on the prairie domains many days before he is interviewed by one of the *North-West Police*—the finest body of mounted men in the world. What one lone member of that Force can do, cannot be pre-estimated; he has complete confidence in himself for any emergency. He, youth though he may be of no more than four and twenty years, goes single-handed into camps of outlaws and takes thereout the man that is wanted. This is not the only bold thing the North-West Mounted Police can do. "My host," Mr. Jefferys relates, "at one of the prairie shanty-joints, told me that the wife of a Dutch settler, near at hand had run away from home. Two

days afterwards a North-West Policeman rode up, the matter was explained, and off he trotted there and then, and, next day, came back with the strait woman! I have seen a poor fellow who had succumbed to the nervous madness of the Prairie solitude, most tenderly cared for in a wagon, lying in a North-West Policeman's arms, and being conveyed to the nearest asylum." Surely the North-West Police Force is a revival of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table!

Mr. Jefferys' first Prairie landscape came out like a strip of silk, shot with yellow, pink, and blue—a bar of gold linking soil and sky. It was called "Autumn in the Prairies," and it was



"Belfries of St. Denis, Quebec." Water-color—G. W. Jefferys.



"The Round-up—Alberta."—G. W. Jefferys.

purchased by the Ontario Government. His "Western Sunlight" is at Ottawa. At the late Canadian National Exhibition were "The Valley"—rich in corn, with a mounted farmer surveying the riches of his land; and "Flight of Wild Ducks on the Prairie." A list of his "bits" of the Prairies would fill many columns; his work is widely known, and its quality generally admired—in fact, no other painter comes near him in exact portrayal of the virgin soil of Canada.

Still in chatty mood, he goes on, "Another direction to which I have turned my attention is the pictorial delineation of the history of Canada—a field full of wonderful possibilities for the painter, and as yet untouched. I have made considerable research for data, upon which to reconstruct representations of the past. Although very much

has disappeared beyond hope of recovery, diligent search will, I am sure, reveal valuable material. I have made a number of illustrative sketches in black and white and also in color, picturing phases of the earlier periods of our country, and I hope to find opportunities for the rendition of other historical matter."

Mr. Jefferys is Instructor of Freshend Drawing and Water-color Painting in the Architectural Department of the University of Toronto. Since 1908, Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists he has, this year, been unanimously chosen to fill the Presidential chair. He has, moreover, lately been elected Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. These honors fitly come where they may be fitly worn—for plodding is akin to genius, and Mr. Jefferys bears goodly tokens of both.

The Sin of Tired Nerves

There is, perhaps, no feature of Maclean's Magazine that is more popular with its readers, than its exclusive Canadian contributions of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the editor of the late Success Magazine. His inspirational articles have been a source of strength to all who have carefully read them. That this should be the case with Canadian readers is not surprising. More than a million of his books have already been sold. Twenty have been published in Germany, twelve in India, and for the last two months he has average a book a week, translated into some foreign language. This contribution will be found to be especially timely.—Editor.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

A GREAT many well-meaning people, both men and women, are great "nerve sinners." They allow themselves to become exhausted and so depleted physically that they lose the power of resistance. They cannot control themselves and are the victims of their nerves.

There are tens of thousands of women in this country who, much of the time, are in a chronic state of fatigue, and who seldom ever get rested. Many of them do not get sleep enough, are constantly interrupted by the children, and their great load of mental care, together with their hard work and monotonous lives, are enough to wreck the health and ruin the disposition of all but women of extraordinary poise and strength of mind and body.

Men who have their regular hours of work and are then free, little realize what it means for their wives to work nearly twice as long as they do, and often with a great many more things to irritate them. Most women would be cheerful and kind if they lived perfectly sane lives. Most men would be nervous wrecks in three months if they were to exchange places with their wives.

Women often get extremely nervous, and their husbands blame them for their irritability, when the whole trouble is the result of mental and muscular fatigue, which may be caused by long hours of work, the monot-

ony of their lives, and the presence of all sorts of vexations which tend to keep them in a constant state of semi-exhaustion.

The friction in many unhappy homes is largely caused by overwrought, tired nerves. A large part of the mental suffering which many of us cause is wholly without intention. The cutting things we say, our criticism, our unkindness often come from kindly hearts but irritated nerves. We say cruel things even to our best friends and those we love best when our nerves are on edge from fret and worry; things we would not have said for the world but for the irritation, the sheer exhaustion, that robbed us of self-control.

How many people carry cruel wounds for years, perhaps for a life-time, which were thoughtlessly inflicted by a dear friend in a moment of anger when their physical standards were down! How often we hurt those whom we love dearly and whom we would help, when we are tired and jaded and things fret us!

The sins of the exhausted nerves, caused by vitiated blood or cell poisoning through lack of proper exercise or recreation, loss of sleep, or vicious thinking, are responsible for much of the world's misery and failure.

Take for example a man who is suffering from insomnia. Hard times and

financial panics may have completely demoralized his business; and being of a highly organized, nervous, sensitive temperament, accustomed to worry even when comparatively well, he is completely upset when his physical vitality is at a low ebb. His powers of resistance have become so reduced that his will-power is perfectly helpless to master the situation, and he then becomes the victim of all sorts of trifling annoyances which when normal he would not have noticed. He is unreasonable with his employees, cruel to those dependent upon him, and he says things for which he afterwards despises himself. In other words, the brute in him has usurped the throne and rules, while he finds himself the slave to passions which he has been trying all his life to conquer.

There is only one thing to do when you are not sure you can control your acts; that is, to stop whatever you are doing, retire to some quiet place, get out of doors, if possible, or get by yourself for a few minutes—long enough to restore your balance, get your bearings, assert your manhood.

The sunlight is as necessary for happiness as it is for peaches. Many a worried, discouraged, melancholy, despondent person would become vigorous and happy by merely getting out into the sunshine.

The victims of tired nerves should be very regular in their habits and take special care of their health. They should eat foods which will nourish the nerves.

There is nothing which will take the place of a great deal of outdoor exercise and a cheerful, harmonious environment. Worry, anxiety, and fear in all its phases are deadly enemies of the nerves. So is overwork.

OVERDRAW THE BANK ACCOUNT.

Not long ago I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. He had, at the start, a strong constitution, but was so ambitious to make a name for himself that he had undermined it by working much of the time more than fifteen hours a day. He had

the insane idea, which so many have, that the man who keeps everlastingly at it, sticks to his task year in and year out, has a great advantage over the one who works fewer hours and takes frequent vacations. He thought he could not afford to take frequent trips to the country, or even an occasional day off to play golf, as other young lawyers did; that he must make a name for himself while others were playing. So he kept on overdrawing his account at Nature's bank, and now he is going through physical bankruptcy.

Just when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps for ever.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life. The time will come when it will be generally acknowledged that it is possible to do more work, and of a better quality, in a much shorter day than our present average working day. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives. But a great number of employees are obliged to work too many hours a day, simply because their employers have not yet learned the magic of a fresh brain and vigorous physique.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull, and flabby.

A SHRIVELLER OF ABILITY.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change. The man who keeps everlastingly at it, who has little fun or

play in his life, usually gets into a rut early in his career, and shrivels and dries up for lack of variety, of mental food and stimulus. He destroys his capacity for happiness. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than frequent change—a fresh viewpoint. Everywhere we see men who have gone to seed early, become rusty and uninteresting, because they worked too much and played too little. *Monotony is a great shriveller of ability, and a blighter of happiness.*

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous. Then the exercise of brain and muscle would give a sense of well-being, and work would be a tonic, not a grind; life a delight, not a struggle. Work, like religion, "never was designed to make our pleasures less." Work is essential to health, every faculty, contributes to one's efficiency, gives a keener edge to all of one's sensibilities, and health is the foundation of happiness.

It is a strange fact that many people cannot appreciate the infinite difference between working when the brain and muscles are up to the highest standard of efficiency and forcing them to work when they are fatigued. No one is himself when his nerve centres are exhausted, whether from excessive use or from lack of proper food. The quality of one's thought, ambition, energy, aims, and ideals, is largely a matter of health.

INSURANCE OF LAW MAKES CRIMINALS.

Who can estimate the tragedies which have resulted from exhausted nerve cells? Many crimes are the result of abnormal physical conditions consequent upon exhaustion. Men do all sorts of strange, abnormal things to satisfy the call of these exhausted tissue cells for nourishment. They try to restore them by drink and other kinds of dissipation.

If it were possible for the people of this country to follow the laws of health

for six months, it would change the entire condition of our civilization. The unhappiness, misery, and crime would be reduced immeasurably, and the general efficiency would increase marvelously. Ignorance of the laws is responsible for a large part of the ills we suffer, and for discouragement and unhappiness.

It seems strange that we should spend so much time and money learning about a hundred things which we shall never use practically, but which are, of course, of great value as discipline, and almost wholly neglect to find out what we are ourselves. It is really an insult to the Creator, who has fashioned us so marvelously, that we should not spend as much time studying the physique which it has taken Him a quarter of a century or more to bring to maturity as we would spend upon a single dead language which we know we shall never use except indirectly.

I know a young lady who has very marked ability, and when she is in good health, and her spirits are up, she accomplishes wonders; but much of the time she is in poor health, and then her ambition is down, she is discouraged. The result is that she will probably never be able to bring out ten per cent. of her real ability, or to find the satisfaction her talents should warrant.

Everywhere we see people doing little things, living mediocre lives, when they have the ability to do great things, to live grand lives, if they only could keep their health up to standard.

The first requisite to success and happiness is good robust health. The brain gets a great deal of credit which belongs to the stomach and the muscles. Health is the fire of life which spurs us on to efforts which lead beyond mediocrity. Physical weaknesses of all kinds minimize our effort, belittle us, cripple us; no industry or will power can compensate for their evil effect.

Vigorous, robust health doubles and quadruples the efficiency and power of every faculty and function. It tones up the human economy; it clears the cobwebs from the brain, brushes off the brain-ash, improves the judgment,

sharpens every faculty, increases the energy, freshens the cells in every tissue of the body.

A person with a weak, half-developed physique, puny muscles, a low state of vitality, frigid nerves, cannot have that buoyancy of spirits which are the offspring of robust health.

The ambition partakes of the quality and the vigor of the mental faculties; and a brain that is fed by poisoned blood due to vitiated air, to over-eating or bad eating, or to dissipation, or a lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, can never do great things. It is pure blood that makes pure thought and wholesome enjoyment of life, and pure blood can only come from a clean life, strong, vigorous outdoor exercise, a great variety of mental food, and an abundance of sound sleep.

RADIATING VIGOR.

We all know the advantage the man has who can radiate vigor, who has a robust physique. Great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. It can never come from a weak constitution or vitiated blood.

What a sorry picture is a weak, puny, half-developed youth, starting out in the race for success, with an ambition to keep pace with his robust companions! What are his chances compared with those of the youth whose vitality and power emanate from every pore! How unfortunate to be thus handicapped on the very threshold of an active life! But oh, what a satisfaction to stand upon life's threshold, vigorous, fresh, hopeful, with the consciousness of physical energy and power, equal to any emergency—master of any situation!

Abounding health not only increases self-confidence, but the confidence of others; and this confidence is credit, is power. With rare exceptions the great prizes of life fall to those who have stalwart, robust physiques. One who has health possesses the greatest magnet-making force and can compel success to come to his call.

Robust health not only raises the power of and multiplies the entire brain power many times, but it also increases tremendously the power to enjoy life.

In the last analysis happiness is located in the microscopic cells of the body and the integrity of everyone of these billions of tiny cells is essential for perfect happiness. Anything which interferes with this integrity, which causes discord, deterioration, poison, or pain, affects the well-being, the happiness, by just so much.

The study of happiness must learn how much our happiness as well as our character depends upon sound health. He will find that there is no lasting unhappiness with sound health, and no real happiness without it. He will find that upon the integrity, not only of cerebral cells but of every cell in the human system, happiness depends. He will find that every feeling of comfort or discomfort, high spirits or low spirits, hope or despair, cowardice or bravery, depends chiefly upon active nutrition of the tissues, strength of heart-beats, vigor of nerves, in fact, upon the harmonious working of the entire physical organism.

Few people realize that the cultivation and improvement of health is really the cultivation and improvement of the entire individual, for every degree of every mental faculty. Improving the health increases the courage, lifts hope, raises self-confidence, initiative, indeed lifts every quality in one's nature, every mental faculty, heart quality. Physical deterioration means a corresponding depression in all the emotions. It means a little less courage, a little less heart for our work; it means a little less endurance, less powers of resistance to ward off the disease enemies, the enemies of our efficiency and happiness.

Robust health and optimism produce happiness. The power of a sunny soul to transform the most trying situations in life is beyond all power to compute. *The world loses the sunny soul, the man who carries his holidays in his eye and his sunshine with him.* The determination to be kind and helpful to everyone, to be cheerful, no matter what comes to us, is a great happiness producer. "When a man does not find repose in himself it is vain for him to seek it elsewhere."

The Rising Market

This peculiar story depicts a scheme to make money out of convict labor during the floods that were damaging the property of the town merchants, and the story ends in an equally peculiar a manner.—Editor.

By Charles E. Van Loan

THE long freight train rattled and wheezed as it came to a standstill; the overworked engine sent forth a series of melancholy hoots, and Vestibule Slim, traveling man, cautiously opened the side door of his private car and looked out upon a wet world. To the eastward, the broken Colorado landscape melted away into a leaden horizon; and to the west, as far as the eye could reach, until the vista was closed by a distant line of mountains, there was nothing but water.

"Oh, you Noah!" said Vestibule Slim irreverently. "This is your weather, all right, and this ark's stranded here for the present."

To the north a lowering smoke-pall marked the smelters of Granada.

"It can't be more'n three miles—or maybe four," thought Slim. "This train may be here a week; and, with all this water in the Arkansas River, there'll be something doing in Granada to-night."

Being a man of action, Slim wasted no time in thought. Lowering himself to the ties, he splashed on his way, and the hardened train-crew jeered as they watched him skip through the puddles.

Slim was right; there was something doing in Granada. The spring freshets had brought disaster. The yellow Arkansas had broken its banks, and the business section of the town was under water. A steady tide rolled down the main street. Boxes, barrels, oil-cans, and small buildings rode slowly through the town. On the sidewalks the merchants watched the desolation, which they were powerless to stay.

Through this lively scene moved Vestibule Slim, noting everything with the quick glance of the trained observer. He had seen spring floods before, but never one so large.

Late that night a statue of a man, done in rich yellow mud, stood at the door of Granada's city jail, one hand on the hell-cord. A surly, black-headed man in blue overalls unlocked the heavy door and peered out.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the night turnkey severely.

The statue planted one yellow foot inside the door.

"I want the main guy, and I want him quick—understand?"

"The surly man laughed.

"What do you think he is? A porpoise? Do you think a city marshal lives in the jail?"

"I don't care where he lives," said Slim. "I want to see him. You get him for me, right now, if you have to bring him on your back. I ain't going to be responsible if you don't."

The last sentence was delivered so impressively that it rather staggered the turnkey. He wavered.

"All right," said he at length. "I'll go after him; but it better be important or he'll half kill you for draggin' him out a night like this. I ain't sure he won't do it, anyhow."

The mud on Slim's clothes was dry and caked before the city marshal appeared. He was a big man; but in a rubber coat and hip boots he seemed a giant, and there was a suggestive bulge at his hip as he sat down. The city marshal of Granada had to be a giant

man; and, in order that none might misunderstand this fact, he wore his yellow hair long and sported an immense black slobber-hat.

"Send this stunk away," said Slim, waving his hand toward the indignant turnkey. "What I've got to say ain't for nobody but real people."

"I like your nerve!" said the marshal. "Better best it, Bill."

Bill dripped away down the corridor, grumbling under his breath. The marshal, after one look at Vestibule Slim, was vainly trying to identify the face as one on his collection of posters.

"Well," said the city marshal amiably. "I suppose you want to give yourself up and split the reward. How much is it that's offered?"

"It's a gold-mine," said Slim. "It's a United States mint!"

There was a deep elint in the marshal's eye as he leaned forward, and he shot his question like a bullet:

"Bank or train robbery?"

"Nothing like that," said Slim. "I ain't done nothing. This is a legitimate business proposition."

"Well, of all the—" The marshal's vocabulary failed him. "Have you got me out a night like this just to—"

"Just a second," interposed Slim. "Gimme a chance to get my hets down. Marshal, this town is under water. Every business house on Main Street is going to be flooded before morning. Everybody's so busy saving his own stuff that the merchants can't hire help to go into the cellars and basements, and the storekeepers stand to lose a fortune."

"Tell me something I don't know," growled the marshal.

"In a minute," pleaded Slim. "Do you know how much money they're offering men to-night to work in those flooded cellars? Five-dollars-an-hour! And they can't get 'em at any price. The only way they'll ever get men into those cellars is to drive 'em down there. You could drive 'em if you had the men, and I know where you can get 'em!"

"Git somewhere!" said the city marshal venomously. "Git somewhere! Quit ravin' and come down to cases!"

"I suppose you keep a register here at this hotel," said Slim pleasantly. "You'll probably know how many hoboes you've got in here to-night?"

"About thirty," said the marshal.

"Why?"

"And I know where you can grab thirty more," said Slim quickly. "There ain't a wheel turning on any of these roads; there ain't a way for any man who's in this town to get out, unless he's a good swimmer, and the swimmin' had this time of year. You've got these toes dead to rights. You can give 'em a split about the law allowin' you to press 'em into service, same as you can grab any citizen to make him fight a forest fire. Any hoo knows that. Now, then, you don't have to appear in this thing at all. You furnish the hoboes, and I'll handle the storekeepers, make all the contracts, collect the money, and we'll split it up. Are you on?"

The marshal hesitated, and Slim fired the deciding shot.

"Sixty men at five dollars an hour—ten hours a day," said he softly. "That's worth tryin' for, ain't it?"

The marshal brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a bang.

"Where did you say I could get the rest of those tramps?" he asked.

"I thought you'd see it that way," said Slim. "Now, I'll go out and rustle around among the storekeepers. I'll contract to deliver so many men to each store, as far as they'll go. It might not be a bad idea to give these fellows some money. That'll keep 'em quiet."

"I care the do me," said the city marshal. "I'll treat 'em white. We can arrange to get 'em out at work before day-light in the morning, and bring 'em back here after dark. If there's any holler from the merchants, you square it without luggin' me into the thing. Now, where can I find the rest of these fellows?"

II.

That night the freight-yards were scientifically and painstakingly raided. The victims, protesting bitterly, were haled through deep water to the bastille.

"I been to jail a many a time," complained Boston Red, "but this is the first time I ever had a cop come after me in a boat. This ain't moral, this ain't. Even a cop ought to be abed an' asleep a night like this."

At four o'clock in the morning the real prisoners in the upper tier of cells snifed unbelievably.

"Am I crazy?" asked a second-story man of his cell-mate, "or do I smell ham and eggs? And regular coffee?"

On the lower floor were the large steel cells, commonly known as the tanks. Prisoners of no class or standing were herded into the tanks, and this morning there were sixty-seven of them.

"I wish I may die," said the second-story man a few minutes later, "if they ain't feedin' them hoboes ham an' eggs! What's going to happen?"

The tramps were none the less mystified, but deeply grateful.

"This is class!" said Boston Red cheerily over his second cup of coffee. "This sure is class! This here head constable's a human man, that's what he is! Me for him!"

A heavy door banged, and the "human man" stood among his guests. Taking a position under the electric light, he drew from his inside pocket a paper liberally plastered with seals and ribbons. He unfolded the document with deliberation.

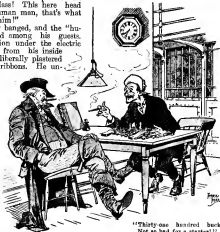
"Accordin' to the law and the statutes of the State of Colorado," said he in a loud official voice, "prisoners waitin' trial for minor offences can be pressed into service in time of fire, flood, or act of God. This town is flooded, and there's a lot of work that's got to be done.

You're going to do it! I've got the right to make you work for nothing; but I'm a white man, I am, and I believe in treatin' everybody white. A dollar an hour is what these storekeepers are offerin', and I'll split it up with you."

The marshal paused for breath. "Um - m - m!" said Boston Red thoughtfully. "Might have known them ham and eggs meant something."

"I'm a white man," repeated the marshal belligerently, "but I'm troubled with large black spots if I'm peeced. Anyhow, four a day is pretty soft for hoboes, and I eat and sleep you. Fall in by the door, there!"

During the night Vestibule Slim splashed up and down Granada's streets bringing hope with him. He promised to deliver labor at daylight, and the merchants received him with thanksgiving. They had found that Granada's lawful citizens were opposed to



"Thirty-one hundred bucks
Not so bad for a starter!"

drowning in dark cellars with their arms full of canned peaches.

The laborers arrived just before daylight, each squad under the supervision of a friend whom the marshal could trust. Many of the recruits expressed reluctance to enter the cold water without hip-boots; but when it was pointed out to them that the water was neck deep in most places—in extreme cases of incipient mutiny it was pointed out with a sawed-off shotgun—they saw the fault in their contention, and plunged in bravely.

Men who had never worked before and have never worked since, having but a theoretical acquaintance with water in any form, performed marvels. Knee-deep, waist-deep, shoulder-deep, they splashed and floundered about in the cellars, and brought out what they found there, the merchants thoughtfully providing powerful stimulants.

Vestibule Slim was everywhere, the huffer between supply and demand.

"If there's any holler coming," said he to the merchants, "holler to me. I'm the admiral of this navy!"

That night the rain fell in torrents. The submarine brigade, wrapped in coarse blankets, its clothes drying on the jail radiators, examined its toes and blasphemed heartily. The city marshal, seated in his small office at the jail, watched with glistening eyes while Vestibule Slim counted the receipts.

"Hear that rain?" asked Slim, as he neatly stacked a double handful of gold pieces. "The market is rising, I tell you, marsh. It's rising about an inch every fifteen minutes. The law of supply and demand—"

"How much you got there?" rather illogically asked the marshal.

Slim skimmed lightly over several stacks of shining gold pieces, rustled through a roll of currency, and grinned as he announced the total.

"Thirty-one hundred bucks," said he. "Not so bad for a starter?"

"Bad!" gasped the marshal. "I didn't know there was that much money in the world!"

"When you've got something that other people have to have, and you've got all of it there in, you can charge

any price and get away with it," said Slim wisely. "That's what makes a trust. Wish't we had more men. Can't you take a boat and go through the railroad-yards again? They're worth fifty a day, you know."

"Son," said the marshal admiringly, "you're sure a curly wolf with long claws. If I had your brains and my good looks, I'd be up in Denver, makin' faces at the mint! Gimme a little of that, till I go out and pay off the hired hands!"

The sight and the feel of real money arrived in those blanketed sufferers a flash of false gaiety. Seven poker-games formed in as many minutes.

At midnight the marshal's hostman arrived with a single prisoner—a squat, under-sized man with a villainous face and a taste for argument.

"A rotten poor catch!" granted the marshal contemptuously. "Why, he ain't half a man!"

"Look here!" the little man exploded. "What's this pinch for? I ain't no common hobo. I've got money. Besides, I ain't done nothing."

"Maybe not," said the marshal soothingly, "but you're going to do something to-morrow. Put him in with the rest."

Next day the good work went on swimmingly. The water was still rising, and the submerged sixty-seven and a half had a frightful ten hours. They rallied at the law and cursed their overseers, but a sawed-off shotgun constitutes a powerful argument; and, besides, there was no way of leaving town.

The new prisoner, christened Pittsburgh Shorty, was assigned to a cellar with four feet of water in it, where he moved about like some strange aquatic monster, breathing through his nose.

That night there was more money to be divided between the marshal and Vestibule Slim.

"Look here," said the latter, "I ain't going to carry all this dough around with me. I've known whole families to be murdered for less. Haven't you got a bank-account?"

"If I had, would I be a city marshal?" asked that dignity reproachfully. "And, what's more, I wouldn't dare op-

en on now and begin depositing a hunk like this every day. People would talk."

"What's the matter with this safe of yours?" asked Slim. "It looks like a good one."

"It ought to be," said the marshal proudly. "It stuck the city eight hundred hunks. I'm the only one that knows the combination; and there's a big box inside that we can put the whole thing in, and leave it there till we split."

III.

For six terrible days the unwilling saviours of a city's goods endured martyrdom by water. Revolt was in the air. The cold water had entered their very souls. The novelty of the work had worn off, and so had most of the skin on their hands and feet.

"The law!" said Boston Red with a rattling volley of profanity. "Does the law say that any hick constable can grab me and make me wade in ice-water till my toes drop off? I ain't a healthy guy, anyway; and there's weaklings in my family. I ain't had a long breath this week. Maybe what I got is the scurvy. They tell me you get that by being around water too much."

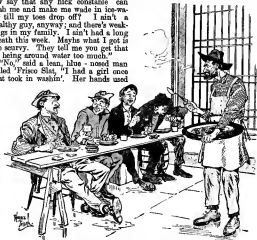
"No," said a lean, blue-nosed man called 'Prisco Slat. "I had a girl once that took in washin'. Her hands used

to be like that. It ain't no disease. Anyhow, the trains will be runnin' in another day or so; an' me to grab the first rattler I see, if it's the last official act of my life! I'd have done better to enlist in the regular salt-water navy that time my folks wanted me to."

But all things have an end, and the waters were receding. The yellow Arkansas was sullenly retiring to its bed, leaving a sea of mud behind.

On the seventh and last day of the work, Pittsburgh Shorty and three others were turned over to Casey & Zolinski, who sold mining-supplies. Casey, who had a hither tongue, stood at the cellar entrance, and watched Shorty, who came waddling, nose deep, with a case of giant-powder held above his head.

"You're a fine kind of a shrimp to be gettin' five dollars an hour!" said Casey. "You ought to be—hey, there!



"I wish I may die if they ain't feedin' them hoboes han' an' nips!"

What did you drop that powder for?"

Pittsburgh Shorty went under twice before he was rescued by his fellow laborers. That evening, when Vestibule Slim called to collect two hundred dollars, Mr. Zolinski, who handled the money for the firm, put in a further objection.

"Dot sawed-off feller, he's no good!" said he angrily. "First he drops a whole case of powder in the water, an' then he don't go a thing but set around and set around, and says he's thinking and I shall not bother him. For five dollars an hour, he thinks! Don't I catch him stealing some miners' fuse? And when I ask him what for he wants it, he says he don't know; he's swallowed so much water this week, he says it's gone to his brains and he ain't responsible. I shall pay him five dollars an hour? Foocy!"

That night, as Pittsburgh Shorty waddled back to the jail, he seemed silent and preoccupied, and in his eye there was a purely professional light. He carried a small bundle under his arm.

At the jail the marshal delivered his second address.

"You can sleep late to-morrow, men," said he. "You're about through with your work now. I don't mind saying that you've done fine. The town ought to be proud of you. Of course, you've all got money to show for it—a lot of money, these hard times."

Late that night Vestibule Slim and the marshal were undressing in Slim's room at the Granada House, two blocks from the jail. The marshal, being somewhat thrifty, had accepted Slim's invitation to remain for the night. Slim opened the window and looked out at the stars.

"The market is falling, marsh," he remarked. "This is the end of our good thing. I'll bet there ain't a 'bo in the whole country who won't travel a thousand miles to skip this town next time there's a flood. These fellows won't ever bother you. They'll be too busy gettin' out of town the quickest way."

The marshal thoughtfully removed one rubber boot.

"I believe I'll turn 'em all loose," said he. "That's the best way."

"I'm going to duck out myself to-morrow morning," said Slim, drawing the blanket up around his ears. "We'll go down to the jail the first thing when we get up, and split the bank-roll. There's a little more than nine thousand apiece. That's bread on the waters for you."

"Broad!" ejaculated the marshal recently. "It's angel-cake!"

Then, side by side, the oddly assorted couple fell into a deep sleep, each to dream of the things that nine thousand dollars would buy.

IV.

GRANADA's city jail was a very quiet place at seven o'clock the next morning. There was about the ugly brown building an air of almost Sabbath calm.

"Poor devils!" said the marshal to Vestibule Slim, "they're all asleep yet. We handed 'em a pretty tough deal, my son. It's a wonder half of 'em ain't dead with pneumonia. Hello, this front door is unlocked! That's funny."

Just inside the door they came upon the night turnkey, trussed like a fowl. When the gag had been taken from his mouth and the cords from his wrists and ankles, he spat a few times and coughed huskily.

"Quick!" stormed the marshal. "How many of 'em got away?"

"The prisoners are all safe," croaked the turnkey, "but that blasted hobo navy of yours has sailed. They went out about two this morning, singing and counting their money. That little sawed-off guy was leadin' them."

"Money?" said the marshal, looking at Slim. For the first time he became aware that the corridor was littered with mortar and bits of wood. "Something's come off here!" he ejaculated.

Slim was already at the door of the marshal's office. He heard the words, and, after one glance inside, turned with a twisted grin on his lip.

"You've called the turn, marsh, old boy," said he sadly; "and it looks like what come off was the door of that eight-hundred-dollar safe!"

Fig. 2.

There is No Crisis Ahead

An impression prevails that Canada is suffering more from monetary stringency than other countries. This, in the opinion of Mr. Appleton, is a wrong impression. Canada, he holds, though passing through a period of very extraordinary development, is not suffering from the world-wide money-tightness relatively more than other countries in the borrowing class. He refutes criticisms which portray serious trouble because of Canada's so-called "adverse" trade balance, and maintains that business generally will proceed without serious interruption.—Editor.

By John Appleton

SHREWD Canadian business men have long had their eyes well set upon certain danger signals which were ahead. The chief one was in the extent of Canada's borrowing. Heavy borrowing is accompanied by as much danger when the whole nation is a party to it as in the case of an individual who borrows heavily. The wisdom or prudence of the borrowing depends upon the borrower's ability to liquidate when called upon to do so. There is no cause for hesitation in repeating a declaration of faith in the ability of Canada to pay her debts. Not long ago in this magazine it was held that Canada could deliver the goods. It may be that the expenditure of new capital, temporarily, is disproportionate to the development of Canada's productive power. A readjustment will be effected by a slowing-down until Canada's crop, mineral, and manufacturing products increase. To handle them as it is, there is a deficiency in transportation facilities, and for the people employed in the productive industries there is a shortage of good housing accommodation. Under the circumstances, it is very hard for Canadian business men to believe that the expenditure of new and borrowed capital has been disproportionate to the augmentation of the productive forces of the Dominion.

But whether Canadians believe it or not it would appear that investors who have been lending money to Canada are of the opinion that as a nation we have

been borrowing too much, and that we ought to produce and export more wealth. This opinion has to be taken with a grain of salt. Canada's difficulty in getting all the capital she desires is a difficulty experienced in common with every other country. If Canada has been prodigal in her borrowing, it is a charge to which practically every other country in the borrowing class will plead guilty. One thing Canadians ought to keep well in mind, and that is to see that the money borrowed is put to good use—that is, productive use.

Business men will err in judgment if they attribute the present monetary stringency to domestic causes solely. It is due very largely to external causes. Over-expansion may be a contributory cause. Of the latter, perhaps the most obvious is that of the extraordinary advance in land values, and the speculation that has been attracted by it.

But a few years ago the man who stayed by his plough, or toiled at his bench, was considered as being devoid of normal enterprise. To make a plough, or to cultivate the land was, to a great extent, regarded as unfit employment for the man of brain and ability, when the opportunity was present to buy land and sell it again at a big profit—more than could be earned by a year's digging at ever so fertile a patch of the source of all wealth, Mother Earth. But at the present time the freshness of the sudden successes achieved in the real estate gamble has worn

Fig. 4.

off. Meanwhile there exists a struggle to hold it and turn into cash the erstwhile magnificence of equities. The question now confronting hosts of Canadians is, will real estate values hold? Will immigration be maintained at a rate such as to create for this or that property, a demand strong enough to let the present holder out with or without a profit? Will the man at the plough and at the bench continue to toil hard and produce enough to pay the interest and other charges which Canada as a nation has piled up? These seem to be serious questions which concern the business men of Canada at the present time.

They are questions, however, of a domestic character, and do not materially affect the sources from which the great supplies of new capital are drawn.

Real estate fevers and booms in a rapidly growing country like Canada, are like the measles to youth. To the business of the Dominion as a whole, real estate speculation is merely incidental. If the Dominion has to expand further there will be real estate speculation and speculators. Canada must have railroads, homes and factories, and so long as these are in the building, there will be attractive advances in real estate, and all these have not as yet been anticipated. It would be quite idle to argue that the future, as to property values, in many districts has been discounted for many years, and in some for ever. But nothing short of the great loss which has occurred to many would teach the folly of buying offerings of lots without subjecting them to as close a personal inspection as a horse lover would have a horse fancied as desirable for his stables. Real estate peddlers have developed a "scientific salesmanship" that ranks higher in the scale of imposition than the historic tricks of horse dealers. Regrettable, however, as are real estate booms, they are as inevitable as measles, and they will be with Canada for many years subsequent to the passing away of this generation.

With the cause of the present monetary stringency, however, real estate has but little to do. Money invested in real estate goes from one pocket to another, as in a game of poker. What is lost to

the country is the time and attention devoted to gambling that should be devoted to the nation's wealth, if devoted to production. The aggregate of that time and attention is very considerable. Circumstances are now compelling the gamblers to seek more useful occupations. The public has lost enough in the real estate game to teach it to keep out of it.

The most serious aspect of the over-expansion in real estate values, and the resultant speculation, is the use made of the latter by influential critics of Canada's credit. Canada has become one of the most extensive borrowers in the world's money market, and any blot on her escutcheon is seized upon to rattle in the money market to defense her credit. Fair or not fair, commerce has decided that the seller of any commodity can seek to gain advantage by pointing out the defects of a rival's offerings. Every Canadian borrower in London is faced with some one or other "real estate scandal," as evidence of Canada's over-borrowing. Regrettable as these have been, they are but trifling as a contribution to the cause of the monetary tightness which prevails.

In Canada, some inconvenience is being experienced by reason of a world-wide tightness of money, caused by the waste of war in the Balkan Peninsula, by the increase of armaments in Europe, by uncertainty as to the tariff policy of the United States, by the huge expenditure of new capital in the countries undergoing development, amongst which Canada must be classed, and by the exceptional trade expansion in the United Kingdom. The absorption of so much new capital by this world-wide activity has led to keener and more vicious competition. Canada has been in the past favored by the London market, and like all favorites, she is being subjected to more than ordinary scrutiny.

New York, never too friendly, has poured forth vials of criticism on Canada and her undertakings. In the "New York Analyst," the adverse trade balance of Canada was represented to be a danger signal of portentous significance, and in the New York Journal of Commerce, and other journals of

standing, attacks have been leveled against the positions of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose position in the money markets of the world is no mean factor in the determining of credits.

It should be remembered also, that Canada's skirts have on them other blemishes than that of soil from real estate transactions. The Quebec Railway, Light and Power franchise in France, and the frightful imposition of timber deals on Britishers, are all pegs on which memory hangs tenaciously. Sir Rodolphe Forget, says a conferee of his, will get out of his troubles. No doubt the undertaking under present conditions will be difficult if half the unprinted rumors respecting the undertakings he controls, are true. These blemishes, our very extraordinary trade position and very extraordinary development provide for our critics a splendid basis on which to build plausible signals of coming disaster. These signals cannot with impunity be disregarded. Credit is a very sensitive bird.

Her favored haunts are where there is no danger threatened or suggested. If for some years, her favored perch has been on Canada's long lines of steel rails, and on the boughs of her forest giants or blossoming orchards, on piles of silver and golden ore, on the stocks of unnumbered acres, or in the rigging of a fast-growing merchant marine, her flight may be hastened by arousing apprehension. That seems to be the purpose of Canadian critics. Mr. Fred. R. Macaulay, in the New York Analyst, likens the present trade figures to those of the United States when that country had a population of 40,000,000. Its adverse trade balance was then, in 1872, \$116,000,000, as compared with Canada's adverse balance of \$288,000,000 in 1912, for a population of 8,000,000. Such a position on Canada's part, is regarded by Mr. Macaulay as "startling." To put it in that way, at a time when the whole world, by a combination of international circumstances, is disposed to be alarmed, is likely to cause apprehension. It is not a new attack, but new ammunition has been used. Comparisons between the trade figures of Canada and those of the

United States, in the rapidly growing periods of that country's growth, have not been previously used. Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Williams Taylor and others have dealt with Canada's adverse balance of trade, and dealt with it effectually, but Mr. Macaulay has found a new line which calls for an answer. Two writers in The Financial Post essayed to defend the position of Canada, as against attempts to injure her credit from Mr. Macaulay's point of view.

Prof. Mayor says: "The sharpest addition to the adverse balance occurred in 1908, when the amount of capital raised on Canadian account in London, exceeded that from an average of about \$20,000,000 a year to nearly \$187,000,000 in 1908, and at average of \$175,000,000 a year for the five years preceding."

"That this remarkable movement in wealth of foreign nations cannot be doubted, and that it is not a sign of alarm cannot be admitted, a country may prosper under conditions in which it is not a sign of alarm, or the reverse. The years from 1880 to 1900, during which the trade balance was in Canada's favor, were especially prosperous years for Canada; the years between 1900 and 1908, during which the country's adverse trade balance was unquestionably prosperous years. Capital poured into the country, business there, as elsewhere, was at its height, and the demand for raw materials became greater than ever before, because there was an effective demand for them. Increase in demand for goods which resulted from these incidents meant prosperity."

Another writer, Mr. W. L. McKinnon, brusquely disposes of the question in this way:

"It is probably true that there has been nothing in history to match Canada's adverse trade balance, but it is not a new thing. It is a sign of the credit of Canada and is merely a manifestation of the economic conditions of the world, and of the energy which Canadians are using to develop their country."

"Assuming that Canada entered upon a new economic period, old standards do not apply to-day. The writer says that United States in 1872 had an adverse trade balance of \$116,000,000 with a population of 40,000,000, as compared with Canada's adverse balance of \$288,000,000 in 1912 for a population of 8,000,000."

"The writer claims nothing because conditions and standards are different to-day. One man in 1912 with a steam shovel will do more work in half the time than it would take in 1872 because of these different conditions. And so it is in the case of nations."

"The point is not whether Canada is ahead or behind other countries, so much as whether Canada is good for the world debt she is contracting."

"Standards are good for this debt if the offers security for repayment of the principal money borrowed and at the same time earn the interest and other fund wherewith to pay it."

"It is doubtful if any informed person to-day will say that the resources of Canada, if properly developed, are not good security for any debt Canada are likely to incur."

No better answer can be given than either of the two which we have just quoted. It will be noted that both writers lay stress upon the importance of

production. Mr. McKinnon refers to the assets of Canada being good security for the debts contracted, if the resources are "properly developed." Professor Mavor indicates that the larger proportion of imports are for "productive" purposes, but points to the danger arising from indiscreet investment in productive implements when there is absence of the means to properly utilize them. Mr. Macaulay's contention would be quite tenable if Canada did not present the opportunity to employ profitably the large amounts she has borrowed. To clearly grasp the proportions of this amount it may be as well to reproduce the percentage of Canadian loans to the total New World's applications in London for several years past, as prepared by Mr. Macaulay.

1907 14.1 p.c. of the total world applications.
1908 14.3 p.c. of the total world applications.
1909 14.0 p.c. of the total world applications.
1910 13.7 p.c. of the total world applications.
1911 21.4 p.c. of the total world applications.
1912 22.2 p.c. of the total world applications.

Canada has of late made good use of these huge amounts borrowed. There has been some waste, as is common to any human undertaking. But to date, the amount has not been abnormal. Canada has been, during the past ten years, very utilitarian in her ideals. Her energy as well as her borrowings have gone into plant and productive equipment. It remains, however, for her to make good. Many a promising son has been set up in business on an elaborate scale by a proud father, and in the course of a year or two, little is left but and though useful experience. Canada may be regarded safely as having had the experience. Her people have been hardened by pioneer hardships and struggles. The great heat on which her commercial and financial structure is being built is grounded on generations of frugality, just coming into the recognition which the world owes it. The adverse trade balance,

therefore, may be set aside as a danger signal, except in so far as it temporarily makes it more difficult to get new capital. The temporary difficulty is one of some account. Since the closing months of last year there has been a very marked stringency, and it has lasted longer than generally anticipated. Prophecies early in the year were made subject to the termination of the Balkan War, but that disturbing factor has not yet been given its quietus. It is still the source of anxiety and the cause of nervousness on the part of investors. Meanwhile, the nations of Europe are increasing the waste of armaments. Early in June, at the time of writing, the outlook for easier money and lower rates of interest is gloomier than it has been since the close of 1912. Under the circumstances, therefore, it is apparent that Canada will have to "slow up." This does not necessarily mean depression. If our factories continue to operate as fully as they are doing at present; if our crop area and product continues to expand; and if our mineral output maintains its record, there is little likelihood of actual dullness. If the banks find money to enable the commerce of the country to be carried on, there will be no unpleasant business stagnation. What the banks cannot do, however, is to provide capital either for building new railroads, dwellings or factories. In the form of capital expenditure there will be some slowing up, and in a few months, industrial undertakings concerned will begin to feel the consequences.

In view of the present unsettled state of the political as well as the financial world, the prospects of easier money are less bright than a few months ago. But if there are no further untoward developments the extent to which Canada will suffer will be limited. Already the brakes have been applied. The danger signals put up, have been heeded, and despite all adverse criticism, Canada will weather the wave of tight money with a sprightliness that will justify some envy on the part of her rivals in the money markets.

Review of Reviews

The selections that have been made for this issue cover a wide field of reading on the part of the editors. The articles selected will be found to give interesting information on subjects that are not usually treated in everyday reading matter. We had hoped to insert a larger number of leading cartoons, but we were unable to secure copies in time. This feature will be improved in each succeeding issue, and we trust to have the representative cartoons from the Canadian press reproduced here. The illustrations that do appear will be found a great help to the reader in this review work.

Three Women Who Manage Millions

Emergency Thrusts Three Widows into the High Finance of Fortune Builders and They Make Good.

That women can rise to an emergency in sincerity and display a fortitude that no philosophy has as yet explained, has been exemplified time and again. Equally successful in the management of business enterprises, she has demonstrated in her untiring nature, persistent attention and executive intuition, her right to equality with men.

To become a successful financier and manager of millions, when circumstances have pushed the load of such responsibility upon her, is another rite played well by the sex. When these builders of fortunes Messrs. Sage, Harriman, and recently, Flagler, departed from the scene, their widows assumed their work.

The first had been the daughter of a Michigan lumberman, the second the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, and the third was the daughter of Captain W. R. Kenan, who had served in the Confederate Army, and whose land and slaves vanished in the trials of war. In Cleveland's administration he became collector of the port of Wilmington, and meantime his daughter, out of fear, had been at school at St. Mary's, in Wilmington. She had not married at thirty-four when she met Mr. Flagler through her sister, Mrs. Cissy Wise, who had been at school with his niece. Gratitude for kindness to the niece is the ascribed reason for a gift of a house in Macon to Mrs. Wise and Miss Kenan. After the Florida law legalized divorce from a mate mentally deranged, he married Miss Kenan and he settled upon her \$4,000,000, upon his for-



The late Henry M. Flagler. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in a little village of New York. He died on May 26th last, at the age of 83, leaving one of the largest estates ever accumulated by a single individual.

\$60,000,000 and \$80,000,000, his Standard rock wife in asylum \$3,000,000, and upon his new wife's sisters \$30,000 each, besides restoring their ante-bellum plantation home at Duplin.

As a girl Mary Lily Kennan had been pretty, piquant, in the French type, no higher than five feet two, and at thirty-six, when she became Mrs. Flagler, she was known as "a woman of tact and temperament." Newport, where she went a summer or two later, saw her to be of gentle manner, whose hair was now sedately graying. But influential women who had been her friends in Wilmington did not now flock to her, triumphant as were her entertainments otherwise. And she left Newport to itself and its well-known irreproachable reserves regarding divorce and re-marriage to make her home in Florida.

Mr. Harriman's sons were not of age when he died; and Mr. Sage left no issue. Mr. Flagler had one child by his second wife, Henry Harkness Flagler, who is known to be conscientious, charitable, and of business capacity. So it is not expected in New York that the Flagler last will and testament will be found to have bestowed upon the widow so wide a power of administration or so large an outright share of possessions as did the will of Mr. Harriman and Mr. Sage. Such portion as may go to her, however, she is said to be entirely equal to managing with foresight and in the spirit of the man who "made" the Florida East Coast. His "railway that goes to sea" cost over \$10,000,000, and was finished a year ago January. He did not expect more than a 3 per cent. return; he was content if he had brought Cuba some hours nearer New York, and made it possible to go from New York to Havana by Pullman.

Both Mrs. Flagler and Harry Harkness Flagler will need all the executive business they had from H. M. Flagler to deal with what he may have left them. Aside from the railroad extension over the Florida Keys, reckoned to represent \$10,000,000, Mr. Flagler expended \$18,000,000 on old railroads and town development, \$12,000,000 in hotels, \$1,000,000 in steamships. A year after his last marriage he consolidated the Florida East Coast Steamship Company with the Plant Steamship Company, retaining one-half of the stock of the consolidation. Although the Flagler estate is estimated to be of value between



The most recent photo of Mrs. Harriman, with her eldest daughter.

Mrs. Harriman is the widow of the great railroad financier, her daughter being Mrs. Robert L. Gerry. This is the first time Mrs. Harriman has been seen in public since the death of her husband, although she still conducts her business in person.

Oil stock has a value of \$34,000,000, and for once Wall Street's estimate is thought low instead of high. What its real value is may not be known, as, according to Wall Street gossip, Mr. Flagler trusted most of his property before his death, and by means of this deed of trust many of his unalloyed plans will be carried out by his son and his last wife.

No information regarding the contents of his will runs contrary to the probability that Mrs. Flagler must be listed among the tremendously rich relics of American captains of fortune—Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. Leeds, et al. Mrs. Flagler's portion is not expected to approach Mrs. Sage's \$65,000,000 or Mrs. Harriman's \$71,000,000 or Mrs. Leeds's 40,000,000.

Mrs. Sage was a teacher, salary, \$300, before she married. She is administering the millions devised to her without greatly diminishing them, although she has given away, outright, more than \$30,000,000. "Sickness, misery, misfortune, fire, the forced miseries of life, are the conditions I would alleviate," she once said, but she has no limited expenditure to relief, she has no invested her funds that some groups

may be added to living—as when she gave a mile of rhododendrons to Central Park, purchased an island on the Gulf Coast for migrating birds, constructed a suburban reproduction of the German city of Frankfurt for people of middling incomes, and \$10,000,000 for improving (not merely relieving) social conditions. Once she remarked of her methods: "I have the counsel of capable men and I use their judgment, but my own intuitions."

Mrs. Harriman has been called the "richest woman in the world," a financial doctor placing the estate that was given over to her at \$230,000,000. But it couldn't be proved by the inheritance tax collector, and the will of Krupp, the gunmaker, made her supremacy doubtful. Within a year, the money "at her control" has been placed at \$150,000,000. According to the tax paid into the State comptroller's office her inheritance was worth \$73,683,737. Beyond that there has been no appraisal. She did not delegate her duties as an executrix, although no woman of the present, unless it is the daughter of Krupp, has taken over the control of so large a share of the complex affairs of a multi-millionaire man of business as Mrs. Harriman, since no man bartered himself like Mr. Harriman with

the active development of varied interests who had not a son to take up the task where he left it.

Mrs. Harriman has been going to her office several days a week. Her problem was not like Mrs. Sage's—disposal. It was conservation, for the children's sake.

Yet Mrs. Harriman is not pointed out by the suffragettes as a great woman. Perhaps because it can hardly be denied that she has all a woman need to have to do to manage her own family concerns. This doesn't mean, as you know, merely running a mansion in town and fitting up a vast Tyrolean Schloss in Ramapo Hills. It also means controlling policies in one bank, an interest in five others, and stupendous concentration of what various railroads and other companies are doing in relation to the fifteen railroads in which she has enormous holdings.

Mrs. Harriman's business training may have been more extensive than Mrs. Flagler's. She was the daughter of a country banker in St. Lawrence county, went to the local public school, then spent two years in a New York finishing school. Then she married early and became the mother of six children.

A Flying Machine Before Christ.

And Some Striking Instances—Such as the Taximeter, Looping-the-Loop, and Growing Plants by Electricity—Proving That There is Nothing New Under the Sun.

THE SAYING that there is no new thing under the sun may be very hackneyed, but it is very true. We take a natural pride in our wonderful modern inventions, but are apt to overlook the fact that they are, after all, largely the developments and improvements of ideas as old as the hills. Among several instances a proper of this character Mr. Henry E. Dudeney writing in the Strand Magazine mentions that Professor Beal, while carrying out excavations in Rome, on the site formerly occupied by the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill, has proved that at least three large lifts were used in the palace, enabling the Roman Emperors to ascend from the Forum to the top of the Palatine. One shaft, which has not yet been completely cleared from the debris and rubbish which encumbered it, is no less than a hundred and twenty feet deep. Imagination is the true beguiler of all these things. The man who first thought of a flying machine in ages

long past was doubtless scoffed at as a superstitious dreamer, yet here we have today men flying around us in all directions. It will probably always be the same. Even so late as 1884 a careful thinker like Richard Proctor had so little faith in the possibility of dirigible balloons that he could write: "The buoyancy of balloons is secured, and can be secured, only by one method, and that method is such as to preclude all possibility—so, at least, it seems to me—that the balloon can be navigated." The fact is that the impossibility of yesterday frequently becomes a probability today and a commonplace achievement tomorrow.

The application of electricity to the cultivation of plants may strike the reader as being the very "last cry" in gardening and horticulture, but from an old print published toward the end of the eighteenth century we have discovered the following interesting fact: A letter signed "Stephen

Dumainbray," and dated Edinburgh, February 18th, 1747, is printed in the old Gentleman's Magazine, in which the writer says: "As the following discovery may be of future benefit to society, if the hint be rightly taken, I make no doubt of your inserting the sketch of an application of electricity towards the improvement of vegetation, which I have reason to believe the first part in execution, since nothing hath ever been published of the kind. On the 28th December last I had a myrtle from Mr. Bouteiller's greenhouse, which since that time I have electrified seventeen times, and allowed the shrub half a pint of water each fourth day, which you will please observe was kept in the room most frequented of my house, and consequently most exposed to the injuries of the air by the doors and windows being oftentimes opened.

This myrtle has since, by electrification, produced several shoots, the longest measuring full three inches; whereas numbers of the same kind and vigor, left in the said greenhouse, have not shown the least degree of increase since that time."

Hero of Alexandria (about 135 B.C.) was an ingenious inventor of mechanical toys. In his works, "Pneumatics" and "Automata," he describes some hundred small machines that he probably never carried beyond the "model" stage. These included a steam-engine which is said to be of the form now known as Avery's patent, and a double forcing pump to be used as a fire-engine. Hero was also the original inventor of the automatic delivery, or penny-in-the-slot machine. He describes "a sacrificial vessel which flows only when money is introduced." When the coin is dropped through the slit it falls on one end of a balanced horizontal lever, which, being depressed, opens a valve suspended from a chain at the other end, and the water begins to flow. When the lever has been depressed to a certain angle the coin falls off, and the valve being weighted returns to its seat and cuts off the supply.

Although the taxicab is a comparatively novelty, the taximeter was in use about a hundred years ago. "One of these," it was announced at the time of its invention "will cost but twenty-five shillings without a case; but if varnished and silvered as a clock dial, one guinea and a half. The others are from two to four guineas, and eight guineas if with bells to strike the miles and quarters on pulling a string; one of which may be seen at Mr. Nolle's, watchmaker, in Leadenhall St.

The modern telegraph could not possibly

have been brought to its present state of perfection until we had made great additions to our knowledge of electricity. Yet imagination foreshadowed it. In a little book that lies before us, "Mathematical Recreations," by Henry Van Etien (London: 1633), we read: "Some says that by helpe of the Magnes persons which are almost may know each others minde, as if one being here at London, and another at Prague in Germany; if each of them had a needle toothed with one Magnes, then the virtue is such that in the same time that the needle which is at Prague shall move, this that is at London shall also; provided that the parties have like secret notes or alphabets, and the observation be at a set house of the day or night; and when the one party will declare unto the other, then let that party move the needle to these letters which will declare the matter to the other, and the moving of the other parties needle shall open his intention. The invention is subtle, but I doubt whether in the world there can be found so great a stone, or such a Magnes which carries with it such virtue; neither is it expedient, for treasons would be then too frequent and open." Here we have foreshadowed not merely telegraphy but wireless telegraphy!

The reader may suppose that at least the switch-back and looping-the-loop are modern inventions. But they are not so, as we discover from the print of a switch-back that was constructed in 1893, and from the public advertisement of a loop at Dubouges Wax-work Exhibition at the Haymarket a little later.

At any rate, the reader may be apt to think, the submarine is a quite modern motion; but this is not so. Merseme, in his work on "Hydraulics, Pneumatics, and the Art of Navigation," published in Paris in 1644, deals with the subject, and Wilkins devoted a whole chapter to discussing its uses and its difficulties in detail, and a submarine boat was actually exhibited on the Thames in 1625 with King James I on board. Fulton also elaborated complete plans of a submarine at the beginning of the last century.

But let us pass to the heavier-than-air flying-machine, as being perhaps one of the most "modern" of all inventions. In the very earliest times men have conceived the idea of flying with wings like birds. There is no reason whatever to doubt the fact that Archytas of Tarentum (about three hundred and ninety-four years before the Christian era) constructed an automaton pigeon that would fly.

But a flying-machine invented by a Vienna watchmaker named Degan, in 1809, has so many points in common with the aeroplane of to-day that we will give a description of it. A frame was made, consisting of rods of some strong but light materials, on which the man stood erect. A flat-shaped wing, nine feet long, eight feet broad at the swell, and terminating at a point, proceeded from that part of the frame close to each shoulder, and a fan-shaped tail, apparently connected with both wings, proceeded from behind as far as their swell. Each wing was concave, like a parachute, and by a series of cords from the different ribs composing it, could be suddenly contracted so as to give propulsion against the air, and consequently by its resistance produce elevation.

It is not sufficiently explained how the working was effected, but it seems that this was done by elevating, depressing, or revolving a crank connected at each extremity with the series of cords which dis-

played or contracted the wings. Degan is said not only to have mounted high in the air with his machine but to have exhibited a flight resembling that of a bird, "not consisting merely in ascent or descent, but in real aerial navigation."

Roller-skating came up as a new invention about forty years ago. It was, however, merely a revival. Most people will learn with great surprise that it was in vogue at least fifty years before the date at which it was looked upon as something quite new.

It is noteworthy, too, that even in our games we only improve the pastimes of the ancients. We invent very little. Games with a ball, such as cricket, football, golf, nine-pins, and ping-pong, were played, with slightly different rules, by our ancestors in the dim past, while chess, draughts, cards, back-gammon, and dominoes are, in their elements, of tremendous antiquity. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

The Life of an Artist's Model

The Truth About an Arduous Profession Where \$600 a Year is Made by the Average Power.

SOME INTERESTING details of the life of an artist's model are given by Miss Marjorie Andrews in the London Magazine.

"What an easy life you models have!" is the kind of thing I'm always having said to me.

My only reply to these people is to make them take any pose they like, either sitting or standing, and then tell them to keep quite still for an hour; that they may then rest for ten minutes, sit again for fifty minutes, rest again for ten, and keep this up for at least six hours, with an interval of from half an hour to an hour for lunch. This my victim immediately, and smilingly, commences to do, generally taking what she considers a comfortable and at the same time artistic attitude.

Then I sit down and await results. Generally at the end of about ten minutes my amateur model begins toidget, and I'm obliged to tell her to keep her head up or lower her chin, as I see the is leaning her pose.

At the end of another five minutes I hear a faint sigh and some complaint about a leg having gone to sleep or a pain in the neck. "That's all right," I say; "only another three-quarters of an hour, and then you may rest." I always find this treat-

ment eases the sufferer, who at length gives in and says: "I really didn't know it was so hard."

No; a model's life is really hard work; and I can only advise girls who are thinking of going in for sitting to have no silly



The coil of the figure forms an important item in the model's life.

ideas about the life being an easy one, for they will be sadly disappointed, and had better stick to whatever they are doing.

In order to tell you what a model's life really is, I can only give you my experience.

My first sitting was for my head in the art school at a large seaside town. I got this through one of the masters coming in to the teachers where I was a waitress, and offering me the job, carefully telling me he only wanted me because the "drawing" in my head wasn't bad, and that my "coloring" was fairly paintable.

So I drifted into the life, and, finding that if you worked hard, kept your appointments, and yourself decent, you got to know men and women who were kind to you, and treated you with a respect, which nobody who does not understand the model's life, can, or will, believe, I determined to stick to it.

Although I know many models who seldom take sittings at the schools, I have always kept in touch with the latter and have done most of my work there, because I have found that, though it is harder work, the regularity of it pays. There are, of course, seasons in the year when nearly all the artists who can afford to employ models are out of town and all the schools are closed, to say nothing of the days when the light is too bad and work impossible, or when an artist has another appointment, say with a portrait sitting, and has to cancel the model's engagement. The model's pay is like that of the theatre—"no play no pay." I don't mean to say that if one is actually engaged for a day as an artist doesn't pay, but if he or she sends a card suggesting a different time one cannot very well refuse, although it may mean missing another sitting through the change.

I think, if all these things are taken into consideration, the income of the ordinary, hard-working girl will not exceed \$400 a year, and for this she must work very hard and keep herself fit. Of course, there are models who are fortunate enough to have some especially beautiful features, such as perfect feet or hands, a wonderful figure, or red hair, and they can ask a much higher fee than this average. An artist is only too glad to get them at any price.

It is quite a good tip to find out some color and style of costume that suits one, as this will often suggest a subject to an artist. And if one is clever with one's

fingers, and can invent and make costumes, one can often get a sitting through having original "get-ups." For school work they are quite a stock-in-trade, as the question is nearly always asked: "Have you any costumes?"

It is a curious fact, and one that is anything but flattering to our modern style of dress that a good figure-model will frequently look her very worst in her clothes. Many girls have an idea that to be a peculiar figure-model it is necessary to be plump and round. There are, no doubt, eccentric artists who prefer a Rubensian figure, but these are the exceptions, and for most private work and school work a spare figure is far more valuable.

The cult of the figure forms an important item in a model's life. One must take plenty of exercise and fresh air, which, after a tiring day's sitting, one feels very disinclined to do. One must not eat too much, or one gets too fat; on the other hand, regular and sufficient meals are a necessity, or one gets too thin.

By the way, it is not possible that it is the word "sitting" that conveys an impression of the "ease" of a model's life to an outsider? How often this sitting develops into standing, any model will tell you.

If one hasn't a good "drawing" figure, it is quite a good tip to take up black-and-white work, but for this one must have decent clothes—an evening dress or two, a good costume, and a smart hat.

There is plenty of work in this direction, its only drawback from a remunerative point of view being that the black-and-white artist works more quickly than the painter, and consequently the sitting does not take up so much time.

Then again the portrait painter often employs models for the figures and dresses of his clients. It has occurred more than once in my life that I have sat for the portrait of a man in riding breeches!

Another department—if one may use the word—in the model's profession is "costuming." But this is rather a disagreeable business. I remember the first time I sat again. However, one soon gets used to the heavy feeling.

All sorts of competitions come into the day's work. Once I had to grind a barrel organ to amuse some street Arabs. A painter had engaged me to pose for the picture of a girl dancing to a burly-gurdy, with two little children looking on.

One day, when my sittings were nearly finished, I was greeted, as I entered the

studio, with: "I don't want to paint you to-day, but will you turn the organ and keep these kids amused?" So for a while I turned the handle, and incidentally came to the conclusion that there are even more tiring professions in the world than that of being an artist's model.

In a lifetime of this work one happens, as in any other walk of life, on unhappy times and bores, people, who treat one with no more consideration than they would a lay figure which never felt fatigue or unkind remarks, but the greater part of my experience with artists has led me to believe that, under the shabby, paint-beaten overall, beat some of the kindest hearts in the world.

Many and many an artist has, to my knowledge, fed a poor model, who, through ill-health or bad luck, has fallen on hard times, when his own finances were in a most precarious state. Sometimes the boot will be on the other foot, and a good-natured

ed model will sit for nothing when the artist is hard up. And she may be sure that this kindness on her part will be repaid with interest when things are going well again.

Purchase the touting round from studio to studio is the most unpleasant item of the model's life. This however is now to a great extent done away with by our "Artists' Model Club." Many clubs of this kind had started and failed through mismanagement or through jealousy on the part of the members. It was difficult to get girls to understand at first what a tremendous help an institution of this sort can be. If an artist wants a model, or a school model does not turn up, they have only to ring up the club and they can get another immediately. Certainly to-day the conditions of the model's life are improving, and so small part in this improvement has been played by the Chelsea Models' Club.

Why Small Business Men Fail

A Business Man by Detailing the Errors He Has Made, Here Shows How to Avoid Them.

WHEN a business falls foul of success and consequently gets into difficulties, the man at its head finds little or no trouble in putting his finger on what he thinks is the cause, and exclaims: "That's at the bottom of all my worry."

A writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, in discussing this subject, has pointed out that it is not more than one case in ten in the man right. In other words, he continues, when a business has to close down, or the man at the head of a small business is unable to keep the wolf from the door, and figuratively speaking gets devoured by the ferocious animal, the sacrifice is rarely due to any other but some internal cause, not external.

A badly organized business means that there is perhaps a total absence of detail work, which must be injurious to any business. I once heard a keen business man say that a business was very much like a newly-born babe, which in itself might be healthy and strong, but left in the care of an inexperienced mother must in the end suffer and die. The detail work of a business corresponds with the washing, dressing and tending a baby properly, which, if done carefully, will aid the babe to grow and prosper. Neglect these things and the baby dies. It is exactly so with a business.

Detail work is not in everybody's line, neither is nursing a baby. The detail man is he who thinks out schemes and plans their working. He requires no telling, he knows what should be done to the baby. Ask another man to think out a scheme for improving his business and he can not do it. Hence, therefore, the mistake that is commonly made by small traders of failing to call in a business expert for consultation and advice in respect of a business that is ailing. He is the business doctor, and there are few places where he is not to be found. Now you ask me how I formulate my theory that in all probability the real cause of business non-success is due to some hidden internal cause rather than external? Very little business has its own particular market—in other words, customers. If a man does not keep his customers, it is obviously because something is wrong somewhere. If his customers leave him, that must be so; he lets them slip off; the fault is his, and not that of the rival. Let the dealer make a thorough examination of conscience, let him throw his eyes about him to see if he can not locate the weak spot in the machinery of his business, and then, having found it, strengthen it at once. Of course, it must be admitted that trade competition supplies a tangible

cause for a small business not being able sometimes to clear the sticks, but it is within the scope and power of the little man to check the advance of the opposition, and so keep his customers. The biggest mistake, I think, that a small trader makes is his fear to speculate in advertising. You must tell the people what you have to sell. Advertise broadcast; be strong and firm in what you say. It is advertising only that keeps up the big firms, and it can swell little firms into big firms. Don't hold back because you are unable to draw up the advertising matter yourself; perhaps not one in a thousand could do that work himself. You can get it done very cheaply. Lack of capital may bring bands from putting into working operation many good ideas to cope with the voracious demands necessitated by the encroaching opposition which is busy drawing away custom from a small trader. The dearth of money may be due entirely to the free and easy manner in which some owners of small businesses dip their fingers into the till and take what is there for their own use. Of course, all this is very

wrong. Business people call it starving a business. Either you or your business must come first. If your business comes first, then you must do the starving, to speak in a metaphorical sense, and give all the strength of your till to the business.

Too sudden a success has frequently killed a business. That sounds paradoxical. But it is possible for the volume of trading to be too much at first for the capital at disposal. Here is a concrete example. A certain business made over \$1,750 net profit in its first year, after paying all expenses. Two thousand five hundred dollars additional capital was wanted. Owing to the business being new, it was most difficult to find the money, and it could only be raised by offering occupation with investment, which cost \$750 a year for three years. There was thus a liability of \$2,500 on the business, which in three years had increased to \$4,750, and no adequate return for services. This crippled the business, of course, and it eventually passed in its decrepit state into the hands of the partner in liquidation of the personal liability in respect of the loan, or investment.

How To Keep Fit

A Typical Venus de Milo Describes Her Methods of Physical Culture.

THE MEASUREMENTS of Miss Sinclair (Mrs. Fahey), the beautiful wife of a well-known English artist are practically identical with those of the Venus de Milo. Miss Sinclair is only 18 and her physical beauty testifies to the soundness of her theories regarding exercise and diet, and her system of keeping fit which she describes in *The Royal Magazine*.

Of course, I can not claim, she says, that my method of keeping fit has caused me to develop to almost the exact proportions of the celebrated Venus de Milo. But I do claim that it is a triumphant success as far as health is concerned. And as I have exercised every day for a long time now, and as my measurements are what they are, it does seem as if the exercises had something to do with it, doesn't it?

Perhaps it would be of interest to start by giving the measurements, so here they are:

	Venus.	Mrs. Fahey.
	ft. in.	ft. in.
Height	5 4	5 4
Head	21.3	21.5
Neck	12.5	12.5

Chest	33	33
Bust	37	37
Waist	26	26
Hips	36	36
Thigh	22.5	22.5
Calf	13.2	13.2
Ankle	7.4	8
Knee	15	15
Upper Arm	12.5	12.5
Fore Arm	9.5	9.5
Wrist	5.9	5.75

You will see that there is not much difference between us. To be quite frank, I borrow my ideas on exercise from the Greeks; because it seems to me that they know more about health and beauty than any one else has ever discovered. I might also exclaim with Kipling:

When Omar smote 'is blossoming lyre
'E'd 'eard men sing on hand and sea
And wot 'a thought 's might require
'E went and look—the same as me.

For I do not claim to be a modern replica of a Greek maiden as far as eating and drinking and exercising go. Anything that the Greeks did which seems to me sensible



If you are in frolicsome mood, make believe to be a Greek girl playing the tambourine — a light beated gush of this kind is one of the best things in the world for your health.

and suited to modern requirements, I borrow. To these beginnings I add little touches of my own, and so, although Greece inspired the whole thing, it is by no means pure Greek in its final state.

It is the simplicity of the Greeks which appeals to me most, because I love simple things, particularly as regards food. I never eat meat, because I don't like it, and prefer a diet of light soups, fruit, eggs, and similar trifles. It seems to me that the average woman who does not undertake a great deal of manual labor is better without heavy food. I am sure a simple diet keeps the skin clearer, the eye brighter, and the wit sharper—in my case at any rate.

I am never troubled either with indiges-

tion or insomnia, and I ascribe this relief from two of the greatest of modern evils largely to simple fare. Nothing that I eat must be highly flavoured or accompanied by rich sauces. I am fond of milk puddings, and one of the many varieties figures as a rule in my day's dishes.

Now we come to the question of exercises and here again the keynote of my regime is simplicity. I do not go in for advanced gymnastics. They may, as their devotees claim, improve the nerve and bring about increased agility, but my nerve is excellent; also, the last thing I want is over-developed muscles, which, to my mind, do not add to a woman's beauty.

If a girl is to practise exercises they must be gentle, so that there is no risk of over-strain, and "all-round"—that is to say, not develop one part of the body independently of the rest. They ought to be as rhythmic as possible too, to make her graceful.

I always begin exercising by holding a stick behind my head and breathing deeply. Deep breathing is the first thing in the



During deep-breathing exercises a stick held behind the head will be found very helpful, as it brings the shoulders back.

world; it develops the chest, improves circulation and prevents catching cold.

Hold the stick with both hands behind your head, then let your head fall forward, draw in the waist and inhale slowly through the nose bringing back the head as you inhale till it touches the stick. Then exhale through the mouth relaxing the waist and letting the head fall forward.

If you do this ten times every morning before you open your bedroom window as soon as you get out of bed, you will never have a cold and will add years to your life. This is practically the only stereotyped exercise I do, all my others are impromptu things, because monotonous set exercises are deadly and awful for women.

So I wander about my bedroom picking up imaginary stones and throwing them away. Sometimes I bend one knee to do this, sometimes I bend from the waist and keep my knees braced back. Again I pretend I am a Greek maiden making an offering to the gods, and hold up the imaginary sacrifice high above my head. Next I play at throwing the discs. I copied

the correct attitude from pictures of Greek statuary.

Of course you must concentrate your attention and not perform all these imaginary feats in a slack, feeble way, or you will feel no benefit.

My final exercise is excellent for the legs; all the preceding ones have been for the arm and body muscles. It is nothing but walking upstairs.

The family staircase sees me walk up and down at least six times every morning. If you live in a flat and have no stairs of your own, do not despair, but vow never to use the elevator again.

Don't be slack and make a labor of it. Don't go on the other hand, scamp up the stairs. Take time and see that you keep your head erect and your back straight. All exercises should be done in loose garments and preferably on rising in the morning. At that moment one is clothed either in the conventional night-dress or the more modern pyjamas, and either is an excellent gurb for exercising.

The Terror That Flieeth

A Graphic Picture of England Under a Rain of Bombs From the Midnight Heavens—War to Cease Soon.

A GRAPHIC picture of the fate of England in the next war is drawn in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Harold Wynt, who foresees a hostile power raining down bombs from the midnight air, and owing to England's supineness in preparations for this event, escaping unharmed and unmolessted. For very many years the English public has only read of war, and experienced nothing of its terrors, when British interests have been involved. In the contest which may now occur at any moment Mr. Wynt says:

Their old immunity from personal peril is for ever gone. No longer will those who constitute the public be able to read at breakfast time of the trials and the sacrifices of their navy and their army, with the comfortable reflection that they themselves, the readers, are far removed from the scene of conflict and fenced round with invulnerable safety. On the contrary, there will not be in all England, and dweller in all Scotland and Wales, and wharper in a town of any size upon whose roof the evil bolt of death may not descend while he sleeps. Each night, as he goes to his rest, he will realise that he may be blown into eternity

by a bomb from the dark heights of the air before the break of another dawn. And he will know too that to this appalling menace of imminent destruction are exposed, equally with himself, and in equal helplessness, his womenfolk and his little children.

If it be objected that the picture is exaggerated which is here drawn of the universal and all-pervading threat which will assuredly be offered in the next great war to the inhabitants of the towns of Britain, I reply that in its essence the picture is true already, but that if exaggeration there be, that exaggeration will grow less every month, and will probably be exceeded by reality within one or two years' time. For nothing is more certain, and nothing more obvious, than that the people of the great cities, and even of the small towns of this land, will be as helpless as doves in a dove-cot assailed by shot-puns, against the aerial craft which Germany already commands. The dwellers in isolated farmhouses, in little hamlets, in remote villages may perhaps hope to escape destruction, but, in proportion to its size, every big centre of population will be a natural target.

It is more than worth while to consider seriously what means of resistance we should have; and, further, to deal with another point—namely, the new strategy which aerial conditions of war will render necessary. This last point appears to be one to which thought has hardly yet been applied.

The number of airships which we possess, conceivably competent to do something effective against a German Zeppelin, is exactly one. Even this is far smaller, and therefore far less powerful, than the largest representatives of the German aerial navy. Our only hope of defence, therefore, lies in our aeroplanes.

The very interesting question arises here whether an aeroplane, or several aeroplanes, could operate on a dark night in such a manner as to discover an airship floating at a considerable elevation without lights. At the present stage of aerial science, the answer to this inquiry must, unfortunately, be in the negative. At present, it must be said that it is hardly possible for aeroplanes to fly at all on such a night. Thus the daring of certain of our army airmen on venturing to fly in semi-moonlight has recently formed the first subject of admiring comment in the Press. It follows, therefore, that as things now stand, we cannot hope that our aeroplanes could afford any protection to London, or any of our other great cities, against night attack by German airships.

We come now to the second of the two queries which I ventured to propound—namely, that affecting the strategy to be adopted in aerial war.

Until aeroplanes reach a point of development at which they can fly by night as well as by day, can carry heavy weight, and bear fuel sufficient to cover long distances without descending, the principal instruments for distant attack must continue to be great aircraft of the nature of those in which Germany leads the world. Now it is the hitherto unrecognised truth that if the present state of affairs were re-

versed, and we outspaced Germany in our possession of such vessels as much as in actuality Germany outpaces us, we should then be able to strike her even in the heart of Europe, and thus exercise power of a nature denied to England, while operating singly, since British airmen won at Agincourt. If that aerial fleet were ours instead of theirs, the peace of the world would be already assured. The dread of our attack would be sufficient to quench German Chauvinism in a cold douche of discretion.

Turning now from the immense and immediate danger which hangs over our heads to some survey of the effects of the progress of aviation in the world at large, it is now manifest that within a period of from ten to fifteen years from the present time, war will be waged no longer on the surface of land or sea, but beneath the waters in the submarine, or above them in the air. Simultaneously with this tremendous metamorphosis distances will shrink, and striking power will be increased. Unless war should supervene within the next few years, the issue between the white race and the yellow—an issue on which the destiny of the whole American continent will depend—will certainly be decided in conflict in the air. In saying this I refer, of course, to aerial capabilities, not as they are at present, but as they will assuredly be in half a generation's time.

The speed of transit, long stationary—for on land it is no greater now than it was fifty years back—is about to be enormously increased. We may well expect that the sons of the present generation will traverse sea and land at the rate of 150 miles an hour at least. Passengers liners will cease to exist, though cargo vessels may traverse the face of the oceans for a century more. On land, passenger trains will continue only on condition of a prodigious acceleration of their speed. But the possibility of that acceleration is already evident through the application of electricity, of the mono-rail, and of the gyroscope.

Writing To Please Everybody

A Frenchman's Views on the Art of Pleading from the Superficial to the Profound.

From the French of M. René Douma in *Le Temps* of June 1898.

IS THERE such a thing as an art of writing for everyone? and if so, what is it? At the present time the query assumes very opportune, so I decided to put the question to several persons whose ideas, it appeared to me, would be of interest.

Science refuses supreme nowadays, my first visit was to a learned scientist, a friend of mine. I caught him just as he was on the point of squaring the circle. "An art of writing for everyone," said he "of course there is. It simply consists in

writing superficially. The more lofty an idea is, the less chance it has of appealing to the intelligence of the ordinary man. There was only one man in the world capable of understanding Henry Poincaré and that was Henri Poincaré himself. He died just lately."

I was in hopes that the opinion of the writer of fiction would prove more favorable. "How to write a novel to please everyone," he said. "Nothing more simple. Put a good blood-curdling murder into the story."

My next visit was to a well known dramatist. "Plays for everybody," said he. "There are plenty of them. The pantomime and the cinematograph."

A poet who was present interrupted: "The art of writing for everyone, my dear conference, is to write badly."

Here I dropped my excuses. When we take the trouble to ask others for their opinions we naturally do so with the idea that they will express views which coincide with our own.

Now these replies seemed to me in no way to hit the mark.

I knew Henry Poincaré, I used to meet him every week at the Academy. He it was to whom we all used to turn instinctively whenever a scientific term dropped up in the dictionary. He could always supply off-hand a definition so clear and so simple that we all at once grasped its meaning. I have read not a few works of fiction from "Princess of Cleves" to "Princess of Islande," but it has never struck me that the best French novels are cluttered with glibly made-up. To the dramatic author I pointed out that the moving picture films are understood by everyone—bonds—bonds—but so also are the works of Molière. And to my friend the poet I could point out effusions of the present day the pretensions verbiage of which is to us enigmatical, whilst we still read without difficulty or hesitation Racine and La Fontaine who were not bad writers.

Let it be said plainly and with no idea of being paradoxical: "L'art d'écrire pour tous . . . c'est tout l'art d'écrire." The art of writing for all is the whole art of writing.

In this note, indeed, the chief aim of literature, to deal with subjects which to all appearance have no connection with literature in a style, clear, striking, and easily understood? Every scientific theory or problem has its technical side reserved for specialists, but there is also another side which appeals to everyone on account of its

living, humanitarian aspect. It is the function of literature to give expression to this viewpoint.

Mathematics were not invented solely for the amusement of mathematicians, but for the use and benefit of all of us though we may not be mathematicians. Many of us would be at a loss to interpret the simplest formula in chemistry, but the discoveries of Pasteur have given birth to ideas which are familiar to the least learned among us. To follow the calculations which are made daily at the Observatory one would have to be an astronomer, but you will no longer find a poet referring to the stars as so many golden nails in the vault of the celestial firmament. The metaphorical repository has had to be revised to bring it up to date with the most recent discoveries in astronomy.

And, above all, remember we are living in the 20th century. Our curiosity is boundless.

I called one day on Ferdinand Brunetiere at his office of the Revue des Deux Mondes. On the desk at which he worked between the times of receiving his visitors was a book he had just been reading. It was Darwin's Origin of Species. "Yes," he said, "I can guess what you are going to say: You think that this has no much connection with literature. You are wrong. We are no longer living in the 17th century when a 'gentleman' as he was then called, who knew Latin and Greek, bible history, ancient history, could speak his own tongue correctly, and repeat with ease a little of the current society poetry of the day, could afford to neglect everything else. To-day the sciences of physics has completely changed our everyday life, chemistry has given fresh life to medicine, political economy has changed the whole fabric of our social existence throughout the world. The telegraph to-day brings us news from Yokohama and Peking more quickly than news formerly traveled from Versailles to Paris. We must open our windows and enlarge our perspective so that it may embrace all points of the horizon. Now do you want a proof of my theory?"

A visitor card had just been handed to him, he passed it to me and said:

"Here is Paul Bourget, second to none among literary men of the present day. Now he spends hours in the clinical surgeries following the discoveries of our greatest practitioners. When Professor Dujardin says him coming, 'Ah,' he says, 'here is Dr. Bourget.' . . ."

The eminent critic was right. The ideas

which we formerly held with regard to the man of culture have changed. Henceforth the man we shall designate as such is the man, not who pretends to know everything—naturally—but who will be interested in everything, who wishes to understand everything, and who will insist on being talked to in such a manner that he will be able to do so.

I will anticipate one objection. "Everyone," you will say, "may be interested in the same facts and the same ideas: facts and ideas have a definite value, but when we come to opinions and sentiments they will vary in different individuals. How are you going to make everyone share the same sentiments, or hold the same opinions?"

Let me give you one or two instances in reply to your query.

Go into a church when all heads are bowed and hearts united in fervent prayer. Even though you may be an unbeliever and have no share in the hopes and beliefs of the faithful, you will not fail to experience a thrill of emotion, a responsive chord is touched somewhere in your inmost self. Arrive at any social function just as someone is describing some deed of heroism which he has witnessed, you will see pass over the countenances of all his auditors the same thrill of admiration whatever be their age or condition. Take the theatre, the Athenians were so affected by the performance of "The Persians" of Aeschylus that they were eager to at once take up arms and go to meet the enemy. Let a writer express in appropriate language,

either prose or verse, the beauty of self sacrifice, the enthusiasm of youth, the grandeur of faith, the fascination of science, the devotion of love, the charm of family life, the fresh beauty of newly awakened love, the marvels of maternal tenderness, let him write of anything that exalts and elevates; there is no reader so base that he can remain unmoved or unaffected. If such then be they are but the exceptions. All normal, healthy minded persons are imbued with the same sense, healthy feelings and emotions.

To those writers, therefore, who would use their abilities to think and write for the better and advancement of their country, I would say, using an expression of Lamartine's, "Expand! Broaden your viewpoint! Enlarge your understanding!" Give your thoughts and energies to the elucidation of problems which will benefit mankind. Have confidence in the future. Use your best endeavors to make that future what we should wish it to be for those that follow after us, for our children whom we wish to see still better off and happier than ourselves. Use only plain, clear, simple, language. Mystical, long-turped phrases and vague, grandiloquent expressions serve only to mask sentiments which we unconsciously find it necessary to hide. Take for your tactic courage, joy and hope. Choose words from your own tongue which seem to you best calculated to appeal to the highest feelings of your fellow men. So shall you become masters in the art of writing for everyone.

Rebuilding Greece

A Character Sketch of King Constantine of Greece, Showing His Tact and Knowledge of the Essentials.

From the French in Lectures near Town.

AT THE termination of a campaign the glorious outcome of which has produced results of such vast import to the Hellenic race, the whole nation was suddenly plunged into gloom by one of those manifold crimes which, as one Sovereign has put it, form "one of the risks of members of our profession."

In presenting this character sketch of the new Greek King Constantine I, who has just ascended the throne under such tragic circumstances we shall show how King Constantine I, secured his apprenticeship for his exalted position, and give some account of the circumstances in which this popular prince has entered upon the duties of his high office.

It was on March 18 last, at Salonica, which had lately been reconquered by the Greeks after four centuries' subjection to the Ottoman yoke that King George I. was mortally wounded by three revolver shots fired by a fanatic assassin in one of the principal streets of the city. Prince Nicholas the King's third son, and governor of Salonica was immediately summoned together with the generals and staff officers of all ranks.

It was soon seen that the wound was fatal, one of the bullets having entered by the shoulder blade and passed out at the breast.

Amidst a profound and solemn silence Prince Nicholas with his eyes fixed on the

fatal wound, turned to those present and said: "With profound grief I have to announce the death of my beloved father and revered Sovereign. Let us swear fidelity to the new King Constantine."

There was a moment's silence then a subdued shout of "Long live the King." A few hours' later the news reached the late crown prince at Janina which town he had entered as conqueror 12 days previously. The troops were immediately called together and before the assembled army by the light of lanterns and torches an order of the day was read announcing that their General, the Crown Prince, Duke of Sparta had become their King.

Thus was the new King proclaimed in two cities conquered and wrested from the enemy, amid the panoply of war, and the clash of arms. Constantine I had succeeded George I. The scholar had succeeded the diplomatist. Diplomatist, King George certainly was, as much from necessity as from inclination. The position in which this young prince was placed when in 1863 he was called upon to succeed Otto King of Bavaria, who had received his crown from the Grecian people was one of unusual difficulty. Ahead he had to consolidate and acquire the goodwill of Europe, who with uneasy eyes was watching the ambitious aspirations of Greece. At home it was his unenviable task to reduce to some state of order a country which since its liberation from the Turkish yoke had known nothing but trouble and revolutions.

It also was incumbent upon him the one of a northern race of King with the fair hair and blue eyes of the viking to render himself an acceptable ruler to a people of the south of a race entirely different to that from which he himself had sprung.

By sheer force of tact, intelligence, and character George I. learnt during the 50 years of his reign to extricate himself from positions even more difficult. He resolved, however, that many of the difficulties which he himself had met with as King should be spared to his successor, and he, therefore, decided to bring up the Crown Prince and the six other children of his union, with the Grand Duchess Olga, niece of Czar Alexander II., as true Greeks, with ideas and sentiments at one with the Greek people.

Every step in the education of the Crown Prince was conceived with this idea in view. In the first place, the study of history and of the Greek language were objects of special care. If he sometimes conversed with his father in English, which

King George spoke most fluently of the 6 or 7 languages he knew, with his younger brothers and sisters Greek was the only language used. He was also brought up on the most simple patriarchal lines, with an utter disregard of etiquette.

This was a most important point when the character of the Hellenes is taken into consideration. No more democratic nation exists, no people more passionately insistent on "equality." In Greece class distinctions are almost unknown. A cabinet minister or an ambassador will have perhaps some distant relative among the poorer classes, who in his fastidious dress will proudly greet him as he is leaving the Royal palace and address him familiarly in the second person singular.

This familiarity on the part of his subjects never grated upon King George who was simply personified. During his frequent visits to Paris—he was a true "Boulevardier," and his spare figure with his Christy or Top Hat slightly tilted over one ear was well-known in the Place Vendôme and the opera quarter—he was universally popular on account of his charming personality. More often than not he would go to the Theatre Francaise and take his turn at the box office just as an ordinary individual.

Perhaps, however, it was at Aix-les-Bains where he took the "cure" every year, and where the storkkeepers and admirers all called "Monseigneur is Not," that more than anywhere, he threw ceremony entirely to the winds.

The following is one anecdote of many concerning him, which M. Xavier Paoli, to whom was entrusted the marvellous of all Royal visitors, delights in relating:

"We were at the station of Chlois, on the way from Aix to Paris. The King's suite and myself had left him for a few moments to purchase some books and papers.

"Strolling along the platform he saw at the window of a 3rd class carriage a peasant woman vainly endeavouring to open the door, and boiling over with vexation and impatience.

"'Here, say Mieser,' she cried, 'just come and give me a hand will you!'

"The King at once hastened to her assistance, opened the door and lifted her down in his arms. Then turning to him she said, 'Now you can hand me down my basket of vegetables and my bag.'

"A form of address used only among intimate relatives, or friends, or to servants, in European continental countries. The nearest English equivalent was the "Thee" and "Thou" of the Quakers.



The new Queen Sophie of Greece, with the Princesses Helen and Alice.

"The King obediently executed her command when at this moment we appeared upon the scene. . . . He signed to us to say nothing and picking up her handbag escorted her to the waiting room took her ticket for her, as she was changing trains here, and refused to accept the money for it in spite of her urgent entreaties."

At Athens he showed the same dislike of ceremony, he would always, on returning there, wire from Corinith to the Prime Minister to dispense with the regulation gun salute.

Pretending that Greece was eventually bound to be involved in war to uphold her historical and territorial rights, and considering it necessary that one member at least of the Royal family should be an experienced soldier, King George gave Prince Constantine a thorough military training. This commenced at an early age under Captain (now General) Spondoukakis, one of the heroes of the recent war, and at 17 years of age the prince was one of the most brilliant young lieutenants in the Grecian army.

A robust constitution being a necessity for a soldier, he was made familiar with every kind of bodily exercise. From this early training he acquired and still retains a keen interest in all forms of athletic sport.

After serving his time as captain of his company, he was sent to the Military Academy at Berlin to complete his military training. Here, by a strange coinci-

dence, he had as a fellow pupil Essad Pasha who was afterwards to be his adversary at the siege of Janina.

During his stay at Berlin he made the acquaintance, at the Prussian Court of the sister of the German Crown Prince William, the Princess Sophie, a charming young girl, with a wealth of splendid fair hair, and became a suitor for her hand. It was a love match, entirely unconnected with politics. The marriage was celebrated at Athens, Oct. 15, 1889.

By this time the Prince had acquired considerable military experience and astonished the old Emperor William by his criticisms of the German manoeuvres at which he was always present.

In 1897 the Greco-Turkish war broke out, an enterprise foolishly undertaken contrary to the wishes of both George I. and of his government. To the 250,000 men of the Turks, the Greeks could only oppose some 60,000 troops and these were very poorly armed.

A soldier and an athlete, such is the double character of King Constantine. In appearance he is tall and vigorous with ruddy blue eyes. Keenly alert, with a slightly curled fair moustache, always correctly dressed in his uniform—he rarely dons civilian clothes—the Prince in spite of his 44 years is quite young in appearance.

His qualities as a leader were brilliantly displayed last autumn when, after the rout of the Turkish army by a half of French officers under General Eyadoux, war broke out. On Oct. 18 the army of Thessaly crossed the frontier under the command of the Crown Prince. With the eye of a strategist he decided that a rapid and vigorous attack could alone decide the victory. Contact was soon made with the enemy under Tahsin Pasha and in a fortnight the Prince's success was decisive. The Ottoman army was defeated at Kilosun, at Servia, at Santhure and at the Vardar. On Nov. 7 the Greek army was at Tepelen, 15 miles from Salomona where Tahsin Pasha had taken refuge with the 35,000 men remaining to him.

A skilful enveloping movement placed them at the mercy of the Prince and on Nov. 9 Salomona surrendered. The day was a glorious one for the Prince as he entered the town at the head of his army with his father by his side.

Perhaps, however, the campaign of Epirus with the capture of Janina furnished even more striking proof of his military

genius. Defended by 30,000 men, under the command of two brave Generals, Eased Pacha and Vehid Bey, protected by forts armed with the most modern guns, Janina was considered impregnable.

The siege had lasted four months when on March 3, the Prince announced his intention (knowing full well the news would soon reach the enemy) of attacking the Turks on their left in the direction of Bizani. The Turks fell into the trap and weakened their right wing. Then on the morning of March 6 three Greek brigades comprising in all 21,000 men attacked the quarter which, by their withdrawal of troops, the Turks had, so to speak, delivered into their enemy's hands, and on the same day the Prince entered Janina.

In addition to the Crown Prince, other members of his family distinguished themselves during the war. While his brothers, Prince Nicholas, Andre and Christopher also filled the commands allotted to them according to their rank in the army, his eldest son—he has 5 children, 3 sons and 2 daughters—Prince George, the new Crown Prince, 22 years of age, received his baptism of fire. The princesses also acted as nurses with the ambulances and in the hospitals.

The Princess Alice (formerly of Battenberg) wife of Prince Andre, accompanied

the Thessalian army, staying in the towns wherever the troops were quartered and at night going out to rescue the wounded on the battlefields. The soldiers in their gratitude christened her "Our Angel Alice."

At Salonica the present Queen Sophie and her sister-in-law Princess Helen, wife of Prince Nicholas, had charge of an ambulance; and Princess Marie, a Bona-partie, wife of Prince George, took charge of the temporary hospital at the Evfepides School at Athens.

King Constantine's accession, has been hailed everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. When he entered Athens on Mar. 20th, at 8 a.m.; although his approach had only been announced late the previous night, an immense crowd welcomed him on the Boulevard Syngros. And the next day on his visit to the Chamber of Deputies to take the oath to the Constitution, the populace went frantic with joy.

On the accession of George I., Greece was the smallest kingdom in Europe; previous to the late war it was larger than Belgium and Holland together; and by his victorious campaign Constantine I. has still further enlarged the boundaries of his realm. Without doubt, he is at the present time, to use the expression of an Athens newspaper, the most popular man in Greece.

King Edward as a Motorist

A Personal Study of the Human Side of a King Whose Emergencies Only Set in Relief His Sympathy and Unassailable Dignity.

In commenting upon the reminiscences of Mr. C. W. Stamper, an engineer, who from 1905 onwards always accompanied King Edward VII. on his motor expeditions, *The Daily Telegraph* reminds us how important a part in the outward life of King Edward was played by the motor car. Mr. Stamper only was to sit beside the driver, and to assume control of all the Royal chauffeurs and cars. Upon this official devolved many duties of personal attendance on the King, who came to regard him as indispensable in all motor expeditions. Mr. Stamper has succeeded in showing us a great public figure on what is known as the "human side." Thereby he illuminates the sources of a great popularity.

This is Mr. Stamper's impression of the King as a master: "At once good-natured and dignified, he was kind and appreciative to a degree, strict, but not stern, scrupulously fair, often quick-tempered, though

his anger had gone—not passed, but gone—almost before it was there, and he was never unreasonable, but always ready to hear an explanation."

It seems the King sometimes had a humorously ironic way of meeting misfortunes on the road.

He would show his displeasure by assuming the air of the most complete resignation. Indeed, perhaps, of upbraiding me, if I lost the way, he would question me quietly, as to ascertain what was wrong, gravely deplore the way in which misfortune singled him out for her victim, and then settle himself gently in his corner, as if resigning himself to his fate. In his countenance there was written a placid acceptance of the situation and a calm expectancy of worse to come. The listless way in which he heard my apologies was inimitable. Of such genteel irony, the King was a master. . . . so exquisite was the pose he affected that his gentlemen

were often hard put to it not to smile, while sometimes the King would end by laughing in spite of himself.

Although always careful in the interests of the public, the King preferred when it was safe to do so to travel fast, and he disliked allowing any car to remain in front of him. "Speed," says the author, "was of the essence of his nature. Moreover, he expected it of others, and of tardiness under any circumstances he was impatient."

But, although he was fond of fast travel, yet he was never a reckless motorist, and his car never met with or caused a serious accident.

There was, nevertheless, an occasion in October, 1908, when a disaster was narrowly avoided. The King was motoring to West Dean from the Sanatorium at Midhurst. As the car was descending a steep hill the foot-brakes refused to set, and the hand-brake was only slightly effective. The heavy vehicle rapidly gathered speed, but, fortunately, there was a side road into which the chauffeur was able to turn the car and presently brought it to a standstill. It was discovered that a quantity of oil had worked out of the gear-box and affected the brakes. The author speaks of the terrible anxiety that he endured when he found himself powerless to arrest the car. From sheer nervousness, we are told, a newly-appointed chauffeur, who was driving the King for the first time, took a corner too sharply, with the result that the car skidded across the road and nearly collided with a bank. "Do you want to kill me?" inquired his Majesty, who never lost his calmness or sense of humor in moments of danger.

The King had a passion for punctuality, and when, as sometimes inevitably happened, he was delayed by a mistake of route, he showed indignation with Mr. Stamper, who was responsible for the itinerary. During his stay at Marshfield in 1907 his Majesty had arranged to motor to Karlstad and to lunch there. Mr. Stamper, who had been directed to follow a new route, failed to find it, and unfortunately took the car into a by-road. Several times the King remarked to him, "You'll land me in a farmyard. I know you will"; and, sure enough, eventually

the lane led into a squalid village street, which had all the appearance of a farmyard. After making inquiries, Mr. Stamper discovered that it was necessary to go back, and communicated this bad news to the King, who was already sorely tried by the delay.

"You're always going wrong," he thundered. "Everybody else can get to Karlstad in fifty minutes, but I—I can't get there under two hours."

Never, says Mr. Stamper, had he known his Majesty so much moved by a contretemps. But the Royal anger left no sting, and, we are told, in the case of offenders who were not of his immediate circle it was always concealed. The fault that annoyed King Edward met in those who served him was a failure to see common-sense, and here again he would often vent his annoyance in a quiet irony.

His Majesty was pleased to feign to assume that the culprit did not possess the sense he had not displayed, and, in giving the order again, he would employ the literal and exaggerated precision a parent would use in instructing a child. One by one he gravely enumerated the simple steps to be taken. Exactly how he should go and what he should fetch, the manner of his carrying it, and of his return—all these the King carefully specified, and when he had finished he would give a little half-nod, half-toss of his head. The motion spoke volumes. It bade the offender begone from his presence; it told the dismissal of the offence from his mind. His annoyance had passed.

Mr. Stamper was deeply impressed with the King's tireless activities, which, he says, in the last three years, instead of diminishing were actually extended. It was only by "running to time" that the King could fulfil his many engagements, and it was small wonder that any delay in his motor journeys was a source of keen irritation to him. Moreover, the author notes that weather was never allowed to interfere with his arrangements. He simply ignored it.

In a hundred different ways, not easily to be quoted, Mr. Stamper brings out the kindly characteristics, the gentleness, decisiveness, quick sympathy, unassailable dignity, and perfect savoir faire.

Dental Progress Behind the Needs

Modern Business Life is Producing Changes in the Teeth that makes much of Modern Mouth Treatment a Malpractice.

Dr. Nedine and Dr. Tracy, of the New York State Dental Society, give in the *Boston Transcript* some of the advances achieved by science in the matter of dentistry in the last ten years. Much has been learned of the reasons for decay in teeth. More has been discovered in the matter of treating diseased teeth and much has been done to show the connection between bad teeth and an inefficient body.

First, there is the beginning of the prevention of most of the deterioration and loss. Professor Fickellir of New Zealand, after six years' observations and experiment, discovered that fruit acids have the property of preventing dental decay. A diet containing weak fruit acids stimulates the proper secretion of saliva which is Nature's medium for protecting the teeth. The conclusions arrived at by Professor Fickellir are supported by Professor Gies of Columbia and others.

The second chief advance is the prevention of irregular permanent teeth by correcting the irregularity of the temporary teeth, and so insuring correct breathing, enunciation, and mastication. It has been discovered that the "permanents" come in the same relative position as the earliest temporary teeth, and that they can be insured to grow straight by attention, preferably before the sixth year.

Other advances are the wider recognition that incisors for mouths play a direct and important part in contributing to systematic and organic diseases, and the establishment of clinics for school children; the adoption of a highly aesthetic standard in restoring lost structures with porcelain, and the casting and insertion of gold inlays; and the improvement of hygienic removable bridgework. There has been invented an appliance which records all the movements of the jaws, reproducing them on metal. Upon this metal, called an arthrostat, can be constructed artificial substitutes, such as plates, bridgework, etc. Such substitutes allow natural movements in eating. This is the invention of Professor Gysi, of Zurich, Switzerland.

The assistance of the X-ray, both for its therapeutic action and as an aid in diagnosing obscure cases, has become extremely helpful in locating roots that have been broken off, and also in ascertaining lines of fracture, the X-ray is

invaluable. Sometimes teeth, through faulty development, are caryocysted in the bone of the jaw. Now they may be easily and accurately located by taking an X-ray picture of the parts, whereas in the old days patients suffered untold agonies because of these obscure troubles which no one could relieve.

Gold inlays are a modern novelty. It is a method of filling large cavities of which an impression has been taken from which a cast can be made. Using this cast as a working model, a gold filling is constructed in the dental laboratory, and this filling may be cemented into the tooth at a subsequent sitting, thus saving the patient much suffering and fatigue.

Dental alloys are being improved. It was found that of 200 different brands, scarcely one-fourth have the makers' names, which would have been evidence of good faith. Lately a systematic examination of the alloys, the first ever undertaken, revealed that only one in twenty

was genuine. The old college song, "And her teeth were plugged with zinc," was still literally true; many manufacturers continued to use the detrimental ingredient, zinc. Many falsely claimed to employ platinum and gold, and, anyway, platinum and gold were detrimental to alloy.

New appliances are much more delicate than they were five years ago. Devitalizing and extracting the pulp (popularly known as "killing the nerve") often resulted in infection and bone destruction, which might have serious consequences. This is now better guarded against. "Humane" and time-saving processes have increased. Following the practice of surgery, anesthetics are now applied locally.

Extraction for an ailing tooth of course, for a long time has been nothing less than malpractice. Under ordinary circumstances a dentist who pulls a tooth instead of curing and saving it belongs back in the dark ages.

Until within a few years dentists made no general effort to uplift their calling. Conditions have so altered that, beginning next January, Virginia will allow no dentist to practice who does not hold an M.D. degree. In New York and Pennsylvania, so far a point has been put upon the agitation that there are excited discussions as to whether the "dental collapse"

should not give way to the inclusion of dental training in regular schools of medicine. It is advocated that there be regular four-year medical courses, of which two will be spent on medical fundamentals and two years on dentistry, an M.D. to issue.

Popular education in the importance of dental hygiene has outstripped the means for up-to-date service. One knows dentists not ten years out of college, who are taking in \$20,000 a year, working many hours a day, and with whom it is impossible to make an appointment except for a time three months ahead. Within these years, along with the growth of appreciation of the service of dentistry, along with the corresponding development of a sense of responsibility, along with a broader knowledge and experter methods, dentistry has had harder tasks. Teeth degenerate, it is declared, has proceeded faster than ever. Crises in America include what is called the "dyspeptic period," the "period of seeking the tenderest meat foods," the "period when chewing was becoming obsolete," leading up to the "period of pre-digested foods." All were periods of declension in the soundness of American teeth. And now, declares one dentist, "the rapid pace of civilization has explained to increase the nerve tension of mankind to a point where men are less able to stand pain."

Asia's Grand Old Man

Count Okuma, the Japanese who has had Eyes for the Big World Outside and has Drawn a Country With Him.

If there is an Asiatic alive to-day who may be said to belong to the whole continent rather than merely to the country which gave him birth, that person is Count Shigenobu Okuma.

Mr. Saint Nihil Singh, a well-known Indian writer gives us in *The Hindustan Review*, an interesting character sketch of the Count, of whom all Asiatics traveling in Japan long to catch a glimpse or, better still, talk with him. One of the leaders who have helped to convert Japan from a tiny Island Kingdom to a mighty world power, he has not however permitted himself to be completely absorbed by home politics, but has acquainted himself with the political, social, and economic condition of other lands.

Be it noted that the Count is not only well informed about the questions of the day, but also is deeply versed in the history and literature of both the Orient and

the Occident. To realize the full force of the statement that the Orient and Occident are blended in this man in a wholesome combination, it is only necessary to consider his career.

He was born in February, 1838. His father, a Samurai (member of the warrior caste) died when the child was eight years old. However, the youngster's widowed mother proved to be uncommonly sagacious, and brought him up wisely. First he was sent to an academy maintained by the Baron of his tribe, whom he was given a good grounding in Chinese classics. Later he repaired to a missionary institution at Nankai, when he learned English History, Mathematics, and the Bible. His Christian teachers also sought to instill in him the principles of Western civilization.

When, in 1853, Commodore Perry visited Japan, Shigenobu Okuma was only fifteen years old, but, being wise much beyond his



"You say a lot about me drinkin' mislata, but nowt about me drinkin'." —The Tattler.

years, he took an intelligent interest in the events that led to the downfall of the old and the establishment of the new order of things in his land.

In recognition of his progressive tendencies, upon the formation of the new Government, he was appointed chief assistant in the department organized for the conduct of foreign affairs.

Some time later Count Okuma was promoted to be the Secretary in the Department of the Interior and Finance. His next post was that of the President of the Japanese Commission charged with the duty of sending exhibits to the Vienna Exhibition. From 1873 to 1881 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, first as a vice-minister, but later as a member of the Cabinet.

While he was holding the last-named office, feeling that the time had come for the introduction of a constitutional government in the Daybreak Empire, he drew up a memorial urging this innovation, which he proposed to submit to the Emperor. However, his colleagues would not listen to this proposal, and sought to dissuade him from carrying it into effect. The Count did not change his mind, but left the Cabinet and formed the Kōkumintō the Progressive party, in order to carry on agitation for the democratization of Japan.

A year prior to the promulgation of the Constitution—e.g., 1888—Count Okuma again found himself holding a cabinet portfolio. This time he was sent back to the Department of Foreign Affairs, and made Minister of it. As a part of his work, he was called upon to revise treaties with the great Powers. Nippon's army and navy had not then distinguished themselves, nor in any other way had the Japanese established their title to being accorded equality of treatment by Western nations. Naturally he was called upon to make compromises, which incensed his hot-headed countrymen, one of whom threatened that he was leaving the Foreign Office, a bomb which exploded and injured him, necessitating the amputation of his leg at the knee.

At present the Waseda University, numbering about 6,000 students on its rolls, claims his paramount attention. The graduates and students all look on him as their master and friend. His annual address delivered in his capacity of chancellor, is an event looked forward to with great anticipation by the pupils.

Another institution in which this Grand Old Man takes great interest is the Jap-

anese Women's University in Tokyo. From his youth to this day he has continuously worked for feminine emancipation. Naturally the educated women of Nippon regard him as their benefactor, and revere him as a saint.

Female emancipation forms only one unit of the Count's social reform propaganda, another important item on the programme being the crusade against vice. When, some time ago, the Yoshiwara—the quarter devoted to the prostitution—burned down in Tokyo, the venerable statesman boldly advocated that this place should not be rebuilt. He wrote:

"Lancela proclaimed the emancipation of the slaves because he considered slavery the greatest evil ever committed by mankind. It was the same belief which actuated our Government to issue, as far back as 1873, an ordinance declaring that the unhappy women held against their will by their masters should be set free. Had this declaration been carried out to the letter, the licensed quarters in Tokyo, and, indeed, in all parts of the country, would have long since become a thing of the past."

Count Okuma then went on to declare that the maintenance of licensed quarters was an affront to the Imperial Edict of 1905, setting the educational authorities to lay great stress upon the ethical training of the rising generation. He pointed out that Japanese boys and girls were taught in the public schools to cultivate all the qualities and virtues calculated to make them morally strong, but, he asked, "how can we expect them to grow moral and noble when we set before their eyes an example of shameful immorality by maintaining an ignoble institution."

For an Oriental, Count Okuma, at seventy-five, is unusually vigorous, physically as well as mentally. His interest in the affairs of his own country and the world at large continues unabated. He frequently mounts the platform. He also writes many pamphlets and newspaper and magazine articles, his chief concern, it may be noted in passing, being "Fifty Years of New Japan," a monumental work on the history of modern Nippon.

Count Okuma has not been gifted with a son. His heir, therefore, is his son-in-law, who, according to the Japanese custom, has taken the family name of his wife. He is the second son of Count Matsura.

The Mulatto and Negro Problem

The Mulatto Likely to be an Important Factor in the Solution of the Negro Problem.

THE UNITED STATES has something more than a "negro problem," it has a "mulatto problem." Out of 10,000,000 colored citizens, more than 2,000,000 contain varying percentages of white blood and this question as to whether the ultimate solution of the negro problem will be found in the mulatto is argued out in an interesting paper by Professor H. E. Jordan, of Virginia University, in the June number of *The Popular Science Monthly*.

The professor points out that Jamaica has no "negro problem," as it is known in the United States. Although on the face of things it might be expected to be present there in even more aggravated form. For in Jamaica there are only about 15,800 whites among a colored population of about 700,000, including about 56,000 mulattoes. In this "Queen of the Greater Antilles," the mulattoes, as a class, are more nearly at the level of the whites than at that of the pure negroes. The mulattoes contribute the artisans, the teachers, the business and professional men. They are the very backbone of wretched Jamaica. To be sure Jamaica has had 30 years more than the United States to "solve" her "negro problem." But perhaps the perfect adjustment between the races in Jamaica and the elimination of any "problem" of the kind finds its explanation in a more rational and more consistent political treatment made possible by the absence of any constitutional prescription. The Hon. Mr. Oliver, Governor of Jamaica, recognises in the presence of the mulatto, only a past blessing, a present advantage, and a future promise of great good.

In considering this subject, it is necessary to raise the question as to whether the negro and the white man are actually different man-species, or whether they simply represent different "races" or varieties of the same species homo as is more commonly believed.

The eminent zoologist Louis Agassiz holds the former opinion; the noted French psychologist LeBon, the latter.

The real scientific test of this question is that of impossibility of offspring a cross or of infertility inter se of hybrids of a possible cross. For instance, a cross between the horse and the ass produces a mule. But mules are infertile if interbred.

Hence horse and ass are separate species. A very valuable cross can also be effected between the cow and the buffalo. But the offspring are barren bred among themselves. Hence cow and buffalo are at least of different species. The mulatto is the product of a negro white-cross. He is as fecund with his own kind, or when he mates with white or negro, as either pure-bred negroes or whites are. As a matter of fact, the mulatto is probably more prolific than the normal average of either white or negro. During the past twenty years he has increased at twice the rate of the negro. The negro is then simply a distinct variety of the human species. He is the white man's brother; and we may both be comings of the ape.

The second question that presents itself is this: Is the mulatto necessarily degenerate? The idea has been and is very eminently and widely held that the crossing of the races is intrinsically bad, biologically harmful, that it inevitably and increasingly works deterioration. Agassiz noted in Brazil a decadence resulting from cross-breeding. Humboldt and Darwin held the same opinion and LeBon also supports this thesis.

The same idea of necessary degeneracy in cross-breeds is the main motive of much opposition to foreign immigration. We shall see that this is the very least element of danger; in fact, it may be a real panacea to other actual evils of immigration, otherwise (i.e., without neutralization through cross-breeding) a serious menace. Note here the superb products of the English, German, Dutch, French and Spanish crosses of late and post-colonial days. The superiority of especially the English-German crosses, very generally noted, finds its reason in the initial superiority of the crossing stocks. And this is the secret of the entire matter. Offspring take after their parents, whether those be of the same or different race. The production of the Boer race, one of well-marked physical and mental characteristics, notwithstanding that it is of mongrel immigration, Dutch, French, and in some degree, British, is sufficient disproof of inherent hurt in inter-racial crosses.

After mentioning several specific instances which have come under his own notice, Professor Jordan, arrives at the

conclusion that the fact is established beyond all possibility of dispute that a negro-white cross does not inherently mean degeneracy, and that the mulatto measured by present-day standards of Caucasian civilization, from economic and civic standpoints, is an advance upon a pure negro. In further support of the potency of even a relatively remote white ancestry may be cited the almost unique likeness of the Moses of the colored race, Booker T. Washington. As one morning day by day with colored people of all grades and shades, one is impressed with the significance of even small admixtures of Caucasian blood. What elements of hope or menace lie hidden in these mulatto millions? How can they help to solve or confuse the "problem?"

Three further questions must be considered before a summary can be given of the mulatto's social and civic value. (1) Are there fairly well-fixed upper limits of mental capacity for negroes and mulattoes? (2) What are the known and established principles of inheritance of racial traits of negroes and whites; in other words, will it be possible by some control of hybrid and inter-racial crosses to produce a colored stock in which a majority may combine the desirable traits of both white and negro? (3) Will it be possible under the constitution and its present amendments to deal with the problem in accordance with the dictates of science and common sense?

With regard to the first point the almost unanimous opinion is that the negro can not undergo mental development beyond a certain definite maximum. Profes-

sor Herbert Miller, of Olivet College, Michigan, however, arrives at a contrary conclusion.

With respect to the second point: Until recently, it was believed that mulattoes generally bred true and became progressively lighter with succeeding generations.

If a demi-god could experiment with human crosses, as biologists now do with animal breeds, a pure race could undoubtedly be established combining the best elements of the negro and the white. I am well aware that little could probably be actually accomplished under present social conditions, even if it were not morally inimical to make the experiment by legal control of negro and mulatto crosses. But some little could be accomplished by education and the arming of the sentiment of colored race and pride. The point seems clear that in the presence of 2,000,000 mulattoes, steadily increasing in number, of relatively superior worth to the pure negro, we have a key to the solution of our problem. The mulatto is the leaven with which to lift the negro race. He serves as our best lever for negro elevation. The mulatto does not feel the instinctive mental nausea to negro mating. He might even be made to feel a sacred mission in this respect. The negro aspires to be mulatto, the mulatto to be white. These aspirations are worthy, and should be encouraged.

At any rate from present indications our hope lies with the mulatto. The problem seems possible of solution, only as the mulatto will undertake it with the earnest help of the white.

How Winds Reform the Earth

A Notable Discovery of the Present Century with Regard to the Wind's Action on the Shaping of the Earth.

AS IN the eighteenth century marine geologists were one of the notable discoveries in earth-study, and as in the last century the theory of general peniculation through stream-corrosion was one of the grander conceptions of the age, so the recognition of desert wind-scor as the principal among erosional agencies seems destined to take its place among the first half-dozen great and novel thoughts which shall especially distinguish geological science of the twentieth century, says Dr. Keays in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Under conditions of arid climate, by which more

than one-half of the land-surface of our globe is profoundly influenced, erosion appears to become, as recently aptly stated, more potent than stream-corrosion, more constant than the washings of the rains, more extensive and persistent than the encroachments of the sea. Both as a sculpturing power and as a sedimentative agent, the wind is thus in every way comparable to erosion and deposition by river and by ocean.

That it is possible for the universal integration of the rocks to go on by means of isolation instead of through ordinary



Wind-graved cliffs of the Mokattam Hills on the borders of the Arabian Desert opposite Cairo, Egypt.

chemical decay, that general and rapid exarioration of rock-waste takes place through the agency of the winds instead of through the movement of waters, and that on the land deposition of wind-borne dusts in terraces as mighty as any swept into the sea by streams or laid down on the floor of the ocean, are new and important generalizations belonging distinctly to the first lunstrum of our new century.

Prior to the year 1909 wind-action had been always regarded as merely one of the minor geologic agents of erosion—a mere idler in its manifestations, and a denuding power at all times negligible. The great significance and value of the newer generalization lies not alone in the recognition of the geologic potency of wind-power as an agency of erosion, or as a means of forming such vast continental deposits as the loess, but of its tremendous efficiency as a general or regional denuding force. In far-reaching importance it compares favorably with the enumeration of the glacial theory of the last century.

The distinctive feature of this great new conception of regional solution is that under the favorable climatic conditions of aridity such as affect more than one-half of the entire land-surface of our globe, wind-scor is the chief agency of provincial lowering and leveling, far more rapid and efficacious than any general work by

rain, river or ocean. To it are ascribed all the larger lineaments characteristic of arid lands. By it are graved the majority of desert details. It is the dominant sculpturing power in all excessively dry regions.

Singularly enough, the great law of the base level of erosion, the most useful in all geologic science, had its birth under the cloudless skies of desiccated lands, where—in reality, no vestige of its operation is discernible. The grand generalization applies strictly to land surfaces under humid climates. Doubtless for this reason, it is that none of our numerous Government experts in their fifty years' experience, covering every part of the vast arid domains of the West, failed to perceive anything of the potency of wind-scor in the general leveling and lowering of the country.

It has long been the custom not only to treat the subject of general land-sculpturing independently of climatic considerations, but as if the molding of all landscape features was controlled by the same laws. Ordinary stream-corrosion is made to account for all. Rain is regarded as the universal and sole graving-tool of land-sculpturing.

A full comprehension of the pregnant idea that wind-action under the favorable physical conditions imposed by arid climate is a general erosional agent may be said to date from the year 1904—the time

of the appearance of Passarge's brief but quite remarkable essay on "Die Transgibisch-ländchen in tropischen Afrika." In various parts of the world during the decade previous the conception had in one way or another begun to assume form. The Trans-Gibisch region had already furnished some facts bearing upon the general problem. The vast deserts of the Dark Continent had supplied others. Our American arid lands had brought forth a host of still different suggestions. Indeed, as a definite working hypothesis the general scheme appears to have been first successfully formulated and applied in the great dry region of our own South-west.

Whether first definitely outlined by American on the Gihich steppes, by German on the South African plateau, or by Yankee on the Mexican tableland, it is certain that, as McGee astutely observed, the satisfactory discovery of the rock-waste of the desert by prodigious wind exportation furnishes the missing link to a rational explanation of all the long puzzling phenomena presented by arid regions throughout the world.

No phase of land-sculpturing by water explains the peculiarities of desert relief. Where in humid lands are there such vast and even surfaces as the intermontain plains of arid regions? Where under conditions of moist climate do such lofty mountains stand out so isolated as in our South-western country—ideal mesas and knobs only theoretically and faintly suggested elsewhere? Where but in a dry climate does entire absence of foothills characterize the mountain ranges? Towering desert eminences rise out of limitless expanse of level plain as volcanic isles jut from the sea. Plain meets mountain as sharply as the strand-line of the ocean. The rock-floor of the desert is often a plain itself worn out on the

beveled edges of the strata beneath. The remarkable plateau-plains clearly represent former plain-levels. The soil mantle is generally thin and gravelly; and all surface materials are transported. There is almost total absence of distinct waterways in the broad valleys. None of these relief characters bespeak of water-action of any kind. They all bear testimony of some erosive agency other than the one with which most of us are most familiar. Water can not do such geologic work. It means to be a great advance in earth-study to be able at last to account satisfactorily for the formation of all those wonderful expressions on the face of the desert that have been so long so manifestly little understood or misinterpreted.

The movement of fine rock-waste through deflation is now measurable to something of its true proportions. A "sand-storm" or "dust-storm" is really a strong desert air current, two or three hundred miles in width, instead of a mile wide, as in the case of the largest rivers, running forty miles an hour instead of three or four miles and weeping along a thousand times as much sedimentative material. Only by such comparison is the enormous erosive potency of deflation action fully comprehended.

The law of regional selection adequately explains a grander host of perplexing phenomena concerning the larger features of the earth than any of the modern geological theories, and perhaps more than all of these combined.

It projects the imagination backward to the beginnings of geologic history; and it carries it forward to the end of time. In the dissipation of our dead moon, it may be we behold the final effect of the power of the winds.

younger life, that these stiff arteries serve their purpose well enough.

We are, however, finding that this comparatively natural and harmless change may also occur years and even decades before its natural time and, just as dirt has been defined by the philosopher as "matter out of place," so normal old-age changes occurring ten, fifteen or twenty years before their time become disease changes at once and make serious trouble.

The dangers of this substitution change at, say, thirty-five or forty are of two kinds: First, that the arteries can no longer expand when the organ or region which they supply requires an extra amount of blood, or contract when it is best to shut off the supply, or lower the pressure. So that the kidneys, say, or the heart, may be left defenseless against the attack of disease or some sudden strain, because the blood can no longer rush up its reserves and reinforcements when needed. The other more directly serious and vital danger is that this new fibrous tissue has neither the elasticity nor the endurance of elastic muscle and an unfortunate tendency to become rigid and even brittle. Some day its brittleness will become so great or the strain so severe that it will suddenly rupture, and then we have what we call apoplexy, or a stroke.

In certain extreme cases of this arterial stiffening and decay, nature, as a last resort, drops clear back to the normal state, and restores the bulging and weakening walls with a living mortar composed largely of lime. This becomes in the long run even more brittle than the scar tissue which it replaces and develops a new danger of its own. This is that it may actually scale off and project into the channel of the blood vessel, causing the blood first to stick to its roughened surface and then to clot around it to such a degree that, not infrequently, the vessel will be completely blocked up by a plug of its own clotted blood.

This blocking, known as thrombosis, of course cuts off the blood supply of the organ or area supplied by the artery and puts it out of commission at once.

Or, what is more common and almost equally dangerous, little fragments of the blood clot from the roughened, lime-plated area flow on down the blood stream until they are carried into some branch of the artery which is too small for them to get through, and which they promptly proceed to block up and so cut off the supply of the tissue beyond it.

Ten or fifteen years ago, we were considerably more sure in our reply to this question than we are to-day. It was almost unanimously taken for granted that the principal cause of this premature stiffening and hardening of the arteries was the so-called strains of modern civilized life, particularly high living, hard drinking and incessant brain work.

All of these beliefs have pretty much vanished into thin air, under the acid test of collected observation and analysis. So far from arteriosclerosis being a modern disease, some of the most perfect and typical instances of it on record have been taken from the blood vessels of Egyptian mummies embalmed in the fifteenth century B.C.

It was a disease of most eaters and particularly wine drinkers, solely because classes able to indulge in these extravagant tastes also had money to pay for more careful study and elaborate diagnoses, which revealed the condition. It is now known to be twice as common in sweat shop workers as among the Four Hundred.

It was typically a disease of brain workers, solely because the intelligence and resources of this class of the community brought them into consultation rooms for advice and assistance. It is now found to be more than twice as common among dock hands and day laborers as among merchants and lawyers and college professors. One finding will serve as a sample.

Some three thousand patients under forty years of age studied in one of our great hospitals and carefully examined for this condition showed a distribution as follows:

Of those who had used alcohol to excess, about ten per cent. showed more or less arteriosclerosis.

Of those who had suffered within ten or fifteen years from one of the grave infections, such as tuberculosis, typhoid, pneumonia, or syphilis, but had not used alcohol to excess, about twenty per cent. had more or less arteriosclerosis. While of those who had been engaged in occupations involving severe and prolonged muscular strain, such as dock laborers, construction gangs, lumbermen, steel and iron workers, and so forth, but had not indulged in alcohol to excess, over forty per cent. showed this premature change. So that we are now in a position to say that the two most potent causes of this "new disease of civilization and of brain workers" are muscular overstrain and infectious diseases.

Egyptian Mummies Show This Disease

Records of Arteriosclerosis have Been Taken from the Blood Vessels of
Egyptian Mummies Embalmed in the Fifteenth Century B.C.

Brain worries, muscular over-work, mal-eating, infectious diseases, wine bibbing, and alcohol about on a par in causation of arteriosclerosis of the arterial hardening changes which take place after fifty-five years of age are little more than a part of the general stiffening and wasting and aging of all the tissues of the body, and give rise to little or no special or definite trouble, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the

American Magazine. The layer of stiff, rigid, inelastic fibrous tissue surrounding the blood vessels is not nearly so good as the layer of elastic, springy muscle. But for the aging, or old, man and woman, with their markedly lessened amounts of muscular exercise, their quieter habits, their diminished appetite, and their lesser capacity for enthusiasm, the strains thrown upon the blood vessels are so much less than in

The part played by muscular over-exertion appears to be two-fold: The piling up of (anæmic) toxins, which are just as toxic as those of the infections when in excess of the power of the body to get rid of them, and a succession of constantly repeated, heavy strains upon both heart and arteries, so, as we say, "working fit to burst a blood vessel," which gradually wear out and waste away the elastic coats of the arteries.

British Rule Produces Famines?

On the Contrary, the Indian Farmer has Enjoyed Many Advantages Since Anglo-Saxon Came.

"FAMINE" says Professor Roy in the Outlook "is the gift of the British to India. During the nineteenth century there were thirty-one famines that destroyed over thirty-two million lives. This terrible death list was not caused by over-population." Professor Roy says, "because India as a whole ranks but ninth in density of population per square mile. It was not caused by an excessive birth-rate, for here India ranks but tenth. It was not caused by failure of rainfall, because India has the heaviest rainfall in the world. The trouble he says, is due first to the fact that water is no longer stored as the Hindus used to store it, because the British Government in India pays more attention to strategic railways and the efficiency of the army, than to irrigation. Secondly, the Indian farmers are rack-rented and the last penny is squeezed out of them even in a fat year. An impoverishing land tax is the principal item of India's revenue. The British Government must have this revenue to keep up her expensive system of government in the poorest country in the world, and, finally India is drained of food by exportation to England. Even in the worst famine years India has exported grain to a value of over sixty million dollars. It is an irony of ironies that people should starve in India while there is plenty in the land. The people of India are realizing the hopeless economic derangement of their life which expresses itself in ghastly mortality from famine, plague and malaria, and, as they are bound to elevate the economic status of their country, they are demanding more political power.

Systems of Irrigation Provided.

To these sweeping charges made by Professor Roy, have come in several replies. "The cause of the recurring famines in India," says William C. Macpherson, for

Arteriosclerosis may occur in the over-fed and the alcoholic. But it is nearly three times as common in the underfed and the non-alcoholic. Instead of arteriosclerosis being a disease of over-civilization, the fight which civilization is making against the infectious diseases and against over-work and under-pay is the very thing which is most certain to diminish its frequency.

thirty years of the Indian civil service "are undoubtedly to be found, since war has ceased, in the precariousness of rainfall and in the density of the population and their dependence chiefly upon agriculture. When it is stated that India has the heaviest rainfall in the world it must be remembered that India has an area of 13½ million square miles. Rainfall in Assam and on the Western Ghats of Bombay is of no use to Behar and the North-west Provinces, and to the parched districts of Rajputana, Sind, or the Deccan. In 1899, the last year of great famine, the rainfall of Sind was under one one-hundredth of an inch, and of Rajputana and Punjab it was under 2½ inches. When again Professor Roy argues that over-population is not the real cause of famine in India it must be borne in mind that the distribution of the people is far from uniform. Large areas he waste in India, but there are also large districts of two or three million inhabitants with a density of 1,000 persons to the square mile of whom 80 per cent. subsist on agriculture. There is hardly an acre of cultivated land for each person. This dependence of a vast population on agriculture and the occasional failure of the periodic rains are the dominant facts to be kept in mind.

In reply to the statement that water is no longer stored as the Hindus used to store it, Mr. Macpherson adds that with few exceptions the existing system of large irrigation works has been entirely constructed by the British Government, and that not only does it far exceed any irrigation of former rulers of India, but there has been and is, no system of irrigation in the world at all comparable to the canals of India. Under the management of supervision of the British Government there are about 46,000 miles of canals and distribu-

tries, giving the means of irrigation to twenty-three million acres of land.

Taxation in India.

The British Government has built up a compromise system of tax collection, recognizing in some districts the rights of the hereditary zamindar, now a landlord, and in others the vested interest on the ryot or peasant proprietor. The whole tendency has been towards the foundation of a tax code that will on the one hand control the rack renting propensity of the zamindar, protect the lands of the ryot, and at the same time effect a just apportionment of taxation. It hardly needs to be said that none of this revenue is sent as tribute money to England. India's Government is self-supporting and nothing more. England has far more reason to complain of the drain upon her resources, made by the constant demands of the Indian civil and military service for the best and most promising of her youth, than India has to complain of the exactions of the Imperial Government.

Is India Drained of Food?

As to the contention that India is drained of food for exportation to England, the Rev. Mr. Davies, an American missionary writes: "Who is to blame for sending the grain out of India when her starving children needed it? Was it the Government that gave the railway lines and steamship service? or was it the self-interest of the farmer and merchant who was willing that all India should starve if they could make a dollar? The grain which should stay in India to feed some of India's starving

millions is shipped to other countries for the benefit, not of an alien race, but of a few of India's sons. Before this condition in India can become materially better, her sons must learn a little about that wisdom which compels a man to acknowledge that he is "his brother's keeper," be he of caste or out-caste extraction.

England Solving the Problems.

In the latest budget, the total net revenue of British India raised from taxation was somewhat under \$246,000,000, or a per capita assessment of eighty-five cents, the lowest per capita of any civilized country on the habitable globe, derived from taxes upon imports, salts, legal transfers, incomes and a general tax on land. Less than half of India's revenue is derived from the land tax, and under its operation, less than forty cents per capita is taken from the peasantry in the course of a year.

Further, Mr. Hall says, "The British Administration regards duty as more pressing than the amelioration of harvest scarcity. First of all it has given India cheap transportation, an inestimable boon since the fundamental difference between the century's famine is this. At the beginning of the century the price of food rose so high as to be absolutely beyond the reach of the majority of the inhabitants, and even at these exorbitant rates it was not to be had. At the end of the century there was plenty of food (owing to the railways) even in districts in which the crops had failed altogether. Efficient railroad service has been the government's first care, the second irrigation.

The Peril of Lancashire

India's Fight for Supremacy in the Cotton Trade Where Labor is So Cheap and Wants So Great

SHREWD observers have realized for years that nothing could avert eventual disaster from the Lancashire cotton trade. For India possesses the tremendous advantages of producing cotton on her own soil, and commanding an abundant supply of cheap labor, and only needed modern machinery to enable her to cost Lancashire from the huge Indian market, and probably from other Asian markets. But India's mill industry has advanced, of late, with such rapid strides that she threatens to smother Lancashire far sooner than could have been anticipated. Such is the contention of an Indian writer, Mr. Saint Nihal Singh,

in an article on this subject in the current number of the *London Magazine*.

The tone of the article betokens a disposition on the part of the writer none too friendly to the ruling Powers of his country, and it is not difficult to see that to some extent the wish is father to the thought. But making allowance for a natural pride in the success which has so far attended the efforts of his fellow countrymen, the facts seem to show that India has a great future before it, insofar as the cotton industry is concerned.

As year by year the smoke curling from the chimneys of Indian cotton-mill in-

creases in volume, says he; it writes the doom of Lancashire over the industrial firmament in characters so black and bold that he who runs may read the decree of the Fates.

An idea of the gigantic strides that the Indian cotton-mill industry has taken can be gained by studying the figures for the last generation. In 1890-91, there were 55 cotton-mills, containing 1,494,264 spindles and 12,739 looms, and giving employment to 46,536 men, while in 1909-10 the number of mills had grown to be 216, with 5,773,824 spindles, 14,585 looms, giving employment to 215,419 persons.

The phenomenal growth of this industry has already enabled the Indian cotton magnates almost completely to rout Lancashire out of one large corner of the Indian market. No longer does Manchester ship much of the coarse cloth to Hindostan, which the natives annually consume by the million pounds. This demand is now largely met by the Indian power mills, and by the native hand looms, which employ two and three-quarter millions of men, or really three times as many people, for the wives and children of the weavers work alongside them.

Of course, it would be idle to pretend that India has managed as yet to introduce more than the thin edge of its wedge into the oak of the Lancashire mill industry or to assert that the giant does not still stand seemingly unshaken in its strength and glory. The Indian mills (together with the hand-loom weavers), do what they may, are not capable of supplying more than a fraction of the piece goods required by 321,000,000 natives. India during 1913-14 was compelled to import £23,040,000 worth of cotton cloth, of which more than nine-tenths came from Lancashire. Oddly enough, Lancashire found the last year to be one of the most profitable in the annals of its trade with India.

This is due not only to the fact that as yet the number of Indian mills is not large enough to cope with the native demand, but also because the Indian factories almost entirely concern themselves with the production of coarse cloth, as they find great difficulty in manufacturing the finer fabrics.

The Indians, however, are succeeding in producing finer cloths by employing superior managers, engineers and mechanics in the mills. All of these generally are natives who, in many cases, have received theoretical and practical training abroad, or who have been taught by foreign experts employed in Indian mills. Over and above this, as the industry is growing older, a new generation

of operatives, inheriting the skill of their fathers who formed the first batch of Indians to work at modern cotton machinery, is coming to man the mills and, therefore, is automatically improving matters. It will probably take decades before the native mill-hand will become anywhere near the equal of the Lancashire operative. But it can be readily imagined that no combination of circumstances can for long keep the Indian without the requisite skill to enable him to produce the greater bulk of the cloth with which at present Manchester supplies Hindostan.

From this rapid survey only one conclusion is possible—viz., in the proportion that the productive power of Indian mills increases, and the Indian mill-hand, by experience and practice, acquires the ability to weave better cloth, and that the Indian mill-owner is able to get better grades of cotton, India will wrest from Lancashire its monopoly of supplying the superior grades of cotton goods, just as it has already practically ousted its British rival from the market for coarse cloth.

No matter how much Lancashire may have at first felt disposed to belittle the competition that the development of the Indian mill industry was bound to offer it, during recent years it has shown unmistakable signs of nervousness, and sought to do what it could to hamper its Oriental opponents. But despite the Lancashire opposition the Indian mill industry gives every indication of expanding at a rapid pace. India though less affluent than Lancashire in managing machinery, nevertheless possesses enormous advantages over its competitor in the field of the cotton-mill industry; and these advantages are of such a nature that, no matter what handicaps may be placed upon the Indian mills, they are bound to be able to hold their heads above the current of Lancashire competition.

To begin with, Hindostan produces its own cotton, and has before it the prospect of securing superior grades for fine cloth. Therefore it does not have to incur the expense of carriage and various additional charges—such as insurance—connected with it, which Lancashire must pay because of its compulsion to import the raw material.

Furthermore, Indian labor is much cheaper than Lancashire labor. This is true from the top to the bottom of the staff. Skilled natives are quite content to receive twenty shillings or even one-half of the foreign experts would demand from the Indian mill-owners. Indians capable of managing the biggest mills can be found who would

Fig. 4.

consider £20 a month a princely salary, while, as a matter of fact, many mill managers receive only about half that amount. Weaving and spinning masters work for £8 to £10 a month, and some are satisfied with much less than this. Native engineers can be found who will give proficient service for £5 or £5 a month. Foremen rarely receive more than £2 a month. Operative work for fifteen or eighteen shillings a month—not per week. Women mill-workers are paid two-thirds the wages of men, while the pit-ladies doled out to children are too pitifully small to mention. These wages, it may be remarked, are double what they were only a short time ago.

Indians are able to work for such poor wages only because their standards of life are extremely low.

The Indian mill-worker subsists on a diet that would quickly put the Lancashire operative beneath the sod. He eats two or three meals a day, and these are of the scantiest and coarsest, consisting of a handful of dried peas cooked to a thin, soupy consistency and poured over a meagre serving of plain boiled rice, or a small piece of bread and the tiniest bit of some green vegetable.

The mill operative works from sunrise to sunset—say, from six o'clock in the

morning until six at night. The men are allowed to rest thirty minutes at noon, while the women are given half an hour twice or thrice in the day.

The mill industry has dealt very harshly with the hands. This fact is being more and more admitted by the mill owners, who, until recently, interpreted any effort on the part of the Government to improve the lot of the operatives as an interference dictated by Lancashire. With this awakening have come numerous small changes which promise that, in course of time, the Juggernaut of industrialism will cease to grind under its merciless wheels the help less coolies thrown there by force of circumstances.

But while India does not want to sacrifice millions of its natives on the altar of the cotton industry, it unquestionably is in deadly earnest in its determination to drive Lancashire out of its markets. What it has already accomplished in building up a magnificent industry constitutes a record of which any country may well be proud. But Hindostan is in no mood to err. Although it knows that the goal is yet far distant, it is marching enthusiastically to that end, never lagging a step to gain a brief respite, so consumed is it with the passion to beat Lancashire.

Chinese Bank Notes 1,500 Years Old

An Exhibit in New York Shows How the Chinese Were Acquainted With Paper Money

There was a notable shipment of Chinese antiquities from the collection of Mr. A. W. Bahr, in Shanghai, to an art gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, for exhibition, says the Christian Herald. The shipment includes about two hundred paintings, dating from the seventh to the fifteenth century, many pieces of Chinese stone and metal sculpture, bronzes, porcelain, and specimens of pottery. Of special interest in the exhibit are 306 coins, dating from 1,500 years before Christ to 400 A.D., and a collection of banknotes of the Tang dynasty, in the sixth century. These banknotes are made of a peculiar kind of paper that crumbles like silk, yet shows no creases. The system of currency was exactly the same as that of our American banknotes of to-day. They represented the promise to pay of private banks, and were guaranteed by the government.

Each bill dated, and has printed on its surface rings of size varying with its value, so that the counterfeit could not be de-

ceived. These specimens are eloquent witnesses to the fondness for the beautiful, and the practical activities, enterprise, and civilization of the dim centuries of the past. The ancient coins call up the various circulating mediums of the past. The nations that lived by the chase used the skins of the animals they secured as a medium of exchange. Pastoral peoples made their trade, sending their cattle as money. Farming nations used the products of the soil as the medium of exchange, often employing wheat as money. Then came the coining of metals, of gold and silver, and of those not so precious. It is a question whether the museums preserve, or the excavations have revealed, any coins more ancient than some among the Chinese collection on Fifth Avenue. Some of them are dated almost as many centuries back of Christ as there are between us and Him who held a Roman coin in his hand and made it preach a sermon on the duty of the Christian to the state.

Fig. 5.

Wild Oats for Women

The Feminist Movement is Preaching a Dangerous Doctrine for our Young Women—Will the Pendulum Come Back?

FRANCES H. LOW, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, focuses a dangerous fascination for young women in some of the latest doctrines of the feminists.

Behind the "Vote" is the revolutionary section of the Suffragists, the section out to destroy, in Feminism, and behind Feminism the "economic independence" of women, the translation of every woman into a wage-earner, whether married or single; if single with the accompaniment that she is to "do what she likes," "be free as men are," and if married, free to fill jam-pots, or see to municipal dust-bins, or "go into industry," while the State, or at least the responsible individual known hitherto as a "husband," pays some one else to feed and rear her children.

The abolition of the home, the substitution of the public crèche, and the organization of a set of persons (very inferior, of course) to attend to the business of life for husband and children while the wives are "getting free"—this is the real aim of the feminists, who, to do them justice, do not disguise their naive views of life and duty.

One lady in a demand for "group-bonds" speaks of the "appealing frequency and the inexorable reiteration of human eatings," which she says pathetically, with rich unconscious humor, "can only be realized, not by those who merely eat, but by those responsible for the feeding. Yet so long," is her sapient conclusion, "as the large majority of women, simply because they are married women, are responsible for this never-ending, never-ceasing work, though the exceptional woman, or the unmarried woman, who is freed from it, may advance, women as a whole are doomed to remain where they are."

The fact is that 99 per cent. of us men and women cannot do what we like, each in this perverse world. And most of us, with fairly good sense, do our duty more or less adequately, and keep the law and the Gospel, and the rest, and if we are wise keep our discontent, by so means "divine," to our own breasts. This, we take it, has ever been; the only difference being that, up to the dawn of the Gilded Age, women, having a finer organization and leading less rough fighting lives than men, set them unconsciously an example of quiet duty faithfully done and helped to make the world,

on the whole, a tolerably endurable place, with occasional exquisite moments of intense joy and happiness.

All this is new, if we let the feminists have their way, in process of being ruthlessly destroyed. In novels, in plays, on platforms, in the Press, the gospel is being feverishly preached that woman is, as we have seen in the passage quoted above, a shamefully put upon person, who is not allowed, as men are, to "get free." In this process of "getting free" she is to do what she likes, or, as the outrageous heroine of the latest sex-play remarks, with delicate, graceful frankness so beloved of feminists, "to have her fling," while she vivaciously recommended her "husband" to do the same.

The play here referred to is "Her Side of the House" which expounds in forceful fashion, the very latest doctrine of the feminists—that a woman should be free to "have her fling" or "sow her wild oats" just as the man does.

Elsewhere, continues Miss Low, for instance in the chief organ of Feminism, the same idea is put in this form with variations and explanations that could not be printed here. "It has long been my desire that the time may soon come when women, like men, may experiment in love without having their whole lives eternally blighted and blasted," says one lady writer. "I would regard with toleration, and indeed with sympathy, two or three experiments on trials in love . . .

Now it will be urged that these are extreme opinions, that the great majority of women are untouched by them, and that these laxities have been advanced women of this type. I do not for one moment doubt that there are thousands of women who live good and self-restrained lives, not because of the tyranny of their man folk, not because of the conventions of society, but because they are sincerely convinced of the rightness of so doing; and that they hold no conviction more deeply than that no reform must be, not to allow women greater latitude in this particular way, but by example, influence, and persuasion to raise the standard for men.

Nevertheless, we shall make the greatest mistake in the world if we take no notice of the growth of this horribly permissive campaign and believe that if we ignore it the

canter will disappear. Sensible, mature women with a knowledge and experience of life have no idea of the fascination of this doctrine for the younger women.

Moreover, fashion, whether in dress or morals, has an enormous sway over the mass of women. Men can never understand this. It must therefore be recognized that we have a body of persons in our midst, mainly women, sorely determined to create a new chapter in the history of morals. Hitherto, a larger proportion of women than of men in civilized communities have lived lives of self-restraint. The old order, say these fierce champions, is passing away and the old conceptions of morality are out of date. If some of the angry rhetoricians would pause and reflect what the consequences of this new departure will be they might conceivably refrain from the preaching of a gospel which will lead many impetuous young creatures to take a false step and land them into irremediable disaster, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred.

After contemplating such ideas and opinions as those above mentioned, it is refreshing to turn to the account of an inquiry

which the Paris Journal *L'Opinion* is now conducting into the opinions and beliefs of the young Frenchwoman of to-day.

The first results of that investigation are entirely reassuring. The typical young Frenchwoman, it seems, has no quarrel with marriage and no wish to rise in revolt against it like those of her angry sisters to whom Miss Low refers.

Marriage is the desire of her life; not one single reply has been received by *L'Opinion* in the contrary sense. She asks for her suitor not sentimentality, but tenderness; not the insipid comeliness of Quixote's heroines, but the "meas sans in corpora sano" coupled with energy and intelligence. And to the question which has been asked only debated by those ladies who would reform our own marriage service, whether the woman should obey the man, she returns a triumphant "Yes," but adds "as an act of my own will."

She has in fact grasped the truth of that famous exhort of the Greek poet: Wives dread their husbands, so at least 'tis said.

Nay, they rule o'er them. What have they to dread?



Man's Oneness With Divinity

Walt Whitman said, "I am larger, better than I thought. I did not know I held so much goodness."

Man is just beginning to discover himself, to find out that he is not such an insignificant figure in the universe as he was once taught to believe. Man is just beginning to hold up their heads, because they are just beginning to discover their divinity and oneness with the great creative energy of the universe.

Man is finding out that nothing in the universe has yet been discovered more sacred or precious than himself,

more sacred than that which dwells inside of him. The poor miserable worm of the dust of the middle ages is beginning to feel his divinity and to straighten up and to walk erect. He is no longer like a beggar, crawling into the presence of his maker, but he comes as an heir of all that exists. Men are finding out that they are not the poor miserable creatures they have been taught to regard themselves, but that they are themselves a part of divinity, that they are creators themselves and not creatures.

—Orison Swett Marden.



A photo taken at the races in Toronto on Victoria Day. It will be noticed that many of the styles are equally as advanced as they are in New York or Paris.

Who Sets the Fashions?

The following article will be found to be of especial interest to those who do not know how the many changing styles begin or have their ending. Although many of the new styles do not appeal to the average conservative dresser, yet, the many new designs that are always coming in, do suggest that there must have been creative minds behind them.—Editor.

By E. J. Morris

IT IS frequently difficult to trace the reason why any particular fashion becomes universal, nor can a new style always be attributed to any given source. It is probably, however, at Longchamps, or one of the other famous race courses near Paris, more than anywhere else, that feminine fashions are finally settled.

Ladies from the leading houses in the dressmaking and millinery world

go there from time to time wearing things more or less new, more or less wonderful.

With them go, unobserved, others of both sexes from the same houses, to watch and listen. Everything is noted, looks of approval or disapproval, and verbal criticisms. Next day criticisms or appreciations appear in the Press. This is repeated two or three Sundays (all the principal race meet-

ings in France being held on Sunday), before a definite course is decided upon.

The experience is not always an unalloyed pleasure to the ladies making the experiment, as was instanced about three years ago, when the trial of the *Directoire* dress, in its extreme form slashed well above the knee, was made. On that occasion at Chantilly races the mannequins were mobbed and were with difficulty rescued by the police from the pressing attentions of the crowd, who evidently resented what was deemed an immodest innovation.

Sometimes some unsuspecting member of the public sets a fashion herself. She has an idea; wants something that does not exist and gives the idea to someone on the alert for something new, which, if it prove successful, may be copied on a large scale and become fashionable.

But there are great leaders of fashion, endowed with great inventiveness and an undoubted conception of the beautiful, and it is from one or another of these that fashions principally come. Their imagination is sometimes allowed to run riot; for much is permitted them, and even the alarming, when they introduce it, is accepted and thought to be correct. A high-class house may introduce extravagances of fashion which would irretrievably damage the reputation of a less important house.

It is the source of wealth to any country to be able to set the fashion and a guarantee of prosperity to any city.

Whether the overcoat shall have a billiard hack, be half-fitting or tight-fitting; whether the frock coat shall be short or long; whether trousers shall be wide or narrow is generally decided in London. On the other hand the multi-form modifications of feminine attire are generally settled in Paris, though New York now claims to have a look in in this matter.

Vienna is a distinct centre of fashion. In fact any great city that is rich and permeated with artistic tastes and where people dress well is sure to pro-

duce something new and then that takes and lasts for a time.

Berlin too has pretensions, but the Germans are too square and mathematical in their ideas for Berlin ever to lead the world of dress. When a fashion does come from them it is severely set as for example, the accordion skirt.

With regard to color and design it is usually the manufacturer who decides what is to be worn. The theatres now and again start a vogue; the bright colors of this year are said to be due to the brilliance of the colors worn by the Russian ballet dancers. Each Parisian house of first rank has in its employ, one or more artists whose duties include attending "first nights" at the opera and the theatres on the look-out for ideas which may form the foundation for new models. The Viking style of hat with the feather on each side which some years ago created such a *furor* in Paris was thus originated by one of these artists, who took the idea from Lohengrin's helmet, on the occasion of the production of the opera of that name at the Paris Opera house.

With the manufacturers, accumulation of stock is sometimes the cause of a fashion; especially is this the case in fur. When a long period has passed without the appearance of a given fur, its production having continued notwithstanding—for Nature is not subservient to art—it may be safely predicted that its reappearance is near at hand. In such cases the value of the commodity is naturally enhanced, but neither fashion nor scarcity can permanently change intrinsic value.

If mink, known as musquash, were reduced to one-fourth their present quantity, they would never attain the value of sable.

It is noteworthy, by-the-by, that many of the better kinds of musquash fur are now dressed to look like sable.

Never before have fashions changed so rapidly as at the present time. A Parisian, curious in these matters, has noted seventeen distinct changes in millinery in two years.

The question is sometimes asked,

where, failing Paris, would the fashions be set?

London would probably become the fountain head. Vienna would stand a fair chance; good taste is very marked there, and none excel, and perhaps do not equal, the Austrians in blending wool and silk; a proof that the creative capacity, without which fashion setting is impossible, is not wanting.

Paris, and are likely to continue to do so. There are so many there born to, and trained in the art, and the public sentiment is so completely in harmony with it, that it cannot be otherwise.

In many cities the best things are found in the stores, but in Paris it is never so. The store is the ordinary, the private apartment the select. Donost's, for example, may be considered a store



Photo at the same meet showing three advanced styles of feminine dress.

Be that as it may at present it is certain that Frenchwomen are better dressed than their sisters in other countries, both in inner and outer wear. There is more beauty of line, more perfection of finish. And this applies to all classes, it is innate, the gift of generations. While feminine fashions may and do now and again, come from other places, they come principally from

in that there is a ground floor, but there is nothing in the window.

When models are exposed in stores, they are often copied, and brought out in lower qualities and prices; but one must be a known customer to get even a glimpse of the best and richest creations of Paris. Regular customers only have a "private view."

It is not at all unusual for a customer

to pay a house such as Viot's \$200 or \$300 for a new creation in the form of a hat, of which the component parts may be intrinsically worth only a few dollars. This sum, of course, is paid on the understanding that no similar hat is to be supplied to any other customer, and the purchaser has the exclusive right to that model. If it "catches on" it is copied and in a week or two similar hats can probably be purchased in the cheaper stores for 10 or 15 dollars or even less. But the purchaser of the original model who is more frequently than not, one of the aristocracy of the demi-monde, has had the satisfaction of wearing for the one occasion, usually at one of the principal race meetings, the newest confection of one of the first houses, which is absolutely unique in style and is the cynosure of all eyes of the world of fashion.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that all the principal designers of men's fashions, like all the best chefs, are men, the only lady of note who has much influence in this direction being Mme. Paquin. In the millinery world the ladies

are somewhat more prominent, as was brought out in a law case a few weeks back, when it was shown that one lady designer of hats in London received \$4,000 a year for her work.

News has lately come from Paris that the leaders of the great Parisian fashion houses have recently been responsible for a notable innovation in settling the fashions, by inviting the collaboration of prominent members of the world of art.

A group of the foremost artists of Paris have formed themselves into a society under the presidency of M. A. de la Gandara and have placed their services at the disposal of the leaders of fashion.

Every month each of these artists will submit models of four gowns. The artists are 12 in number, so that in the course of the year over 500 models will be created, and there is every probability that from now on, the creations of the leading houses will, before their appearance, have received the cachet of approval of the highest authorities in the world of art.



The Best Way to Settle a Grudge

I know of nothing that is more deadly to all that is finest and best in us, nothing which so poisons the very sources of life as holding a grudge, which, of course, means that we hope sometime for an opportunity to get "square" with those we fancy have injured us.

The best way to pay back one who has injured us is to give him just the opposite to what we imagine he has given us. Let the antidote for injury be the spirit of friendliness and kindness.

We all know how much better we feel when conscious that our own kindly attitude has disarmed an enemy. It is not difficult to kill or destroy the sting of some fancied wrong done us. The love essence is the supreme antidote for the poison. Return kindness for unkindness, love for cruelty. No matter how people may slander you, misjudge you, or misrepresent you, hold the manly, kindly attitude yourself, and time will do the rest.

—Orison Swett Marden.

Greasing an Employee's Hands

This article is a sequel to the one that appeared in the May number by the same author on the subject, "Holding Up The Firm For A Rascal." All the references in this are taken from his personal investigation in a few of the large cities of Canada.—Editor.

By Arthur Conrad

THE expression is not an elegant one, but it describes concisely and graphically a custom that has long been exercising a baneful influence on modern business life. The average employee who has anything whatever to do with the buying end of the business, either directly or indirectly, is assumed to be hard-handed. He is not inclined to slip things over easily on his employers. He holds the money and the credit of the firm in a strong grasp. To get at him, one must soften and lubricate the palm of the hand, so that things will slide through his fingers more easily. That in a word is the science of greasing, and its skillful application to meet many different cases and conditions is one of the supposedly valuable accomplishments of the smart salesman of today.

The working of the system is oftentimes extremely subtle and sometimes it defies discovery. A big Canadian manufacturing concern used a certain material—supposed to be machine oil—in the operation of its plant. They had been accustomed to purchase this product in large quantities from a local refinery. One day the factory foreman came to the head of the purchasing department with a complaint about the quality of the oil that was being supplied. It wasn't giving satisfaction and he suggested trying another brand.

The purchasing agent agreed to the experiment and a small supply of the rival oil was introduced into the factory. The foreman expressed gratification with its qualities. In his opinion it was better than the old oil, and it

would be an economy to buy it in place of the former brand. As the supply of the latter was used up, the purchasing agent bought in from the rival house until the plant was using nothing but the new kind of oil. The foreman continued to express his satisfaction with the change maintaining that the oil was decidedly superior.

Then the firm from whom they had been buying the oil in the first place woke up to the fact that they had lost a good customer. Their salesman visited the factory and endeavored to find out what was the reason for the loss of business. He was told that their oil had deteriorated, and that they were not producing as good a quality as their competitor. He asked to be permitted to send in some new samples, which he contended were the best on the market. The purchasing agent, who was friendly to his firm, agreed, and on several successive occasions, samples of the oils made by his firm were sent in for experiment. Every time the foreman "knocked" his goods, maintaining that they could not approach the quality of the oil he was using.

After a time the salesman began to grow suspicious. The steady uniformity with which the foreman continued to disparage his highest grade product set him thinking, and one day he went to the purchasing agent and sounded him.

"Look here, Mr. Harrison," said he, "I can't understand the persistent way in which your foreman knocks my oil. I am growing suspicious. Have you any reason to suspect his honesty?"

"None in the world," replied Mr. Harrison. "He's been here twenty years, and I've never known him to do a crooked thing. If anyone about the place is straight, it's Bagshaw."

"Well, it's very curious," said the salesman. "I'd like to be sure of that. Would you mind if I tried a little trick on him just to test him?"

"None in the least. What do you propose to do?" asked Harrison.

"Here's my plan. Take me into the factory this evening, and let me put some of our oil into one of the Peerless Company's cans. Then give me some of their oil to put into one of our cans and let me take it over to our place. Tomorrow morning you go to Bagshaw and ask him casually how the oil is working. If he is still as enthusiastic about the Peerless brand, say that you would like him to try another sample of our stuff. Let him send over for it, so that he won't suspect a rat, and I will give his messenger our can with the Peerless oil in it. Then you stand by while he tries the oil. That's all I want you to do."

Harrison laughed and agreed to try the experiment. The salesman was furnished with the Peerless oil and in turn put some of his best oil into a Peerless tin, which was left in a handy place in the factory. Next morning the purchasing agent walked into the factory and accosted Bagshaw.

"How's the oil working, Bagshaw?" said he. "Still quite satisfactory?"

"First rate," said the foreman.

"By the way," continued Harrison, "that salesman of the opposition house was in again last night. He's mighty persistent. Claims his people have something new that will knock the spots off the Peerless brand. Wants us to give it a trial. I wish you would send over for a can of it and let's know what you think of it. Send for me when you get it."

In the course of half an hour Bagshaw sent for Harrison. He had the can of supposedly new oil in his hand and led the way to one of the machines. With the air of an expert he adjusted the machine and poured in a small quantity of the oil. Watching it with the closest attention he made some

comments under his breath and then straightened up.

"That's a bit better than the last stuff they sent over," said he. "Now you just watch this machine when I give it some of the other kind." He picked up the can in which the salesman had put his own company's oil the night before, and ran some of it into the machine. "See the difference," said he, "it's cleaner stuff and works the bearings easier. We save money using this kind," patting the can affectionately.

Harrison, making some perfunctory remark, walked out of the factory and, passing his own office, stepped into that of the general manager. He told his story briefly. The general manager was astonished; Bagshaw had been an old and trusted employee, and for him to be guilty, as he obviously was, of accepting a bribe from the Peerless Oil Company, was disconcerting. There was only one thing to do. Bagshaw was summoned to the general manager's office; was forced to confess that he was receiving money from the Peerless Oil Company, and was discharged on the spot.

This story may save of fiction, but in its general details it is an actual occurrence, which took place not long since in a Canadian city. What differentiates it from most cases of a similar kind is that the man guilty of accepting the bribe was found out. In thousands of instances, men and women, boys and girls, are being presented with gifts of one sort or another with the purpose of influencing them to favor certain firms which have goods to sell to their employers. Often the influence is seemingly of the most trivial character and those employing these means of gaining favor would disclaim all intention of corrupting the morals of those whom they seek to reach. But none the less it is a harmful practice and may lead to more serious consequences.

One day a stationer in a Canadian town noticed that one of the salesgirls in his store was using a very handsome gold-mounted fountain pen. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have taken much notice of the incident,

but the fact that it was only three months previously that he had seen her with another new pen made him suspicious. He called her into his private office and asked her point-blank if such and such a traveller for fountain pens had given her the pen she was using. Taken aback the girl admitted that he had.

"Didn't he give you one three months ago?" he asked at a venture.

The girl again admitted that the man had done so. Speaking to her quite frankly, he proceeded to explain why he objected to any of his help accepting gifts from travellers. While he did not suppose that the girl would openly give the preference to this man's pens when it came to buying, yet he pointed out that a certain obligation was formed when she accepted the pens, and that she must necessarily be influenced in her attitude towards the man by what she had received from him.

Possibly there are those who see no serious wrong in making little presents to those who are met with in the course of business intercourse—friendly little gifts of cigars or the like. Yet it is hard to draw the line between the gift of friendship and the gift of design. Back of practically every present there lurks a desire to curry favor and there is certainly an obligation imposed in nearly every case. If a person is fair-minded at all, he will realize that he owes something in return for every favor that is extended to him.

"Thanks awfully," says the buyer, as he pockets a pretty little cigarette case. "I feel very much obliged to you. Isn't there anything I can do for you in return?"

"Nothing at all, old man," answers the wily traveller. "Just be good to yourself and keep things moving till I get back. I'll be round some time in June. I guess by that time you'll be wanting to stock up pretty strong on our line again. Bye-bye."

A difference must be instituted between gifts presented for business-getting reasons to employers and those presented to employees. While the custom may be deprecated in either case, where the harm is done is in the case of the employee. The employer or owner of

a business may be supposed to know what is good for his business health. He may accept a gift openly, knowing that the outcome is in his own hands for weal or woe. Not so the employee. In his or her case, there is usually secrecy—which is in itself a bad symptom—and he may be led to do things that will not be in the best interests of his firm. Instead of serving his employer wholeheartedly, he places himself in the partial employ of another firm.

The whole structure of business and the professions is permeated with this evil. It is the picture on the reverse side of the coin of graft. The country's politicians—employees of the people of Canada—were recent to their duties when they accepted passes from the transportation companies, prior to the passing of the Railway Act, and the few who refused to place themselves under the obligation to the railways were deserving of all praise. Newspapers, in taking passes from theatres, feel obliged to write eulogistically of the performances. Officials of municipalities, who receive entertainment from firms interested in selling them supplies, are subtly influenced in this way. By well placed gifts, rake-offs and commissions the man who buys is led to favor the interests of the man who sells.

Nor does the evil confine its operation to adults and to business men. The schoolboy or schoolgirl, who becomes the purchasing agent for the supplies needed by an athletic team, is subjected to the baneful influence, and what is just a mild form of bribery is liable to convert the boy or girl into a first-class grafter who comes to look for gifts and commissions as a matter of course, and even to seek them out on his own account. At college it becomes more accentuated. Some young man, new to the ways of the world, is clothed with authority as secretary of some club and immediately he becomes the recipient of presents from this, that and the other supply house. He is gratified, feels that these people are very good to him, and that he must pay them back, and when it comes to buying supplies, he hastens to patronize the firms that have given him the presents. By

the next year, he is early on the hunt for some new office that will entitle him to receive more bounties. Within the space of a year he has graduated from the innocent country boy to the accomplished grafter.

Even the church, supposedly the stronghold of virtue, is not left free from the attentions of those who seek by well-directed gifts to secure a portion of the funds to be expended. Members of the board of managers receive pleasant little attentions from the salesmen of those firms dealing in church supplies. In the schools, the same situation is found, and even the teachers are made the objective of attack by designing agents for school equipment. Nurses in hospitals are a good prey for those who sell medicine and hospital supplies. In fact, there is hardly an institution, public or private, which is not invaded.

The worst of it is that it is all so innocent, and that so few people see any harm in receiving these little attentions from friendly salesmen. To them it is an absurdity to point out that a question

of ethics is at stake. They see only the one side and believing themselves honest and incorruptible, do not recognize that the man who gives is aiming a blow at their integrity. They would be the last to admit that they have been purchased.

The unfairness of the whole system to the firm which does not approve of or practise the custom of winning the favor of buyers in this way is evident. An accusation of meanness is made against them, when they are only strictly honest. They are said to be slow and unprogressive, when they are actually upholding a principle to which all business will have to come sooner or later.

Unfortunately so widespread is the practice that in very self-defence many firms have had to resort to it to keep up their end. They have made concessions to the spirit of the age, and under the guise of Christmas boxes, have sought to please buyers without forcing on them the obligation that would be made were the presents to be given at any other time of the year.

FOREST SOLITUDE

The clash and clamour of the world grow less,
Receding further as we slowly stray
To where the forest, clad in green array,
Awaits us with its peaceful loveliness.
Forgotten is that time of strain and stress
Through which we battled—was it yesterday,
Or yesterday?—it seems so far away,
For now our sorrows melt to nothingness.

The pines above us strive to reach the sky,
At times we almost fancy that they meet
As in this cloistered arched we lie,
Protected from the sun's too fervent heat;
And, with the birds who start to sing near by,
We realize that life is very sweet!

—An Exchange.

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XXXIV

"It is the classic flower of Venus as well as the hedge of Imperialism. And—he who receives it from so fair a hand and does not wear it must needs be very cold or greatly courageous." He added, as Dunoise's brilliant black eyes met his own: "I wear no violets, you see. Yet had she offered them. . . ."

He gave a whimsical, expressive shrug. Dunoise found himself saying:

"These were not given to me, but dropped in passing."

The great master's laugh, mirthful, mellow, genial, responded with the words:

"Admit at least that the flowers were dropped most opportunely."

"Monsieur, if the knot of violets were purposely detached," said Dunoise, "then they undoubtedly were meant for you!"

But he made no offer to resign the blossoms, and Hugo laughed again.

"They were not meant for me. Have no fear. I have drunk a sweet philtre that renders men proof against enchantment. I kissed my child sleeping in its cradle. . . . My wife said: *God keep thee!* when I left home to-night."

The manner had a tinge of grandiloquence, the words did not ring quite true. Dunoise, like all the rest of the world, knew that the boasted philtre was not the infallible preventative.

. . . The scrap of tinsel that would sometimes show among the crumpled folds of the kingly mantle peeped out with a vengeance now. . . . And yet the man possessed a royal, noble nature and a personality so simply impressive

that, if he had chosen to sit upon a three-legged milking stool, instead of a carved chair upon a tapestried dais, it would have seemed, not only to his followers, a throne.

He went on to speak of the beauty of the lady of the salon, thrilled Dunoise by a hint of romance,—breaking off to say:

"But for you, who wear the uniform of M. de Roux's regiment, there can be nothing new to hear about Madame!"

Did a drop of subtle, cynical acid mingle with the honey of the tone?

. . . Dunoise was conscious of the tag of bitterness even as he answered:

"Monsieur, I was recalled from Bli-dah to join the 399th of the Line barely a month ago. And since then I have been absent on leave in England. I had the honor of meeting Madame de Roux for the first time to-night. She interests me indescribably. Pray tell me what you know of her. . . ."

Hugo said: "Have a care! She wears the Violet in her bosom and the Bee upon her lips. And in the perfume of the flower there is delirium—in the honey of the insect a sting."

Dunoise said, hardly knowing that he spoke the words aloud:

"Divine madness, exquisite pain!"

Hugo returned with a sphinx-like smile and a curious intonation:

"You have the integrity of youth, with its rashness. Be it so! We must all live and learn. And so you are but newly from Algeria! Ah!—so you have ridden down the wild purrises on the plains at the foot of Atlas, and felt on your eyes the kiss of the breeze of the Desert, and passed to breathe and rest beneath the thatch of some native hut shadowed by date-

palms or sycamores, built beside streams that flow through hollowed trunks of trees. And women as black as roasted coffee-berries have brought you whey and millet-cakes, and platters of dried figs, and ripe mulberries in their dark hands decked with gold and ivory rings."

So vivid was the picture evoked that Dunoise knew the yearning of homesickness, wished himself back again in the little house at Bli-dah, even to be bored by the trivial gossip of the garrison ladies, even to be teased by the persistent drub and tinkle of gamelle-eyed Adjimeh's tam-taw. And the magician's voice went on:

"You have asked of Madame de Roux. . . . Her father was a grandee of Spain and famous general of guerillas. He was killed during the counter-revolutionary operations in Catalonia in 1822. . . . My father knew him and his lovely wife, who died of grief within a few years of the death of her brave husband. . . . She was a Miss Norah Murphy, an Irishwoman. And when you say that you say all. Madame de Roux possesses a strain of that blood. It is to be traced in the daughters of a family for centuries—I say nothing of the sons. . . . And its gifts are the voice of music, the touch that thrills; the eyes that weep and laugh together, the smile that charms and maddens, and the kiss that enthral and beguiles. . . ."

"They are here?" came from Dunoise, as if in interjection, and then repeating the words with an accent of conviction; "They are here!" he said, a rush of new sensations crowding in upon him, with the perfume steaming from the tiny knot of purple blossoms fading in his hand.

"They are here," Hugo answered. "They were here when M. de Roux met and married her: they were here when as a bride of seventeen she found herself established as lady-paramount and reigning Queen of his regiment, in garrison at Ham. Life is dull in a military fortress, you will agree, to anyone but a gambler. For distraction one turns naturally to games of risk and chance. . . ."

He smiled, but his smile was enigmatical:

"The most fascinating of these is the game of Political Intrigue and Secret Correspondence. From a prisoner, informed for life within the Fortress, the young wife learned to play that game. Her teacher had been a professional player, ruined through an ill-calculated move at Boulogne—an attempt ending in grotesque failure."

Dunoise knew that by the ruined player was meant the Pretender to the Throne Imperial of France.

"The beautiful Henriette was an apt pupil; she quickly mastered the first Gambit. I have heard it said that the pawn sacrificed on that occasion was—the lady's husband, but whether that be truth or scandal I do not pretend to know. . . . But six years later her teacher crossed the draw-bridge in the blouse and fustians of a bricklayer, with a plank upon his shoulder, and since then"—the pale features of the speaker were inscrutable—"his pupil has kept her hand in. For Intrigue is a game that a woman comes to play at last for excitement, though at first she may have played for love."

He ceased and began to laugh, and said, still laughing, while Dunoise thrilled with pity, anger and yet another emotion:

"It would be strange if so lovely and seductive a woman could conceive a genuine passion for a little unsuccessful adventurer who pronounces 'joy' as 'cloy,' and transport as 'dreadford,' and who has a long body and short legs. Though, to have suffered for an idea, even as false as the Idea Imperial, adds stature to the dwarfish and dignity to the vulgar, even in the eyes of other men. Besides, he was a prisoner. . . . unfortunate and happy. . . . Why should she not have loved him after all?"

Dunoise said, with tingling muscles and frowning brows:

"Monsieur, do you hold that women are incapable of chivalry?"

He had raised his voice and the clear ringing utterance made itself distinctly heard above the buzz of general con-

version. And as he spoke a silken rustle went past behind him, and a breath of violets came to his nostrils. . . . But Hugo was replying to the query in the grandiose vein that characterized him. . . .

"No, young man!—since from my place in the House of Deputies I beheld the Duchesse d'Orleans stand up single-handed against a whole nation in defence of the rights of a weak child." He added: "In days such as these the diligent student of Human Nature—the literary artist who would add a new gloss to the Book of Mankind, discovers a pearl every hour he lives. Have I not seen within the space of one week a King hooted from the Tuileries, a throne consumed by fire, a constitution tumbled into the dustbin, and the New Republic of France rise, radiant and regenerate from the ashes, and the dust and blood of Insurrection? And I am here to-night because I seek, at the first signal of his arrival, to hasten to offer the hand of brotherhood to a Napoleon Bonaparte who has freed his chained eagle, fettered his ambitions, and asks nothing better than to set the torch of Liberty to the pyre of Empire." He added, as by an afterthought: "And also, I am here because I wish to look upon the face of Cain."

The unexpected peroration hissed like Greek fire upon wet water. Dunoise staggered in bewilderment: "Pardon, Monsieur! You Said . . . the face of Cain . . . ?"

The answer came:

"Monsieur, in the interests of the public who subscribe to the *Avènement* I should sincerely thank you if you would point out to me that brother-officer of yours who caused the men of his command to fire upon the people assembled before the Hotel of the Foreign Ministry. Having looked upon his face, my desire will be gratified. I shall have seen Cain!"

The words of deadly irony fell like the iron weighted thong of the knout upon bare flesh, lacerating, excoriating. . . . Hector Dunoise, livid under his ruddy skin, rent between rage and

shame, felt speechless by the sense of the utter uselessness of denial, could only meet the piercing eagle-eyes of the wielder of the scourge. And infinitely wounding was the dawning of suspicion in those eyes, and worse the conviction, and worst of all the scorn. . . .

Dunoise had imagined, when he felt himself the target of greedy, curious glances and shrill piercing whispers, that this great man, aware of the undeserved, unmerited accusation under which he writhed, had looked at him with comprehension and sympathy. Now he found himself bereft of these; the kindness had died out of the face, if it had ever really beamed there, and the vast white forehead rose before him like a rampart with an enemy behind it. His manhood shrank and dwindled. He found himself saying in the voice of a schoolboy summoned before the pedagogue for a fault:

"Monsieur Hugo, I thought you had heard all . . . knew all . . . Your look seemed to say to-night—when first it encountered mine. . . ."

The other answered with wounding irony:

"Previous to your entrance, the well-known fact that certain ambitious Imperialist intriguers have put forward a claim of Hereditary Succession to the feudal throne of a small Bavarian principality, had formed the topic of a brief discussion in which I took my share. Upon your arrival you were indicated to me as the human peg on which these adventures hang their hopes. I was quite unaware of the personal claim you have established upon the esteem of your fellow-beings by the wholesale butchery of the Rue des Capucines."

He added with a laugh that was virulent poured into Dunoise's wounds:

"I am not ignorant that you have a certain reputation as a fencer and a duelist. It will be useless to challenge me, let me assure you! . . . I am insufficiently courageous to be called a coward for the sake of my children and my country, dearer even than they." He scanned the youthful, quivering face with even more deliberate inten-

tion. . . . "You are even younger than I judged at first," he said. "What may not be looked for from the maturity of such a formidable being! . . . Paraphrasing Scripture, I am tempted to exclaim: 'If you are as you are in the green tree, what may you not become in the dry?' Personally, I am, in my character of poet and dramatist, your debtor. For every classic student knows that Tiberius was magnificently handsome—that the base and bloody Caligula was of a beauty that dazzled the eyes. But—who has pictured Judas otherwise than as a red-haired, blue-eyed humpback? Who has imagined Cain as the reverse of swart, shaggy, hideous and terrible? No one until now! But when, after years of study and preparation, I compose in Alexandrine verse the drama of the Greatest of all Betrayers—rely upon it that the Judas of Hugo will be more beautiful than John!"

His laughter froze and lacerated Dunoise's burning ears like pelting hailstones. It ceased; and, touched in spite of himself by the mute bleeding anguish in the young, haggard face he said roughly:

"Why do you not speak, sir? Why do you not defend yourself?"

Dunoise's palate was as dry as ashes. He said with the despairing smile that drags the mouth away:

"Monsieur, it would be useless. I have read your article in the *Avènement*. You condemned me before you heard."

The golden flame of Hugo's glance played over him like wildfire. The scrutiny endured but an instant. Then the master said, with a softening change of voice and face, holding out his hand:

"Young man, if you had been guilty of that crime you would be infinitely miserable. And, being innocent, you are most unhappy. For no living mortal, save myself, will believe you so!"

The hand-grasp was brief but significant. Next moment the giver was lost in the surging crowd of golden epaulettes, flower-wreathed ringlets and

well-powdered shoulders, Joinville cravats and curled heads of masculine hair.

The brilliantly-lighted rooms seemed to darken when the friendly face had turned away. Dunoise, wearied and discouraged, began to think of taking leave. As he looked about for his box there was a bustle near the door. The agitation spread to the confines of the most distant room of the suite. Loud, eager voices were heard from the anteroom, the heavy crimson curtain was dragged back by no gentle hand.

A man in brilliant Staff uniform, the white-haired general officer who had gone by Dunoise a few moments before with Madame de Roux upon his arm, appeared in the archway towards which the well-dressed mob now pressed and surged. His eyes shone—his face had the pallor of intense emotion and the radiance of unspeakable joy. He cried, in a loud, hoarse, rattling voice that carried from room to room like a discharge of grapeshot:

"Prince Louis Napoleon is in Paris! He has arrived at the Hotel du Rhin!"

He tore his sword from his scabbard—held it gleaming high above his haggard, radiant head, and shouted in stentorian tones:

"Long live the Emperor!"

And the scented, well-dressed crowd, revived by the utterance of that name of ancient magic, inspired by the breath of an immense enthusiasm, crazy with joy in the anticipation of what they knew not, echoed the shout:

"Long live the Emperor!"

said: "I bear the dead man's name. Worship me, living, now that he is no more!" she gave him all she had.

To these Imperialists, the exile who had returned was not Charles Louis Bonaparte, Prince-Prétender to the Imperial Throne. He was the Emperor. And as though he had been indeed the wearer of a little cocked hat and the gray surtout, they greeted the news of his return with a joy they themselves would barely have credited ten minutes before.

They laughed and wept tears of rapture. Friends and foes embraced; strangers exchanged hand-greps and congratulations. The Golden Age had come again. Napoleon was in Paris. And the hubbub of voices grew overwhelming, in the ceaseless reiteration of two words:

"The Emperor!—the Emperor!"

Hugo said, raising his magnificent voice so as to be heard plainly above the babel:

"Messieurs the Representatives of the New Provisional Government, Monsieur Bonaparte has at length returned from England. Let us, who having confidence in his pledges, have voted in his favor, go and say to him: 'How do you do!'"

And, followed by his fellow-wearers of black coats and tricolored scarfs, he went out quickly. Yet others pushed their way into the anteroom, and began to rummage for hats, coats, and cloaks. As the bustle of their departure reached its climax, Dunoise was conscious of a breath of familiar fragrances. A silken rustle came behind him, and a soft voice reached his ear, saying:

"If only I dared follow them!"

It was Madame de Roux. Then as the wood-flower's perfume reached him in a stronger gust of sweetness, a whisper said:

"Are you chivalrous?"

The voice added instantly:

"I overheard what you said just now. . . . Do not look round. . . ."

Dunoise stared straight before him. Rigid and immovable, he might have been taken for the colored image of an officer of pious-pious. Only his Al-

gerian medals shook a little with the beating of his heart. And the voice came again. It said:

"Think of me what you will! . . . I must speak to you! Remain after the others have left. . . . Wait in the gray boudoir at the end of the drawing-room beyond this. Raise those violets to your face if you agree: drop them if you refuse! . . ."

His hand shook as he lifted the knot of drooping blossoms, pretending to inhale their vanished scent. He heard her whisper:

"Thanks!" and the rustle of her silks and laces—distinguishable to him through the swishing and billowing and crackling of a sea of feminine fripperies—passed on. And footmen with baskets of champagne and silver trays of glasses, light as bubbles, began to circulate through the crowd; and the explosion of corks, the gurgling of the foamy wine, the pledging of loyal toasts and the clinking of glasses heralded the conversation of a festival of sentiment into a lively night.

Amidst the popping, clinking and toasting, Dunoise passed from the larger drawing-room into the smaller, less crowded salon beyond, and presently found himself in the little boudoir.

It was a charming, cozy nest with purple-gray silk hangings, its stony furniture upholstered with velvet of the same shade, the black, shining wood inlaid with silver wreaths, fillets and ribbons in the unfashionable Empire style.

It was a nest for confidences, a place for revelations and confessions. It contained no pictures beyond a few frames of miniatures, all masculine portraits by famous hands, and one fine full-length, life-sized oil-painting, within a massive carved and gilded frame of the period of the Regency; representing a voluptuously beautiful woman, in the habit of a Cistercian nun, standing upon a dais covered with blue-and-gold tapestry in a pattern of *fleur-de-lis*. From her loosened coil streamed golden tresses, and her proud uplifted eyes blazed,

Fig. 5.

not with the heavenly fires of Divine Love, but with the lurid flames of Hell. . . . And in her Satanic pride and imperial arrogance of beauty she seemed to live; and send out subtle electric influences that dominated and swayed those who dwelt within the reach of them—not for good—but for evil and misery, and the wreck of bodies and souls.

And Dunoise looked at the portrait, and the red lips seemed to smile at him. And while they appeared to whisper "Stay!" unseen hands plucked at him, as though striving to drag him from the place; and a thin voice of warning fluttered like a cobweb at his inner ear, urging him to be gone and lose no time about it. Perhaps was Sister Thérèse de Saint François was praying for him in her cell at the Carmel of Widinitz. But all the champagne he had not tasted seemed boiling in his veins, and he gave back the smile of the proud, voluptuous, painted lips, and was drawing near to decipher an inscription on an ornamental scroll at the bottom of the Regency frame, when there was a rustle and a whisper of silken draperies in the doorway, and he turned to meet the eyes of Henriette.

She was radiant now with triumph—she sparkled like a starry night in midwinter. She drew deep breaths as though she had been running, and lovely tremulous smiles hovered about her mouth. She lifted her little hands as the first bars of a waltz marvellously played upon a brilliant instrument, rang out, and the rhythmical sound of dancing feet began to mingle with the music and the gay din of chattering tongues, and said with a sign that bade him listen:

"Do you hear?—they are dancing over the grave of the Monarchy. They have turned my reception into a ball. M. Chopin has volunteered to play for them. . . . He is mad, like everybody else to-night. Decidedly it is as well you came here without waiting."

She pressed her small white hands against her temples, lifting from them the weight of the hair, and sank down,

Fig. 6.

panting a little still, upon the gray velvet divan, saying:

"Ouf!—my head aches. What was it I wanted to say?—I have forgotten! Do sit down! Here, beside me—you will not crush my dress. . . . We are not likely to be disturbed. . . . M. de Roux has gone to the Hôtel du Rhin with General Montgouichet and a dozen other gentlemen—the rest are engrossed with their partners. What I wish to say to you was—Take this advice as from an elder sister. When you are summoned to answer before the Court-Martial for that—affair of the Rue des Capucines—"

He had fixed his eyes on the beautiful mobile mouth. Was he deceived? Did he really hear it say:

"Say that you gave the order for the men to fire. It will be the wisest course. Oh!—I know what I am talking about! No harm will come to you! You understand me, do you not? Only admit it—do not deny!"

Dunoise rose up from the divan as pale under his red skin as when Hugo had asked him to point out the modern parallel of the primal murderer, and said in ice-cold tones:

"I have already had the honor to point out to you, Madame, that I did not give the order!"

He vibrated with passionate resentment. What—under the guise of sisterly kindness, was he advised to leap the cliff?

But a face brimming with sweet penitence was lifted to his. She said, summoning her dimples to play by mere force of will, boding her eyes gleam through a soft veil of dewiness:

"Do not be angry!—it was a stupid joke. Must one always be so serious with you? And—I am a little mad to-night, as I have told you. It is excusable. . . . Pray forgive me!—sit down again!"

She stretched out a little hand, its delicate fingers curling like tendrils. They touched his—his heart leapt as they clung. He sat down again. And the waltz, played by the master-hand, ebbed away, dying in waves of sensuous sweetness, and a Polish mazurka,

after a peal of crescendo chords that shrieked with frantic merriment, sprang short-skirted, and flourishing belled corset heels, from the bewitched instrument, to take its place. And Dunoise, with throbbing senses, tore his eyes from the enthralling face, and raised them to meet the proud, voluptuous, defiant glance of the nun in the portrait. And her red lips seemed to say: "Why not?" He asked involuntarily:

"Who is she?"

Henriette's soft voice answered, with a curious tone in it:

"Everyone who asks says, 'Who is she?' so though she lived. But she died in 1743. The portrait used to hang over the fireplace in the Community Hall. I will not tell you how it comes to be where it is now—it is a secret. She was Louise Adélaïde de Chartres, second daughter of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans. She became Abbess here when eighteen, and died Abbess of Chelles. She was divinely beautiful and of ungovernable passions. . . . The suite of immense rooms that were hers in the main building of the Abbaye are never used. They are always shut up, and no one ever goes into them alone."

Seeing Dunoise's look still fixed upon the portrait, she went on:

"She was a witch. She bewitched her lovers,—she has bewitched you—you cannot take away your eyes. Ah! if you do not recoil from the sight of her, knowing her to be so wicked, there should be hope for me! For I—oh!—how can I tell you? . . ."

She was weeping,—the shining tears were making their way between the fingers of the little hands she clasped over her eyes. Her white bosom heaved with sobs. And Dunoise, pleading with her in a voice that shook with emotion, to be calmer, presently found himself possessed of one of the little hands. He won a glance, too, of eyes that shone out of a pale, tear-drenched face, like moon-eyes seen through running water, and another by-and-by . . .

To shed real tears and be lovely still—what a gift of the fairies! They have it as a birthright, the Henriettes. Henriette and her sisters can ride on the whirlwind of the emotions, without disarranging a fold of their draperies,—go through whole tragedies of despair without ruddening an eyelid,—sorrow beautifully without spoiling the romance of a situation with one grotesque hint upon the nose. This Henriette said, lifting a sweet quivering face and drowned eyes to Dunoise's agitated countenance:

"Oh! let me cry,—it eases the heart!—and listen, for you must believe me! . . ."

Voices sounded beyond the threshold the door-handle was rattled loudly. As the door opened, Henriette turned with a rapid supple movement, and said, indicating the portrait above the fireplace with a steady hand:

"As you remark, Monsieur, Madame d'Orléans did not pass her time in saying paternosters. . . . But it is said that she repented, and died in a state of grace."

XXXVI

THE door shut softly. Those who had sought privacy in the gray boudoir had retreated discouraged. No more intruders came near as the ball went on. And while the candles flickered low in their silver branches, Henriette said to Dunoise:

"Do you know that fortress of Hen?" She continued before he could answer:

"Picture it as a hollow square of granite, set in the middle of a vast, treeless, marshy plain. It has a huge round tower at two of its angles, a powder-magazine at each of the others. A sluggish canal crawls beneath the south and east ramparts, a river winds across the marshy plain, passing beneath the walls of the town. There is only one gateway, guarded by a square tower,—you enter, and are in a great courtyard surrounded by lofty walls, commanded by heavy masses of masonry, with water oozing from the blocks of

stone that sparkle with crystals of salt-petre. . . . One building has grated windows—by that you know it is a prison. Another is the Barracks—a third is the dwelling of the Commandant."

She said, with a strange wild laugh, and a look of darkling remembrance: "I spent my honeymoon there, as a bride of seventeen, eight years ago. You have noticed that I am very pale, have you not? It is because all my roses faded and died in that chill cavern of dripping stone."

"When a young wife lives by the side of a husband who is not young or amiable, or even kind—in a place such as I have described, something she must love if she is not to die. . . . Thus Henriette learned to worship a Cause, and to devote herself, heart and soul, to an object. That was the Restoration of the Empire. She lives for it to-day!"

Her eyes were like green jewels burning under the shadow of her dusky hair-waves. Her voice thrilled and rang and sighed. "Oh, how I thanked you for those words I heard to-night! What man except yourself would have spoken them! Yes—women can be chivalrous!—women can live and die for a conviction! My terrible confession is made easier by your belief!"

She paused and resumed:

"I aided the escape of the Prince Imperial. . . . I conceived the idea, thought of the disguise—provided the lay-figure that, dressed in Prince Louis Napoleon's clothes, lay upon the bed in his prison-cell, while M. Conneau kept guard over the supposed sick man. And I am gloried in the success of the enterprise, and every Louis I could obtain has since been spent in furthering the Imperial cause. Ah, Heaven! how poor its only hope has been!—he who should wield a sceptre, he who should have dipped his hands at will in a treasury of millions! How poor he still is, it pierces the heart to know. Yet how many have exhausted their resources in supplying that need of his: General Montgiscard and M. de Comberville have been reduced to penury,

Princess Mathilde and the Comtesse de Thierry-Robec are impoverished by their gifts! Noble, self-sacrificing women!—without envying I have emulated them. . . . You see these rubies that I wear? Who would guess the stones were false?"

She lifted into the light a radiant forehead. Had you been there to see and hear, you would have said with Dunoise, "This is the voice—that is the face of Truth!"

And yet, if those rubies had been carried to some expert, obliging dealer in such gewgaws, say Bapst-Order, late Jeweller to his Majesty, 111 Quai de l'École,—they would—after that state-ly personage had screwed a microscope into his eye and submitted them to a brief but searching examination—have fetched a really handsome sum.

When Dunoise, gripped by a sudden spasm of anger and contempt and disgust, muttered:

"And he stoops to take aims—to subsist on funds so gathered! Why not rather sweep the streets?" she continued, in a voice that thrilled with genuine emotion:

"Tha' Arabé tell you that rubies are drops of the hearts' blood of lovers shed countless ages ago, and crystallized into jewels by the alchemy of Time. Well, I would empty my veins to-day for the Empire, if need should arise!"

He looked at her and knew that she would do it. With what a spotless flame she seemed to burn. Sweet, heroic zealot!—adored enthusiast! What man, thought Dunoise, could hesitate to pour his own life upon the trampled sand of a political arena if by the sacrifice that white bosom might be spared the horrid wound!

"Judge, then, Monsieur, when it seemed, after long years, that the hour of Restoration might be approaching,—judge if I did not thrill and pant and tremble for that absent one,—if I did not urge all those who recognize in Prince Louis Napoleon France's resurser and saviour, to exhaust themselves in a supreme effort to bring him to her

side. And knowing him in urgent need, deceived by English guile, betrayed by the specious promises of that powerful Minister who has only feigned to befriend him—I borrowed money . . . Yes, it must be told. . .

She stretched out the little hand and touched the gold lace upon Dunoisse's sleeve, saying with a wistful smile:

"Borrowing degrades—even when one borrows from a woman. You see, I do not spare myself. . . I borrowed from a man."

Dunoisse's small, square white teeth were viciously set upon his lower lip. His black brows were knitted. His eyes were bent upon the carpet. He heard her say:

"A man who loved me. . . Ah! what a coward I am, and how you must despise me! Who loves me, I should say!"

And the sentence was a knife in the heart of the poor dupe who heard. Words were wrenched from him with the sudden pain. He cried, before he could check himself:

"Who is the man?"

And then, meeting her look that conveyed: "You have no right to ask" . . . he said with humility: "Forgive me! I was presumptuous and mad to ask that question. Forget that I ever did!"

She gauged him with a keen, bright glance, and said with a noble, melancholy simplicity that was as pluck as her abasement of the moment previous:

"You are very young, or you would never have committed so great an error. For if I loved him, I should never tell you for his sake, and if I loved you—"

She registered his start, and finished:

"—I should never tell you for yours. But as I have no love left to give to any man: as the fountain of my heart have long been frozen at their source—I will say this. . . You and he were friends once, long years ago, before he became an Under-Secretary at the Foreign Ministry. A cloud has shadowed your old friend-

ship. . . A misunderstanding has thrust you apart. You know who it is I mean."

A cloud had almost palpably come before Dunoisse's eyes. Their black-diamond brilliancy was dulled to opaqueness, as he looked at Madame de Roux, and his lips, under the small black moustache, made a pale, straight line against his burnt-sienna skin. And from them came a grating voice that said:

"You are speaking of M. Alain de Moulin. I saw you together in the courtyard of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs a moment before the pistol-shot. And he—"

She stretched out, with a gesture of entreaty, her little hands, sparkling with the jewels that were such marvelous imitations, and yet would have fetched a good round sum at Baget Odier's.

"Wait—wait! Do not confuse me. Let me tell you in my roundabout woman's way! He—"

She drew her brows together; moved the toe of her little grey satin slipper backwards and forwards through the silky fur of the chinchilla rug. How little of actual fact may be held to constitute the entire truth, is a problem which confronts the Henriettes at every turn of the road.

"We had had an appointment to meet in my box at the Odéon Theatre that evening. M. de Moulin was to have brought me the money there. The disturbances rendered it impossible that he could keep the appointment—the Ministry was guarded by troops—despatches and messengers coming every moment, messages and despatches every instant going out. . . So I was to meet M. de Moulin in one of the more private waiting-rooms opening from the Hotel vestibule and receive the money from his hands. He is not rich—what younger son is wealthy? But where there is devotion—what cannot be achieved? He would do anything for me!"

She said, meeting Hector's sombre glance:

"I have heard it said that you are indifferent to women. If so, you are lucky. We bring nothing but misery—even to those we love!"

She swept her little hands upwards through the mass of curls upon her temples, with her favorite gesture:

"I was leaving the Hotel—where my husband was dining with M. Guizot—when the great crowd of people, led by the drum and the Red Flag, filled the Boulevard, and seemed as though about to charge the soldiers, who were drawn up along the railways motionless as statues, with their muskets at the present. . . Upon a grey Arab, in command of the half-battalion, was a young officer who interested me much. . ."

Invisible, red-hot needles pricked the listener all over. Then something icy cold seemed to trickle down his spine and escape through the heels of his spurred military boots. The speaker did not look in his direction. Her downcast eyelids fluttered, a faint mysterious smile hovered upon the eloquent mouth.

"He set his horse like a young Bedouin of the Desert, or such a warrior of ancient Greece as one has seen sculptured on the walls of the Parthenon at Athens. His skin was the ground-color of an Etruscan vase. . . Cold though I am—ah! you cannot dream how cold I am!—I have never been insensible to the beauty that is made."

Under the covert of her eyelashes she stole a glance at the victim.

"I guessed who you were, of course!—you had been minutely described to me. . . But it pleased me to pretend ignorance. I said, pointing you out to M. de Moulin: 'That must be the officer who has newly joined us from Africa. His type is rare—at least in my experience. It is a reiteration of the Young Hannibal. He has the rich coloring, the bold features, the slender shape. . . De Roux must present him. He will bring me purple stuffs and golden ingots and the latest news from Tyre.' And de Moulin answered, looking at you coldly: 'He has

millions in ingots, but he cannot give you them—unless he cares to break a vow.' I said: 'So, then, you know my handsome Carthaginian?' He answered: 'I used to, when we were boys at a military institute. It was he who induced me to give up my intention of entering the Army.' I asked: 'How, then, Monsieur?' . . . Ah! you so easily persuaded? What means did your friend employ to alter your determination?' And de Moulin answered, looking at me oddly: 'A false step, and a broken fever!'"

The spider-web of fascination she had woven about Dunoisse was weakened, perhaps, by the mention of de Moulin's name. He looked at Henriette with eyes that had become harder and brighter. He waited for the rest.

"Naturally, so strange an utterance roused my curiosity. I wanted to hear the story. If there is one? But M. de Moulin stuck out his underlip—perhaps you remember a trick he has—and I thought: 'Some day you shall tell me the rest.' We talked of other things—standing there under the portico. And as the crowd surged and roared and the Red Flag waved like a bloody zar in the night of their torches. I asked of M. de Moulin—I cannot tell you why I asked it. . . Perhaps one is fated to say these things. I asked of Alain, as the great crowd seemed bent to rush upon the gates of the Hotel: 'What would be, at this juncture, the greatest misfortune that could befall the House of Bourbon?' He answered: 'That your young Hannibal should give the word to fire!'"

She imaged silence upon Dunoisse, who was about to break into impetuous speech, by laying a little velvet hand upon his lips, as she had once laid them upon de Moulin's. She kept the hand there as she said:

"Do not interrupt—it takes all my courage to tell this! I carry a loaded pistol upon all occasions—it is a habit I learned in Spain—in Algeria I found it of use. And I drew the weapon from its hiding place,—I can hear my own voice saying as I did so: 'One shot might hasten the crisis. What if I

fired!" . . . And de Moulin said: "No, no! You must not!" And I did! I pulled the trigger, and before the echo of the shot had died, and the salt blue smoke cleared from before my face—"

She was at his feet, weeping, clinging to the shaking hands with which Dumoise strove to raise her, choking with sobs, hurrying her face upon his arm, wetting the blue cloth with real tears, entangling silken shining strands of night-dark hair in the rough gold embroidery of the Staff harness on the Assistant-Adjutant's sleeve.

"This is my place! Let all the world come and find me here! I do not care! What is humiliation if I can alone? Make no allowances or excuses for me. . . . Do not say: 'It was a moment of madness!' Think of me as your enemy and your destroyer! Ah! what a heart I must have to have smiled in your eyes, as I did when we met this evening, and not have cried out at the first look: 'Pardon! Forgiveness!—you whom I have wronged!'"

She drew some sobbing breaths, and said, lifting beautiful tear-drenched eyes like pansies in a thunder-shower:

"Hate me for the cold, calculating selfishness—brood of the base desire to save myself from the taint of all that blood—the cowardly fear of the possible vengeance of Red Republicans—that led me to say to you: 'Take the advice of a sister. Say that you were guilty of this crime!' For it is a crime. It has defiled my soul with stains that cannot be wiped away."

The supple red hands of Dumoise tightened upon the little hands they clasped. He said, looking in her eyes: "The pistol-shot was yours. But he cried, 'Fire!'"

She moved her lips soundlessly and nodded.

"I recognized his voice. . . . I should recognize it through the noise of battle—above all the tumult of the Judgment Day. It claimed payment for the false step—indemnity for the broken foil. Well, let him have both, and find his joy in them!"

He laughed harshly, and his grip was merciless. Yet she bore the pain of it without crying out. His eyes had quitted her face—they were fixed upon the portrait of the nun-Princess of Orleans. And as though some subtle, evil influence had passed from these proud voluptuous painted eyes into his blood, he was conscious of the shaping of a purpose within him and the surging of a flood that was to carry all before it and undo the work of years.

"But one joy he shall not have. . . ."

He hardly knew whether his own lips or another's had uttered the words. But he looked down and saw Henriette at his feet, between his hands. And as his eyes fell upon the creamy treasure of the fair bosom that heaved so near, Monsieur the Marshal, had been enabled to look into the gray bonnet at that particular moment, would no longer have been able to say to Hector:

"You are an iceberg. You have Carmel in your blood!"

For the son of Marie Bathilde—carried away by a tidal wave of passion, such as had swept Sister Thérèse de St. Francois out from among the pallets of the Lesser Ward of the Mercy-House at Wifimint, out of her nun's cell into the wild, turbulent ocean that rolled and billowed outside the convent walls—was to yield, and take, and eat as greedily as any other son of Adam of the fruit of the Forbidden Tree.

How it matures, the first bite into the sweet, juicy pulp! He had seemed to Henriette a brilliant boy; obstinate and stiff-necked, scrupulous and absurd. Now she saw him transformed to a new being. Vigorous, alert, decisive, masterful, a man to be reckoned with, to be feared while you deceived.

And on the hollow whirlpool of passion her own light fragile craft began to dance, and rock, and spin in ever-narrowing circles, as he said, with a strange smile that showed the white teeth gleaming under the small black moustache, but set no ray light dancing in the brilliant, cold black eyes:

"Have no fear. Try to believe me when I promise you, upon my word of honor, that no harm shall come to you from—this that you have done."

He stooped and kissed the little white hands, and said to their owner:

"Blood on these exquisite hands would be a horror. Well! from henceforth I take their stains on mine."

She faltered in real agitation:

"What are you going to do?"

The lovely lips were very near his own, as he said, still smiling in that curious way:

"I shall take the advice—not of a sister!"

She panted, shuddering closer.

"No, no! You must not—"

His eyes were fastened on her lips. Instinctively his own were drawn to them. His hot kiss would have burned them in another moment, but that a chill breath seemed to flutter at his ear, and in a flash, he saw the thing he was about to do in its true, ugly colors, and shame stung through and through him, and he drew back.

She felt the change in him—saw the fierce, eager light die out in his black eyes, and rose up, saying hurriedly:

"How good you are!—how good! I shall rely upon your promise. We must join the others now. It will not do to be missed!"

XXXVII.

The General Court-Martial of Inquiry into the conduct of the Junior Staff-officer left in command of the half-battalion of infantry detailed to guard the Ministry of Foreign Affairs upon a day to be marked with red upon the calendar, was held at the Barracks of the 999th in the Rue de l'Asyrie, between the official hours of Eight in the morning and Four in the afternoon.

One may suppose the pomp and solemnity of the affair, the portals guarded by sentries, Monsieur the Judge-Advocate and his subordinates in official robes, Monsieur the President and other stately cock-hatted, plumed, bewigged personages of the General Staff, with the various officers convened as

witnesses, solemnly filing in behind the Provost-Marshal and his guard—taking their seats, right and left according to rank, at the T-shaped arrangement of tables, covered with the significant Green Cloth; everyone arrayed in full Review-uniform, making the white-washed mess-hall brilliant as a garden of flaunting summer flowers.

They took the votes according to the time-honored custom, beginning with the youngest person present. The Provost-Marshal and his merry men followed the Prisoner in.

Dumoise, without sword or sash, went calmly to the place of dread at the bottom of the leg of the T of tables.

There was no challenge on the part of the accused officer when the President-General asked the question: "Do you object to be tried by me or any of these officers whose names you have heard?" He bowed and replied, "No." . . . And then, erect, in a rigid attitude of respect and attentive deference, the Prisoner listened to the reading of the Charge.

This occupied time, the process of Courts-Martial very successfully emulating the pompous prolixity of tribunals of the Civil kind. And while the pytho-periods dragged their tortuous length from sheet to sheet of official paper, Dumoise found himself mentally travelling back to those early days at the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, when de Moulin was Red-skin's hero and faithful Achates, Mentor and Admirable Crichton all rolled into one. And built on occasions, it is to be added. For sometimes it is sweet to laugh at one you most sincerely love.

And now Dumoise saw the god of his old boyish, innocent idolatry stripped of the false jewels and tawdry robes that had adorned him, his nimbus of gilt plaster knocked away. He began to understand how he, Hector Dumoise, had been his whole life long the slave, and tool, and puppet and victim of this cold, arrogant, dominating nature. Revenge for the spoiled career had prompted everything. No pleasure foregone, luxury denied, but had paid off some item of the old score that had been carved

ed with the end of the broken fencing-fell. That the false step had been deliberately planned, de Moulay must have always believed. He had told the story everywhere. And the taint of that supposed treachery had always clung about Dunoise's footsteps. It had followed him through life.

Now he lifted up those glittering black eyes of his to the balcony where bonnet-plumes were nodding as their wearers whispered of him. . . . And he met the eyes of Henriette de Roux.

Those beautiful eyes! . . . Their owner had seemed to him upon that first night of their meeting a star and a goddess—something to dream of and worship from a long way off.

But before gray dawn peeped in between the window-curtains upon the whirling crowd of weary, hot-eyed dancers, he had learned to know her better. The star was no celestial sphere; but an earthly planet, glowing with fierce volcanic fires; the dazzling robe of the divinity, now that she had descended from her pedestal, was seen to be stained with fruitless of the human kind. But brought within reach, she was not less desirable. He thrilled at the recollection of that night in the gray boudoir.

And then. . . he became aware that the labyrinthine verbiage of the Charge had reached a final period, and that Monsieur the Judge-Advocate had a question to ask.

"Are you, Lieutenant Hector-Marie-Aymon von Widinitz-Dunoise, Certificated of the General Staff, and Attached as Assistant-Adjutant to the 999th Regiment of the Line, Guilty or Not Guilty of the Charge brought against you, and which I have now read in the hearing of this Court?"

The reply left little excuse for prolonged investigations. The arraigned officer simply said:

"Monsieur, I gave the order to fire. I believed it necessary. I have no excuse to offer—no plea to make. I submit myself absolutely to the jurisdiction of the Court."

Which Court, at the end of this First Assembly, declined to continue the proceedings, the prisoner having acted

with a certain degree of rashness, yet with the very best intentions, in the face of an emergency of the gravest kind. And, furthermore, having been severely reprimanded in order by his Colonel, and placed in and kept under close arrest by the said commander, the said Court did ultimately find Further Proceedings under the circumstances to be unjustifiable, and recommended that the said Prisoner be immediately Released, the Charge against him Not Having Been Proved.

And the grave farce was ended—the solemn jest played out, amidst the rustling of draperies, and the nodding of bonnet-plumes, and the clapping of little kid-covered hands up in the gallery where the Band played on guest-nights, and where at least one heart beat with infinite relief.

Amidst a universal rising, saluting, putting on of plumed cocked hats and white gloves, after official congratulations and some bowings and hand-shakings, the Assistant-Adjutant, plus his sash and sword, was free to go about his business without that haunting sense of being a marked man, under ban of the Second Republic of France. And Dunoise put on his shako and went out into the sand-dusted barrack-yard, walking with the step of the free. And an order of the Colonel's presently brought him a little lilac note, addressed in violet ink, in small, clear character, exhaling a perfume that had haunted him, of late, persistently. And the little lilac note said:

"Come!"

XXXVIII

Perhaps you know how Henriette received him? She took his hands and looked long and soft in the clear-cut, vivid face, and said, while great tears brimmed her white underlips and fell softly down her cheeks:

"Oh, you are noble! Why have I not known you before? Why must we only meet as late as this?"

And presently:

"What other man would be capable of such generosity? And you ask nothing— you who might demand so much!"

De Roux was absent on official business. Dunoise remained some hours, went away, and returned to dinner. Madame de Roux had a box at the Italiens for that evening. It was perfectly proper that the sub-adjutant of the 999th should escort his Colonel's wife.

The opera was "Semiramis." Car-nivale was in the stalls, wearing the crimson dress-coat dedicated to that special opera. On nights when "Der Freischütz" was given he appeared in apricot—when "Lucia" was performed he saw him in pale blue. Giulia Gigi sang—upon that night of all the nights the glorious artist reached the apex of her triumph. Dunoise looked, not at the beautiful singer, who trod the stage and sang as one inspired, but at Henriette. . . . Her head was thrown back, her transparent eyelids were closed, her delicate nostrils quivered, her throat throbbled and swelled. The curve of it suggested the swan dying in melody. For Dunoise the music was she. She sat forwards upon her chair of velvet, and the diamond cross upon her bosom wakened into vibrant light and sank into soft suggestive shadow as she drew and exhaled deep, sighing breaths.

Henriette said to Dunoise, as the great waves of melody broke over them: "You said that night in the boudoir that you would not take advice from me as a sister. But I am your sister!—nothing but your sister! Let us make a compact upon that?"

Dunoise agreed, without enthusiasm. She thanked him in a velvety whisper. Presently she said:

"If all men were as noble as you, this world would be a happy place for women. How wonderful to have met a nature such as yours! Another man would have kissed me—that night when I made my terrible confession. But I knew that I was secure—I rested upon your honor. Let it be always thus between us. Let me always feel when I am with you that I am a soul without a body—a pure spirit floating in clear ether with my friend."

Dunoise gave the promise with obvious reluctance. Then they talked about the music energetically. But pre-

sently, when the great gilded chandelier scored up into the artificial firmament of the domed ceiling, and the stage-lights were lowered, and the flats parted—revealing the Tomb of Nimus, by the pale mysterious rays of the calcium moon—a cheek that was warm and satiny, and glowing as a nectarine plucked from a south wall in the ripening heats of July, brushed Dunoise's—and his trampety promise broke its gilded string, and flew away upon the wind of a double sigh.

De Roux looked in to escort his wife home, at the conclusion of the opera. He had been winning at cards—was smiling and urbane, and Dunoise, looking at the dyed, red-faced, dissipated elderly dandy, knew the sickness of loathing. De Roux had shown him civility, courtesy, even friendliness, yet he hated him with zeal and rancor. He watched the Colonel as he wrapped his beautiful wife in her ermine mantle—the mame that she had worn, Dunoise remembered, upon the evening of the bloodbath at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. And as the almond-nailed, plump fingers of one of the Colonel's well-kept, ringed hands touched Henriette's bare shoulder, she winced and shuddered. Her mouth contracted as though to stifle a cry—her long eyes shot a glance at her friend that seemed a mute appeal to be saved from the indignity of that touch. . . . And so fierce was the jealous impulse urging Dunoise to dash his clenched fist into the gross, sensual face of her possessor, that he was fain to thrust his tingling right hand deep into his trouser-pocket and clench it there until the glove split.

XXXIX

The Bonaparte, upon a strong hint received from Citizen Lemartine, did not make a protracted stay in Paris. He returned to the swags scenes of his exile, suffering eclipse behind the curtain of fog enveloping the barbarous island of Great Britain, until an early date in June. But previous to his departure, he held a reception of his friends and supporters, followed by a supper, to which only intimate acquaintances were invited, at the Hotel du Rhin in the

Place Vendôme. For the earlier function Duinoise received a card.

The Prince-Prétender received his guests of that evening with a bland, dignified politeness, even a certain grace, despite his awkward build, stunted proportions, and heavy, sleepy air.

Badly dressed, in an egregious chocolate-coloured evening coat with gold buttons, ironers of the same colour, wide at the hips, and with strips of black silk braiding down the outer seams, he yet wore an air of composed assurance, smiling pleasantly under his heavy brown monocle, moving his tufted chin about in the high stock embraced by the cravat of white satin, adorned with emerald pins, flowing into the bosom of a waistcoat of green plush. Despite the star upon the chocolate-coloured coat, and the crimson watered-silk ribbon that supported the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, there was not one of his small band of followers and adherents but looked more fit to play the rôle of Prince than he.

There was the Count Auguste de Moray, ex-Member of the Chamber of Commerce—afterwards to reign as the all-powerful Minister of the Home Department under the Second Empire—a sallow, well-bred rake of forty, prematurely bald; erect if hollow-chested, faultlessly dressed in the becoming blue swallow-tailed coat with gold buttons. Well-to-do, a familiar figure in Paris during the Monarchy, he held a better reputation than his legitimate brother, the man of straw.

And he walked behind the Prince-Prétender now, through a lane of curtseying ladies and bowing gentlemen, outwardly urbane, inwardly infinitely bored by all that was taking place, yet conscious of its probable result upon the Bourse, and alert for intelligence respecting the rise of certain stocks in which he was secretly a large investor.

His companion, some years his senior, and dressed in uniform fashion, was a personage infinitely more striking than the Count. The pale classic oval of his aquiline-featured face, his high brow streaked with a few silken strands of chestnut, the deep blue eyes lightening

from beneath the wide arched brows, the sweet deceptive smile, the round chin with a cleft in it, are indelibly stamped upon the memory of the French people, whatever effigy appears upon the coinage of France. Colonna Walewski, son of the Great Emperor by the Polish Countess who was faithful to Napoleon in exile as in defeat, inherited his mother's fine quality of loyalty.

As for Persigny, the Bonaparte's parasite and inseparable companion—who was to succeed de Moray as Minister of the Interior, and subsequently figure as Ambassador and Plenipotentiary at the Court of a neighbouring Foreign Power—he looked like what he was; a dissipated ex-quartermaster-sergeant of cavalry grafted on a rowdy black-about-town. And Fleury, sensual, hot-headed, lively, bulldog-jowled, hold-eyed and deep-chested, heir of a wealthy tradesman, ruined through women and horses, he no less than Persigny had risen from the bottom sludge.

"It was terrible crossing in the mail-packet," said Persigny in answer to the question of a sympathiser. "M. de Fleury and myself suffered abominably—the Prince not at all. There was something the matter with the railway-line. We had to walk to Neuchâtel over the ballast and sleepers in thin boots of patent leather—imagine the torture to one's corns!... But the Prince laughed at our grumblings—only when we missed the Amiens train did he lose his sang-froid and stoicism. And after all, that delay proved to his advantage. There was an accident to the train we lost—thirty passengers were killed—many more wounded. The Prince's lucky star has been once more his friend!"

The parasite's voice, purposely raised, reached the little ears shadowed by Madame de Roux's rich black tresses. She murmured as she sank in her deep curtsy, and emerged, radiant and smiling, from a foamy sea of filmy white lace bouffes, to meet the gracious handshakes that was accorded to special friends:

"It is true, Monseigneur? You have

escaped such perils as M. de Persigny describes?"

Said the little gentleman with the sallow face and the dull, lustreless grey eyes, caressing the brown chin-tuft that was later to be dubbed "an imperial," and worn by all ranks and classes of men:

"I fancy there was something of the kind, I hardly noticed. I realized nothing but that, after all my cruel years of exile, I was on the road to Paris at last!"

He had been horribly seasick during the Channel crossing, and had bestowed heartfelt curses on the broken granite of the railway-line. He had paled and shuddered at the thought of the smash in which he might have been involved. But to come up to the Idea Napoleonic, it was necessary to be heroic. And with so grave a face and with such imperturbable effrontery did Persigny hold the mantle, that the person beleaguered ended by believing all that was said.

Even now, to many of his friends and supporters, the shadow of the purple Imperial mantle gave dignity to the wearer of the chocolate-coloured coat, green plush waistcoat, and big-hipped, braided trousers. His own faith in his Mission and his Star lent him the power to convince and to impress.

His was not a star of happy omen for England, who sheltered and befriended him with the kind of good-humoured pity that is not unmixt with contempt.

It had been for years his fate, to fawn for bare subsistence upon those he hated. Compelled to this, the son of proud, faithless, extravagant, voluptuous Horstense must have suffered the pains of Hell. Not a bell whence Hope was altogether banished. He had hoped when he made the attempt on Strasbourg; had hoped when the body of the Great Emperor was solemnly removed from St. Helena to be magnificently interred in Paris. Still hoping, he had hired a London-and-Margate steamer, a husband's boat, for himself and his party of sixty adherents; had purchased a second-hand live eagle, trained to alight

upon its owner's shoulder for a gobbet or raw meat; had landed, with this disconsolate bird, at Wimeroux, near Boulogne; had ridden with his followers to the town Barracks, where were quartered the 46th; had hidden there thrill at the sight of the eagle, swear loyalty to the little cocked hat—salute the nephew of their late Emperor, and march with him to Paris.

We are acquainted with the burlesque ending of that enterprise, the pricking of the balloon by the boyceats of National Guards—the pantomimic flustering of the Pretender and his followers beneath the collapsed folds of the emptied bag, has been held up to the popular derision by innumerable caricaturists of the day.

He murmured now, looking at Henriette between half-closed lids, with eyes that appraised every charm, and took deliberate stock of her whole armoury of beauties:

"I had too much to think of, dear friend, to heed the perils of the road. But those who accompanied me, ready to share triumph as they have shared failure—it would have touched you to witness their emotion as they realized how nearly Death had quenched their hopes. They do not understand yet at what a price the exile had purchased repatriation. To-night will bring home to them the knowledge of this. Ah! here is M. Hugo, charged with the revelation. I fear it will be a painful one for you?"

"Sire," she breathed in distress. He corrected her impudently:

"Neither 'Sire' of 'Monseigneur.' I beg of you! Follow the example of M. Hugo—let me be plain 'Monseigneur.' And as though to bear him out, the splendid voice of Hugo uttered resoundingly:

"Monseigneur,"

And beaming with cordial smiles, the great Conservative Republican advanced towards Louis-Napoleon, while some half-donned outer wearers of black coats and tricoloured sashes pushed through the press towards the orator, who was later to array himself, with all his forces of eloquence, learning, irony and enthusiasm, upon the extreme Left.

"Monsieur. . . ." he began, while his Burgreaves took up their position right and left of their Barbarossa, and the short gentleman in the green plush waistcoat stood still, with the little jewelled hand of Madame de Roux resting on his chocolate-coloured sleeve: "Monsieur, when a few days back in the new Constituent Assembly of the Second French Republic the question was raised: 'Shall the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon be readmitted into France?' I and my comrades, having confidence in your pledges, voted in your favour. We extend to you now our welcome upon your return, not as the Pretender to the Imperial Throne, but as Bonaparte the good citizen; who seeks, not to rule men, but to represent them; not to be deified, but to serve. And in the name of Liberty and Peace and Freedom—I offer you my hand!"

The hand went out with its large sweeping gesture. The little gentleman stood stock still. His white-kid gloved fingers played with the black ribbon of his eyeglass. He said, with the drawing smile that characterized him, and with so subtle a burlesque of the pompous manner of the orator that those who were most stung to indignation by the mockery were unable to repress a smile:

"Monsieur. . . the Second Republic of France is now established upon a basis that can never be undermined. As I am not a genius, I entertain no ambition to emulate the career of my glorious uncle—Integrity and Honour, bareheaded, are preferable to crime that is crowned. Give me, then, the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the honest citizen. . . . I prefer that to the title of Napoleon, the Emperor of France!"

He added in the ear of Madame de Roux, as with an ineffable air of conquering gallantry he handed the beautiful woman to a sofa, and placed himself beside her:

"Tell me that I have kept my promise, given that day when you walked with a poor prisoner on the ramparts of the Fortress of Ham. . . . 'If ever I return to France,' I said, 'I will hold this

little hand upon my arm as I receive the congratulations of my friends.'"

"Ah! but, Monsieur," said Henriette, all pale and quivering, "your words were, 'When I return to France in triumph' and this—"

She broke off. He ended the sentence, saying with a shallow, glittering look:

"And this is not triumph, but humiliation. I understand!" He pulled at the flowing goatee, and added, in his mildest drawl:

"Let me remind you that the ancient Roman triumphs, as represented at the theatre, invariably begin with a procession of captives and spoils. Imagine yourself at the Fronsus, seated in a box. And consider that though it hardly befits an Emperor to play the part of a slave, unless at the feet of a lovely woman, yet the slave may be promoted to the part of Leading Citizen. And from the armchair upon the platform behind the tribune, might be wielded, on occasion, the lightning that slays from a throne."

Even as he uttered the words, a witty woman of society was saying in the ear of a depressed Imperialist:

"Ah—bah! Why are you so dismal? This is only another move in the eternal game of the Cæsars. Did Nero scruple to lick the dust in order that he might reign? To me, behind that leaden mask of his, he seemed to be bursting with laughter. Depend upon it, Badinguet is cleverer than any of you believe!"

"Badinguet" or "Beaky"—those were among his nicknames—the pigmy who aspired to the ermine mantle of the tragic giant, and the throne under the crimson velvet canopy powdered with Merovingian bees.

Doubtless, in the eyes of many another besides the brilliant speaker, he seemed as absurd, grotesque, mirth-provoking an object as any Punch-puppet. But later, when Punch was glued thick with stolen gold, and painted red with human blood, he was to assume another aspect. For Life and Death were in his power. And the world laughed no more.

XL

He said to Henriette now, stroking his moustache, and giving another of those dull, inscrutable glances:

"No!—the President of the Democratic Republic of France would neither be destitute of the power to strike his enemies or the ability to shower honors and rewards upon his friends."

She dropped her white, deep-fringed eyelids, and said, almost in a whisper: "True friendship seeks no honors, and is indifferent to rewards."

Only that morning he had received a letter from another woman, young, beautiful, and heiress to vast estates. She offered him all her wealth. He was to use it as he would. She made no conditions, stipulated for no repayment. She was perfectly disinterested, just like Henriette.

And on the previous day an elderly person with two wooden legs, who had once been a popular actress in vaudeville, and who kept the newspaper-kiosk in front of Struandin's, at the angle of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue de la Paix, had made a similar proposal.

"Monsieur," she had said, as he gave her a small gratuity in passing, "deign to permit a word?" She added, as Monseigneur signified permission: "See you, they tell me you are uncommonly tight for money; do not ask who they are—everybody knows it. And I am not so poor but that I have three billets of a thousand francs laid away as a nest-egg. Say the word, and I will lend you them—you shall pay me back with interest when you are Emperor of France."

Kate Harvey and newspaper-seller were more honest than the rest of them. . . .

"Look her, old pal, here are fifty thousand shiners it look me a heap of trouble to rake together. You shall have 'em to play with, only give me I.O.U.'s for a hundred and forty thou. And a title by-and-by, when you are Emperor,—something to make the poorer folks at home twiddle their thumbs and stare."

That was plain speaking. He understood that kind of bargaining. People who asked nothing wasted most in the long run.

"Undoubtedly," he now replied to Madame de Roux, "friendship like yours seeks no return of favors. But the heart is relieved of its burden of gratitude in the lavish bestowal of these. . . ." He added: "Not that obligations to you weigh heavily. . . . Yes, I have eaten the bread of your charity. That sum of twenty thousand francs—sent to me at the commencement of the insurrection—the twenty-five thousand forwarded to me here on the evening of yesterday—anonously—like other sums that I have received from the same source. . . . Did you think I should not guess whose hand it was that traced the words, 'From a Lover of the Violet, who longs to see the flower take root again upon the soil of France'?"

She faltered, careful that the denial should appear hesitating and labored:

"Monseigneur, you mistake. . . . I wrote nothing. . . . The money you speak of did not come from me!"

He shook his link-baired head, and said in a nasal murmur:

"Do not deny it. The sheet of paper upon which the words were traced bore no signature. It is true, but the handwriting could not be mistaken. Or the perfume, that recalled so much when I pressed it to my lips."

"My lips, that were more privileged once. . . . Shall I tell you what words broke from them to-night when they announced you? Ask de Morny, who overheard. He will tell you that I said: 'Thank Heaven, she is not changed!'"

To be accurate, he had remarked to de Morny that night upon her entrance: "She is still charming!" and de Morny had answered: "And still ambitious, you may depend!"

It suited him that women should be ambitious. All through those years of intrigue and plotting their ambitions were the rungs of the ladder by which he climbed.

She looked at him full, and her beau-

tiful eyes were dewy, and her white bosom rose and fell in sighs that, if not genuine, were excellently rendered. He went on:

"And yet you are changed. You were courageous and high-spirited—you have become heroic. That shot at the Foreign Ministry. . . . A colossal ideal! When I heard of it I applauded the stratagem as masterly. 'Who of all my friends,' I wondered, 'can have been so much a friend?' Then your little message in Spanish was brought to me in London. I read it and cried out, to the surprise of de Morny and some other men who were sitting with me in the smoking-room of the Carlton Club: 'Oh, that I had a crown to bestow on her!' Upon whom? They asked, and I answered, before I could check myself, 'Upon Henriette!'"

She breathed quickly as the illustrated poison worked in her. The fiery light of ambition was in her glance. He saw it, and noted that her dress of filmy Alencon lace and the style of her jeweled hair-ornaments were copied, as closely as the prevailing fashion would admit, from a well-known portrait of the Empress Josephine. . . . It tickled his morbid sense of humor excessively that a lovely woman should endeavor to subjugate him by resembling his aunt deceased. But no vestige of his amusement showed in his sallow face as he went on:

"But magnificent as was the service you rendered, I am glad that you have escaped the pillory of publicity, and the possible vengeance of the Rada. By the way, that young officer who proclaimed before the Military Tribunal, 'It was I who gave the order to fire! Do with me what you will!' is here to-night. I told them to send him an invitation. His father was a valued General upon the Staff of my glorious uncle. I desired that he should be presented to me on that account. Pray point him out."

Then, as the lace-and-tortoiseshell fan wielded by Henriette's little dimpled hand, loaded with gems which surely were not paste imitations, indicated a young and handsome man in

infantry uniform, who from the shelter of a doorway was gazing at her with all his eyes and his heart in them, the drawing nasal voice said:

"He loves you! . . . It is written in his face. . . . And I can even wish that he may be happy. . . . Have I not my share of heroism too?"

"Monseigneur," said Henriette, with an air of simple candor dignity, "in that young man you see a devoted friend who is ready to give all, and to demand nothing in return."

She had quite forgotten the kiss in the box at the Opera, and a good deal more besides. But when the Henriettes prefer not to remember an episode, it is as though it had never occurred. She continued in her soft, thrilling tones:

"Nothing save absolute trust: confidence such as he gives me. A few nights past he told me his entire history: I could not refrain from tears. He is young, as your Highness sees; handsome, as you have observed; heir-presumptive to the throne of a Bavarian feudal Principality and owner of a vast fortune. Well, the throne he is too scrupulous to claim, because of a fault in the line of succession; the fortune he has refused to accept because it was gained by what he holds to be an unjust claim. But if I lifted up my finger . . . like that, Monseigneur. . . ."

She laughed as she held the slender finger up, and challenge and meaning and promise were in her face, and the victory of it, no less than that hint of gold piled up and hoarded, made even the Pretender's dull blood tingle in his veins. He said, with brightening eyes and a tinge of color in his sallow cheeks:

"It might yet be worth while to lift your finger up, Madame, although I have as yet no crown to share with the woman who shall bear my name."

It was a name, at that psychological moment, that was not worth sixpence among the British bill-discounters, and at sight of which upon paper the sons of Levi and Monseigneur morally rent their garments and threw figurative dust upon their heads. But it had a

specious value, dangled as a bait before ambitious women; and here, he knew, was one. . . .

To sway the mass of men you must have Money to give them. True, de Morny, Persigny and Co. could be pacified with orders for millions upon an Imperial Treasury that was non-existent as yet. But the rank-and-file of his filibusters and mercenaries must be paid in hard cash, and women always knew where to go for the shekels. Either they had independent fortunes, or their families were wealthy, or their lovers were rich and generous. Skillfully handled, stimulated by artful hints of marvelous rewards and compensations, Eve's daughters, his confederates and creditors, had never failed to serve him at his need.

For him the harlot emptied her stocking, the wealthy saloon-keeper and ex-procureur poured out her tainted gold. To be mistress-in-chief to an Emperor, to flaunt a title in the face of prim Respectability, that was what Kate Harvey sought, and had, when his son had risen. But the other women, lured on to bankruptcy and ruin by his dull magnetic glance and skillfully cast bait of promises, saw hovering before their dazzled eyes—receding ever further into the sandy desert of Unattainability—the bridal carriage of gold lacquer and mother-of-pearl, surmounted by the Imperial eagle. The carved and gilded Matrimonial Chair upon the crimson bee-embroidered dais, and the Crown of Josephine. . . .

So, with the flutter of a fan in a jeweled hand, a few brief sentences interchanged, the glance of a pair of brilliant eyes and the dull, questioning look of a pair of fishy ones, at the dark, vivid face and lithe, erect figure standing in the doorway, Dunois was bought and sold.

If he had only known, when a little later he was presented to the Prince by Colonel de Roux. . . . But there was no expression in the vacuous eyes that blinked at him, hardly a shade of meaning in the flat toneless voice that said:

"I am happy in the knowledge, Monsieur, that a young officer, the gifted son of a noble father, who is capable of acting upon his own responsibility in a moment of national emergency, has been exonerated from undeserved blame—has met with complete rehabilitation at the hands of his superiors and chiefs. Did I possess the influence once wielded by my glorious uncle, you would be recompensed as you deserve."

For after this fashion did he misuse the French language: struggling as gamely as any German Professor to keep the g's from turning out the c's, the b's from usurping the places of the p's. . . . beset with occasional difficulties to the ending of his life. . . .

He bowed to the young man of high prospects and great possessions, and solemnly extended the gloved finger-tips of the small effeminate hand. Could it have been, despite his taciturn negation of all influence, the hand that had shielded Dunois? Was it the hand that shortly afterwards obtained his promotion? One may suspect as much.

At that moment Dunois took the utterance for what it seemed worth. He looked into the puffy, leaden face, and as the lifeless eyes glittered back at him from between their half-closed shutters, he knew a little relief, an ignoble joy, in the conviction that Henriette could never have loved this man.

He was quite right. She did not love the man, neither did she love Dunois, or any other tattered human. Being a Henriette, she was the lover of Henriettes.

True love, pure passion was not to be born in her then,—but long afterwards—amidst dreadful throes and strivings unspeakable—the winged child-god was to see the light. Across a gulf of seeming Death his radiant hands were to be outstretched to her. And they were to tender her no flowers of joy, but wormwood and rue and rosemary, drenched with the bitter tears of expiation.

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the August issue of Maclean Magazine.

THE BEST SELLING BOOK

OF THE MONTH

By Findlay I. Weaver, Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

John Fox, Jr.'s new novel, "The Heart of the Hills," making its appearance in April, at once took among the six best sellers in Canada and first place in the United States. "The Amateur Gentleman," is back at the head of the Canadian list, having been supplanted last month by Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Judgment House," and now "The Heart of the Hills," has climbed up to third place and is the book to receive special attention this month, since those ranking first and second have both been the subjects of reviews in this department.

The high favor into which "The Heart of the Hills," has been taken by the reading public is but natural considering the general excellence of this author's previous novels and their exceptional popularity—notably "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," together with the fact that "The Heart of the Hills" is another strong tale breathing the atmosphere of the Cumberland and bringing out more of these interesting characters of the picturesque mountain folk contributing so largely to the merit of all Fox's books.

In this new story there is a mountain lad, Jason Hawn, who rivals little Chad of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" in the force of the appeal made upon the sympathy of the reader and almost equally strong is the impression created by the mountain girl, Jason's cousin, Mavis Hawn.

But there are two other young people who, but for the handicap of being more conventional types, would strongly bid for first place in the reader's af-

fections. They are Gray Pendleton and his cousin Marjorie. The interesting and complicated love stories which the author has wound about these four, with the introduction of the essentially different conceptions of life of the mountain folk and of the Blue Grass aristocracy to which Gray and Marjorie belong, materially enhance the grip of the story.

The introduction on rather a large scale of the Goshel incident and the tobacco war, indicates a desire upon the part of the author to make this an historical novel, but the average reader will hardly respond to this appeal and it would have been as well to tone down those features, simply making them serve as dramatic incidents in working out the story. Some interesting views and conclusions along the line are presented, however, for instance, the forecast of better days for Kentucky when the final assimilation of the mountaineers and the other people of the state, is consummated. "Contemporary ancestor" is the unique term used in contrasting young Jason Hawn to the other students of the college which he enters.

The feud between the Hawns and the Honeycutts lends added zest to the story, without an undue proportion of melodramatic shooting incidents and the final clash between old Jason Hawn and old Aaron Honeycutt, leaders of the respective factions, toward the close of the story is a most refreshing bit of humor. Their grandsons, Young Jason and Young Aaron, who had been looked upon to continue the feud started fifty years before and who really did meet and exchange shots, finally allow-

ed better sense to prevail, made peace and started away to bring old Jason and old Aaron together.

To quote from the book: The coincidence was curious, but old Aaron, who had started for town, met old Jason coming out of a ravine only a mile from town, for old Jason, with a sudden twitch of memory, had turned to go up a hollow where lived a Hawn he wanted to see and was coming back to the main road again. Both were dim-sighted, both were spectacles, both of their old sages were going at a walk, making no noise in the deep sand, and only when both horses stopped did either ancient peer forward and see the other.

"Well, by God," quavered both in the same voice. And each then forgot his mission of peace, and began to climb, grunting, from his horse, each hitching it to the fence.

"This is the first time in five year, Jason Hawn, you an' me come together, an' you know what I swore I'd do," cackled old Aaron.

Old Jason's voice was still deep. "Well, you've got yo' chance now, you old bag o' bones! Them two boys o' ours air all right but thar hain't no manhood left in this hyeh war o' ours. Hit's jus' a question of which hired feller gets the man who hired the other feller. We'll fight the ole way. You hain't got a knife—now?"

"Damn yo' hide!" cried old Aaron. "Do you reckon I need hit agin you?" He reached in his pocket and tossed a curved-bladed weapon into the bushes.

"Well," mumbled old Jason, "I can whoop you, fist an' skull, right now, just as I allers have done."

Both were stumbling back into the road now.

"You air just as big a liar as ever, Jase, an' I'm goin' to prove it."

And then the two tottering old giants squared off, their big, knotted, heavily veined fists revolving around each other in the old-fashioned country way. Old Jason first struck the air, was wheeled around by the force of his own blow, and got old Aaron's fist in the middle of the back. Again the Hawn struck blindly as he turned, and from old Aaron's grunt he knew he had got him

in the stomach. Then he felt a fist in his own stomach, and old Aaron cackled triumphantly when he heard the same tell-tale grunt.

"Oh, yes, did-blast ye! Come on agin son."

They clinched, and as they broke away a blind sweep from old Jason knocked Aaron's brass-rimmed spectacles from his nose.

They fell far apart, and when old Jason advanced again, peering forward,



JOHN FOX, JR.,

Whose new tale of the Kentucky Mountains now ranks third in the list of best selling books in Canada.

he saw his enemy silently pawing the air with his back toward him and he kicked him.

"Here I am, you ole idgit!" "Stop!" shouted old Aaron, "I've lost my specs."

"What?" "I don't know," and as he dropped to his knees old Jason bent too to help him find his missing eyes. Then they went at it again—and the same cry came presently from old Jason.

"Stop, I've lost mine!"

And both being out of breath sat heavily down in the sand, old Jason feeling blindly with his hands and old Aaron peering about him as far as he could see. And thus young Jason and Young Aaron found them, and were utterly mystified until the old men rose creakily and got ready for battle again—when both spurred forward with a shout of joy, and threw themselves from their horses.

"Go for him, grandpap!" shouted each, and the two old men turned.

"Uncle Aaron," shouted Jason, "I bet you can lick him!"

"He can't do it, Uncle Jason!" shouted Aaron.

Each old man peered at his own grandson, dumfounded. Neither was armed, both were helpless with laughter, and each was urging on the oldest enemy of his clan against his own grandfather. The face of each old man angered, and then both began to grin sheepishly; for both were too keen not to know immediately that what both really wished for had come to pass.

"Aaron," said old Jason, "the boys have kitched us. I spoken we better call this thing a draw."

"All right," piped old Aaron, "we're a couple o' ole fools anyhow."

So they shook hands. Each grandson helped the other's grandfather laughingly on his horse and the four rode back toward town. And thus old Jason and young Aaron, side by side in front, and young Jason and old Aaron, side by side behind, appeared to the astonished eyes of Hawnas and Honeycuts on the main street of the county-seat. Before the Honeycuts store they stopped and old Aaron called his henchman into the middle of the street and spoke vigorous words that all the Honeycuts could hear. Then they rode to the Hawn store, and old Jason rolled his henchman and spoke like words that all the Hawnas could hear. And each old man ended his discourse with a profane dictum that sounded like the vicious snap of a black-snake whip.

"By God, hit's got to stop."

United States' Best Sellers

1. Virginia, (Ellen Glasgow).
2. Guinevere's Lover, (Elmer Glyn).
3. The Knave of Diamonds (Ethel M. Dell).
4. The Port of Adventure (C. N. & A. M. Williamson).
5. The Judgment House, (Sir Gilbert Parker).
6. The Heart of the Hills, (John Fox, Jr.).

Canadian Summary

1. The Amateur Gentleman (Jeffery Farnol) 220
2. The Judgment House (Sir Gilbert Parker) 134
3. Heart of the Hills (John Fox, Jr.) 90
4. Stella Maris (William J. Locke) 68
5. The Happy Warrior (A. W. M. Hutchinson) 65
6. V.V.'s Eyes (Henry S. Harrison) 35



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Then without much hesitation
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